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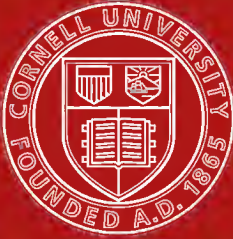
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Publications of the Spenser Society.

NEW SERIES.—Issue No. 4.

POEMES

LYRICK AND PASTORALL.

BY

MICHAELL DRAYTON, ESQUIRE.

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

1891.

The Spenser Society.

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

Issue

For the First Year 1867-8.

1. The Proverbs and Epigrams of John Heywood. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1562.
2. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio Edition of 1630. *Part I.*

For the Second Year 1868-9.

3. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio of 1630. *Part II.*
4. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio of 1630. *Part III. (Completing the volume.)*
5. Zepheria. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1594.

For the Third Year 1869-70.

6. The 'ΕΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΘΙΑ or Passionate Centurie of Love, by Thomas Watson. Reprinted from the Original Edition of (circa) 1581.
7. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *First Collection.*

For the Fourth Year 1870-1.

8. A Handefull of Pleasant Delites, by Clement Robinson, and divers others. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1584.
9. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither, contained in the collections of his *Juvenilia* which appeared in 1626 and 1633. *Part I.*
10. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither. *Part II.*

For the Fifth Year 1871-2.

11. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither, contained in the collections of his *Juvenilia* which appeared in 1626 and 1633. *Part III.*
12. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *First Collection.*

For the Sixth Year 1872-3.

13. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Second Collection.*
14. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Second Collection.*

For the Seventh Year 1873-4.

15. Flowvers of Epigrammes, ovt of sundrie authours selected, as well auncient as late writers. By Timothe Kendall. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1577.
16. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Third Collection.*

POEMES,
LYRICK AND PASTORALL.

BY
MICHAELL DRAYTON, ESQUIRE.

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

1891.
s



PRINTED BY CHARLES E. SIMMS,
MANCHESTER.

POEMES

Lyrick and pastorall.

{ *Odes,*
 Eglogs,
 The man in the Moone.

By MICHAELL DRAYTON
Esquier.



AT LONDON,
Printed by *R.B.* for *N.L.* and *I. Flasket.*



*To the deseruing memory of my
most esteemed Patron and friend,
Sir Walter Afton, Knight of the ho-
norable order of the Bath: As before
other of my labours , so likewise I
consecrate these my latest
few Poemes.*

(* *)

Michaell Drayton.



To the Reader.



DES I haue called these
the first of my fewe Po-
ems, which how happy
foeuer they prooue, yet
Criticizm it selfe cannot
saye that the name is
wrongfully vsurped: For (not to begin with
definitions against the rule of oratory, nor
ab ouo, against the prescript of Poetry in a
poeticall argument, but somewhat onely
to season my pallat with a slight descripti-
on) an Ode is knowne to haue been pro-
perly a song moduled to the ancient harp,
and neither too short breathed as hasting
to the end, nor composed of longest verses
as vnfitte for the suddaine turnes and lofty
tricks with which *Apollo* vsed to menage it:
They are (as the learned say) diuerse, some
transcendently lofty and farre more high
then

The Epistle

then the Epick (commonly called the Heroique Poeme) witnesse those of the Inimitable *Pindarus*, consecrated to the glory and renown of such as returnd in triumph from *Olimpus*, *Elis*, *Isthmus* or the like : Others among the Greekes are amorous soft and made for chambers, as other for Theaters, as were *Anacreon's* the very delicacies of the Grecian *Erato*, which muse seemed to haue beene the mineon of that Teian oulde man which composed them: of a mixd kind were *Horaces* & may truly therefore be called his mixd, whatsoever els are mine little partaking of the hydialect of the first :

*Though we be all to seeke,
Of Pindar that great Greek*

Nor altogether of *Anacreon*, the arguments being amorous, morrall, or what els the muse pleaseth : To write much in this kind neither know I how it will relish, nor in so doing cā I but iniuriously presuppose ignorāce or sloth in thee, or draw censure vpon my selfe for sinning against the *decorum* of a preface, by reading a lecture where it is inough to sum the points : New
they

to the Reader.

they are, and the work of playing howers ; but what other commendation is theirs, & whether inherēt in the subiect, must be thine to iudge: But to act the go-betweene of my Poems and thy applause, is neither my modesty nor confidence, that oftner then once haue acknowledged thee kind, and do not doubt hereafter to do fomewhat in which I shall not feare thee iust. And would at this time also gladly let thee vnderstand, what I thinke aboue the rest of the last Ode of the twelue, or if thou wilt Ballad in my Book; for both the great master of Italian rymes *Petrarch*, & our *Chawcer* & other of the vper house of the muses, haue thought their Canzons honoured in the title of a Ballade, which for that I labour to meet truely therein with the ould English garb, I hope as able to iustifie as the learned *Colin Clout* his Roundelaye: Thus requesting thee in thy better iudgement, to correct such faults as haue escaped in the printing, I bid thee farewell.



Ode I.

To himfelfe and the

Harp.



AND why not I as hee
That's greateft : if as free ?
(in fundry ftrayns that ftriue
fince there fo many be)
Th'ould Lyrick kinde reuiue ?

I wyll, yea, and I may :
who fhall oppofe my waie,
For what is he alone
That of himfelfe can fay
Hee's heire of *Helicon* ?

Apollo and the *Nyne*,
No man forbid their fhryne
that commeth with hands pure,
Els they be fo diuyn
They will him not endure.

They be fuch curious things
that they care not for Kings,
And dare let them knowe it :
nor may he tuch their fprings
that is not borne a Poet.

B

the

Ode 1.

Pirenæus king
of Phocis at-
tempting to
rauiſh the mu-
ſes.

The Phocæan it did proue,
Whom when foule luſt did moue
Thoſe maydes vnchaſt to make,
fell as with them he ſtroue
his necke that iuſtly brake.

That inſtrument nere heard
ſtrook by the ſkilfull Bard,
it ſtrongly to awake :
but they infernalls ſkard
and made Olympus quake.

Sam: lib. 1.
cap. 16.

As thoſe prophetike ſtrings
whoſe ſounds with fiery wings
Draue feends from their abode
by him the beſt of kings
that ſange the holly ode.

Orpheus the
Thracian
Poet.
Caput Hebre-
lyramque Ex-
eipis &c.
Ouid, lib: 11.
Metam.

With his which woemen ſlue,
that harpe thoſe furies threwe
Jnt' *Hebrus* did lament
the bankes to weepe that drue
as downe the ſtreame it went,

Mercury iuuē-
tor of the
harp, as Ho-
race ode 10
lib. 7 curuæq;
lyræ parentē.

Or by the tortoys ſhell
to *Mayas* ſonne it fell
the moſt therof not doubtē
But ſure ſome power did dwell
in him firſte found it out.

Theb, eſſay
ſed to haue
been rayſed
by muſicke.

The wildeſt of the field
and ayre, with Riuers t'yeeld
that mou'd the ſturdy glebes,
And maſſy oakes coulde welde
to rayſe the piles of *Thebes*.

And

Ode 1.

And diuerfly though strunge
foe aunciently wee funge
to it, that now scarce knowne
if that it did belonge
to Greece, or if our owne.

The *Drydes* imbrew'd
with gore, on altars rude
with sacrifices crownd
in hollowe woods bedew'd
haue hard the trembling found,

Though wee be all to feeke
of *Pindar* that greate Greeke,
to finger it arighte,
the foule with power to strike
his hand retayn'd such mighte.

Or him proude Roome did grace
whose aires we all imbrace
that scarcely found his peere
nor giueth *Phebus* place
for strokes diuinely cleere.

The *Irish* J admire,
and cleaue vnto that lyre,
as our musicks mother,
and thinke til J expire
Apollos such an other.

As Britons that so longe
haue held this antick songe
and let all our carpers
forbear their fame to wronge
th'are right skilfull harpers.

B 2

Southern

The auncient
British Priests
so called of
their abode
in woods.

Pindar prince
of the Greeke
lyricks, of
whom Ho-
race: Pindarū
quisquis stu-
det &c. ode 2.
lib. 4.

Horace first of
the Romas in
that kinde.

The Irish harp

Ode 1.

Southerne an
English ly-
ricke,

Southerne I long thee spare
yet wifh thee well to fare,
who me pleased'ft greatly
as firft, therefore more rare,
handling thy harpe neatly.

To thofe that with defpight
fhall terme thefe numbers flight,
tell them their iudgements blynde,
much erryng from the righte,
it is a noble kinde.

Nor ift the verfe doth make,
that giueth or doth take
tis poffible to clyme
to kinde or to flake
allthoughe in *Skeltons Ryme*.

Ode





Ode 2.

To the new yeare :

RICH statue double faced
with marble temples graced
to rayse thy godhead hier,
where altars euer shining
vnto thy preefts diuining
doe od'rous fumes expire.

Greate *Ianus* I thy pleasure
with all the *Theſpian* treasure
do seriously pursue :
to'th passed yeare returning
as though the old adiourning
yet bringing in the new.

Thy auncient vigils yearely
that haue obserued cleerely
thy feasts yet smoking be
since all thy store abroad is
giue some thing to my goddesse
as hath been vs'd by thee.

Giue her'th *Eoan* brightnes
wing'd with that subtile lightnes
that doth transperce the aire :
the roses of the morning
the rising heauen adorning
to meshe with flames of haire.

B 3

O rapture

Ode 2.

O rapture greate and holly
do thou transport me wholly
so well her forme to vary,
that J aloft may beare her
whereas I will inſpheare her
in Regions high and ſtarry.

Thoſe ceaſles ſounds aboue all
made by thoſe orbes that moue all
and euer ſwelling there,
wrap'd vp in numbers flowing
them actually beſtowing
for iewels at her eare,

Wherein the beſt compoſures,
thoſe ſoft and eaſy cloſures
ſo amorouſly may meet,
that euery liuely ceaſure
may tread a perfect meaſure
ſet on ſo equall feete,

That ſpray to fame ſo fertile
the louer-crowning Mirtle
in wreaths of mixed bowes
within whoſe ſhades are dwelling
thoſe beauties moſt excelling
inthron'd vpon her browes.

Thoſe parallels ſo euen
drawn on the face of heauen
that curious art ſuppoſes,
direct thoſe gems, whoſe cleerenes
far of amaze by neerenes
each globe ſuch fier incloſes.

her

Ode 2.

her bosome full of blisses
by nature made for kisses
so pure and wondrous cleere
whereas a thousand graces
behold their louely faces
as they are bathing there.

O thou selfe little blindnes
the kindest of vnkindnes
yet one of those diuine :
thy brands to me were leuer
thy fascie and thy quier
and thou this quill of mine.

This hart so freshly bleeding
vppon it owne selfe feeding
whose wounds still dropping be :
O loue thy selfe confounding
her coldnes so abounding
and yet such heate in me.

Yet if I be inspired,
Ile leaue thee so admired
to all that shall succeed,
that were they more thē many
mongst all, there is not any
that time so oft shall reed.

Nor adamant ingraued
that haue been choicelst faued
Idea's name outweares.
so large a dower as this is
the greatest often misses
the diadem that beares.

B 4

Ode



Ode 3.

MAYDENS why spare ye?
or whether not dare ye
correct the blind shooter?
because wanton *Venus*
so oft that doth pain vs
is her fons tutor.

Now in the springe
he proueth his winge,
the field is his bower.
And as the small Bee
about flieth hee
from flower to flower.

And wantonly rouses
abroade in the groues,
and in the aire houters
which when it him deweth
his feathers he meweth
in fighes of true louers.

And since doom'd by fate
(that well knew his hate)
that hee should be blinde,
for euery despite
our eyes makes his white
so wayward his kinde.

If

Ode 3.

If his shafts loofing
(ill his marke choofing)
or his bow broken :
The mone *Venus* maketh,
& care for him taketh.
cannot be fpoken.

To *Vulcan* commending
hir loue, and ftraight fending
her doues and her fparrowes,
with kifles vnto him,
and all but to woe him
to make her fonne arrowes.

Telling what he hath donne,
(faith ſhe, right myne own ſo)
in her armes ſhe him cloſes,
Sweets on him fans,
laid in downe of her fwans,
his ſheets leaues of Roſes,
and feeds him with kifſes,
which oft when he miſſes
he euer is froward :
The mothers ore'ioying
makes by much coying
the child fo vntoward.

Yet in a fine nett
that a ſpider fett,
the maidens had caught him.
Had ſhe not been neere him
and chanced to heare him
more good they had taught him.

To



*To my worthy friend ; Master
John Sauage of the Inner
Temple.*

Ode 4 :

VPPON this sinfull earth
if man can happy be
and higher then his birth
(Friend) take him thus of me :

Whome promise not deceiues
that he the breach should rue,
nor constant reason leaues
opinion to pursue.

To rayse his meane estate
that fooths no wanton's sinne,
doth that preferment hate
that virtue doth not winne.

Nor brauery doth admire
nor doth more loue professe,
to that he doth desire,
then that he doth possesse :

Loose humor nor to please
that neither spares nor spends
by by discretion weyes
what is to needfull ends.

To him deseruing not
not yeelding, nor doth hould

what

Ode 9.

what is not his, doing what
he ought, not what he could.

Whome the base tyrants will
so much could neuer awe
as him for good or ill
from honesty to drawe.

whose constancy doth rise
boue vnderued spight
whose valew'rs to despise
that most doth him delight.

That early leaue doth take
of th' world though to his paine
for vertues onely sake,
and not till need constrayne.

Noe man can be so free
though in imperiall seate
nor Eminent as hee
that deemeth nothing greate.

Ode





Ode. 2,

MOft good, most faire,
or thing as rare
to call yow's lost ;
for all the cost
words can bestow,
so poorely show
vpon your praise,
that all the wayes
fence hath come short,
whereby report
falls them vnder :
that when wonder
more hath ceased
yet not pleased
that it in kind
nothing can finde
you to expresse :
Neuerthelesse,
as by globes small
this mighty *all*
is shewd, though far
from life, each starre
a world being :
So wee seeing
yow, like as that

Ode 5 :

onely trust what
art doth vs teach :
and when I reach
at morall things,
and that my strings
grauely should strike ;
straighthe some mislike
blotteth myne *Ode.*
as with the loade
the steele we tuch
forc'd ne're so much,
yet still remoues
to that it loues
till there it stayes,
so to your praise
I turne euer,
and though neuer,
from you mouing
happy so louing.



Ode 6.

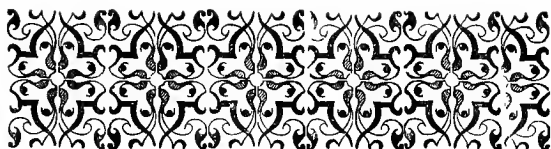
WER'T granted me to choofe
How *I* would end my dayes,
and I this life muſt loofe,
it ſhould be in your praife,
For there is no *Bayes*
can be fett aboue you.

S'mpoſſibly I loue you
and for you ſit ſo hie,
whence none may remoue you
in my cleere poeſie,
that often I deny
you ſo ample merit.

the freedome of my ſpirit
maintaining (ſtil) my cauſe,
Your ſex not to inherit
vr'ging the *Salique* lawes,
but your vertue drawes
from me euery due.

Thus ſtill you me purſue
that no where I can dwell,
by feare made iuſte to you
that naturally rebell,
of you that excell
that ſhould J ſtill endyte

yet will you want ſome ryte,
that loſt in your high praife
I wander to and fro,
as ſeeing fundry waies,
yet which the right not knowe
to get out of this maze.



Ode 7.

THIS while we are abroad
shall we not touch our lyre?
shall we not sing an *Ode*
shall that holy fire

That so strongly glow'd,
iu this cold aire expire?

Long since the summer's laid,
the heauenly ballance downe
the ripened *Autumne* wayd,
And *Boreas* grim doth frowne
since now J did behold
greate *Brutes* first-built towne.

Now in the vtmost *Peake*
whereas we now remaine
amongst the mountaines bleake
expos'd to fleet and rayne:
no sport our houres shall breake
to exercise our vaine,

Though bright *Apolloes* beames
refreshe the fotherne ground:
and though the princely *Theams*
with beauteous nymphs abound
and by ould *Cambers* streames
as many wonders found.

yet

Ode 7.

Yet many riuers cleere
here glide in filuer fwathes,
and what of all moſt deare
Buckſtons delicious bathes,
ſtrong ale and noble cheere
t'aſſwage breeme winters ſcathes.

Thoſe grim and horrid caues
whoſe lookes affright the daye,
where ſhee her ſecrets ſaues
as loth them to bewray,
our better leaſure craues,
and doth inuite our laye.

In places far or neare,
or famous or obſcure,
where wholeſome is the ayre
or where the moſt impure,
all tymes and euery where
the muſe is ſtill in vre.





Ode 8.

SINGE wee the Rose
then which no flower there growes
is sweeter :

And aptly her compare
with what in that is rare
A parallel none meeter

Or made poses,
of this that incloses
suche blisses,
that naturally flusheth
as she blusheth
When she is robd of kisses,
Or if strew'd
when with the morning dew'd
or stilling,
or howe to sense expos'd
all which in her inclos'd,
each place with sweetnes filling.

That most renown'd
by Nature richly crown'd
with yellow,
of that delicious layre
and as pure, her hayre
vnto the same the fellowe,

C fearing

Ode 8.

fearing of harme
nature that flower doth arme
from danger,
the touch giues her offence
but with reuerence
vnto her selfe a stranger.

That redde, or white,
or mixt, the fence delyte
behoulding,
in her complexion
all which perfection
such harmony in fouldinge.

That deuyded
ere it was defcided
which most pure,
began the greuous war
of *York & Lancaster*,
that did many yeeres indure.

Conflicts as greate
as were in all that heate
J sustaine :
by her, as many harts
as men on either parts
that with her eies hath flaine.

the Primrose flower
the first of *Flora's* bower
is placed,
foe is shee first as best
though excellent the rest,
all gracing, by none graced.

Ode



Ode 9.

THE muse should be sprightly
yet not handling lightly
things graue ; as much loath
things that be flight to cloath
curiously : to retaine
the comlineffe in meane
is true knowledge and wit.
nor me forc'd rage doth fit,
that *I* thereto should lacke
Tabacco, or the sack
which to the colder brayne
is the true *Hyppocrene*.
nor did I euer care
for greate fooles, nor greate fare,
vertue though neglected
is not so deiected
as vilely to descend
vnto basenes their end ;
neither each ryming slaue
deserues the name to haue
of Poet : so the rabble
of fooles, for the table.

C 2

that

Ode 9.

that haue their iests by hart
as an actor his part,
might assume them chaires
amongst the muses heires,
Parnassus is not clome
by every such mome.
vp whose steepe side that swerues,
it behoues haue strong nerues
my resolution such,
how well, and not how much
I write, thus doe I fare
like some few good that care
(the euill sort among)
how well to liue, and not how long.



Ode



Ode 10.

THE Ryme nor marrs nor makes
nor addeth it nor takes
from that which me propose,
things imaginary
do so strangely vary,
that quickly we them lose.

And what's quickly begot
as soone againe is not,
this doe J truely know,
yea, and that borne with paine
and fence strongly retaine,
gon with a second flow :

yet this *Critick* so sterne,
but whome, none must discern
nor perfectly haue seing,
strangely layes aboute him,
as nothing without him
were worthy of being.

That J my selfe betray,
into that publique way,
where the worlds ould bawd
custome, that doth humor
and by idle rumor
her dotages applaud,

C 3

whil't

Ode 10.

that whilst shee still prefers
those that be wholly hers
madnes and Ignorance,
I creepe behynd the time
from sportling with their crime
and glad too with my chance.

O wretched world the while
when the euill most vile
beareth the fayrest face,
and inconstant lightnes
with a scornfull sleightnes,
the best things doth disgrace.

whilst this strange knowing beaste
man, of himselfe the leaste
his enuy declaring
that virtue must descend
her title to defend
against him, much preparing.

yet these me not delude
nor from my place extrude
By theyr resolued hate :
theire vilenes that do knowe
which to my selfe *I* show
to keepe aboue my fate.



To the Virginian voyage.

Ode 11.

YOV braue Heroyque mynds
worthy your Countries name
that honor still pursue
goe and subdue
whilst loytering hyndes,
lurck heere at home with shame.

Britans you stay too long
quickly aboard bestowe you,
And with a merry gale
swell your stretch'd sayle
with vowes as stronge
as the winds that blow you.

your Course securely steare
west and by south soorth keep
Rockt, Lee-shores, nor shoales,
when *Eolus* scoulds
you need not feare
so absolute the deepe.

And cheerefully at sea
successe you still entife
to get the pearle and gould,
and ours to hould
Virginia
carths onely paradise.

where

Ode 11.

where nature hath in store
fowle, venifon and fifhe
and the fruitefull'ft foyle
without your toyle
three haruefts more
all greater then your wifh.

And the ambitious vine
Crownes with his purple maffe,
The Cedar reaching hie
to kiffe the sky
the Cyprefse, Pine
And vfefull Saffafras.

To whome the golden age
ftill natures lawes doth giue,
nor other cares attend
but them to defend
from winters rage,
that long there doth not liue.

when as the lufhious fmell
of that delitious land,
aboue the feas that flowes
the cleere wind throwes,
your harts to fwell
approching the deare ftand.

In kenning of the fhore
(thanks to god firft giuen,)
O you the happy'ft men
be frolike then,
let Cannons roare,
Frighting the wide heauen.

and

Ode I I.

And in Regions farre
such *Heroes* bring yee foorth
As those from whome we came :
and plant our name,
vnder the starre
not knowne vnto our North,

& where in plenty growes
the lawrell euery where,
Appollo's sacred tree
your dayes may fee,
A *Poets* Browes
to Crowne, that may sing there.

thy voyages attend
Industrious *Hackluit*
whose Reading shall inflame
men to seeke fame ;
and much commend
to after times thy wit.



Ode



*To my frinds the Camber-britans
and theyr harp.*

Ode 12.

FAYRE flood the winde for *France*
when we our failes aduance
and now to proue our chance
longer not tarry :
But put vnto the mayne
at *Kaux* the mouth of *Seine*
with all his warlike trayne
landed King *Harry*.

And taking many a forte
furnish'd in warlike forte
comming toward *Agincourte*
(in happy houre)
skermishing day by day
with those oppose his vvay,
whereas the gen'rall laye
with all his powre :

Which in his height of pride
as *Henry* to deride,
his Ransome to prouide
vnto him sending,
which he neglects the while
as from a nation vyle
yet with an angry smile
their fall portending,

And

Ode 12.

And turning to his men
quoth famous *Henry* then,
though they to one be ten
be not amazed :
yet haue we well begun
battailes foe brauely wonne
euermore to the sonne
by fame are rayfed.

And for my felfe (quoth he)
This my full reft shall bee
England nere mourne for me
nor more esteeme me
victor I will remayne
or on this earth be flaine
neuer shall she fustaine
loffe to redeeme me.

Poyters and *Cressy* tell
when moſte their pride did ſwell
vnder our ſwords they fell,
no leſſe our ſkill is,
then when our grandfyre greate
claiming the regall feate
in many a warlike feate
lop'd the french lillies.

The duke of *York* foe dread
the eager vaward led
with the maine *Henry* ſped
amongſt his henchmen
Exceſter had the rear
A brauer man not there

and

Ode 12.

and now preparing were
for the false *Frenchmen*,
and ready to be gone
armour on armour shone,
drum vnto drum did grone,
to heare was woonder,
that with the cries they make
the very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became
O noble Erpingham
thou didst the signall frame
vnto the forces :
when from a meadow by
like a storme sodainely
the English archery
stuck the French horses.

The Spanish vghes so strong
arrowes a cloth-yard long,
that like to serpents stoong
pearching the Wether :
None from his death now starts,
but playing manly parts
and like true English harts,
stuck close together.

when down theyr bowes they threw
and forth their bilbowes drewe,
& on the french they flew
no man was tardy

armes

Ode 12.

arms from the shoulders fent,
scalpes to the teeth were rent,
downe the french pefants went,
Thefe were men hardye.

when now that noble king
his broade sword brandifhing
into the hoaft did fling
as to or'whelme it
who many a deep wound lent,
his armes with blood befprent,
and many a cruell dent
brufed his helmet.

Glofter, that duke fo good
next of the royall blood,
for famous *England* flood,
with his braue brother
Clarence, in fteele moft bright,
that yet a maiden knight
yet in this furious fight
fcarce fuch an other,

VVarwick in bloode did wade
Oxford the foes inuade
and cruel flaughter made
ftill as they ran vp,
Suffolke his axe did ply
Beaumont and *Willoughby*
bare them right doughtyly,
Ferrers and *Fanhope*

On happy *Cryspin* day
fought was this noble fray,

which

Ode 12.

which fame did not delay
to *England* to carry :
O when shall *Englishmen*
with such acts fill a pen ?
of *England* breed agen
such a king *Harry* ?



The firste Eglog.

PHÆBVS full out his yearly course had run,
whom the long winter labored to outweare,
& now preuayling prosp'rously begunne
to rayse himselfe vpon our Hemispheare
and the pleas'd heauen this ioyful season neere
Oreio'yd diffolu's many a siluer teare.

When *Philomel* true augure of the spring
whose tunes expresse a Brothers traiterous fact
whilst the fresh groues with her cōplaints do ring,
to *Cynthia* her sad tragedy doth act,

The iocund merle perch'd on the highest spray
sings his loue forth, to see the pleasant May.

The crawling Snake against the morning sonne
like *Iris* shoves his sundry coloured coate,
the gloomy shades that enuiously doth shunne
rauisht'd to heare the warbling birds to roate,

The buck forsakes the Lawn's wher he hath fed
fearing the hunt should view his veluet head.

Through

The first Eglog.

through eu'ry part disappeared is the blood
the lusty spring in fulnes (now) of pride
man, bird, and beast, each tree, and euery flood,
highly reioycing in this goodly tyde
saue *Rowland* leaning on a Ranpick tree
waisted with age, forlorne with woe was he.

Greate God qd lie, (with hāds reard to the skie)
thou wyfe creator of the starry light,
whose wondrous works thy essence do implye
in the diuiding of the day and nighte
The earth releeuing with the teeming spring
which the late winter low before did bring.

O thou strong builder of the firmament
who placed'st *Phebus* in his fiery Carr,
and for the Planets wisely didst inuent
their fundry mansions that they should not iarre
Appointing *Phoebe* mistress of the night,
frō his pure flames to fetch her borrowed light.

Frō that bright pallace where thou raig'nst alone
which round with starrs is gloriously inchaed ;
before the footstoole of whose glittering throne
those thy high orders seuerally are placed,
Receiue my vowes that may thy courte ascend
where thy cleer presence all the powers attēd

Shepheards greate Soueraigne, graciously receiue
those thoughts to thee continually erected,
nor let the world all comfort me bereaue
whilst I before it sadly lie deiected,
whose sinnes like fogs that onercloud the aire
darken those beams once promis'd me so faire.
My

The first Eglog.

My hopes are fruiteles, and my fayth is vaine,
and but meere showes disposed me to mock
such are exalted basely that can faine,
and none regards iust *Rowland of the rock*.

To those fat pastures others helthfull keepe
malice denyes mee entrance with my sheepe.

Yet nill J nature enuiously accuse
nor blame the heauens thus haples mee to make
what they inpose but vainly we refuse
when not our power their punishment can slake
Fortune the world that towes too and fro
Fickle to all yet constant in my woe.

This onely rests, time shall deuoure my sorrowe
and, to affliction minister reliefe
When as there neuer shall succeed a morrow,
whose laboring howres shal lēgthen out my greef,
nor in my brest care sit agayne so deepe :
tyring the sad night with distempered sleepe.

And when that time expired hath the date
what wears out all things lastly perish must
and that all searhing and impartiall fate
shal take accompte of long-forgotten dust
when euery being, silently shall cease
lockt in the armes of euerlasting peace.

Now in the Ocean *Titan* quench'd his flame
that summond *Cynthia* to set vp her light
when she the neerst of the celestiall frame
sat the most glorious on the brow of nighte
whē the poore Swain vvith heuy hart opprēst,
to the cold earth sanck sadly downe to rest

The second Eglog.

The morpheus quite discolored the place
Which had the powr t'attract the eyes of men,
What mock'd the Lilly, bears this Tawny die,
And this once Crimfon, looks thus deadly pale,
Sorrow hath fet his foot vpon myne eye,
And hath for euer perished my fale.
A cumber-world, yet in the world am left
A fruitlesse plot with brambles ouergrown :
Of all those ioyes, that pleas'd my youth, bereft
And now too late my folly but beinoane ;
Those daynty straines of my well-tuned reed,
Which many a time haue pleas'd the curious ears,
To me no more those pleasing thoughts do breed
But tell the errors of my wandring years,
Those poyfning pills ben byding at my hart,
Those loathfom drugs vnseafned youth did chaw,
Not once so sweet, but now they be as tart,
Not in the mouth, that they were in the maw.

Motto.

Euen so I ween for thy olld ages feuer,
Deems sweetest potions, bitter as the gall,
And thy colld pallet, hauing lost the fauour,
Receaues no comfort by a cordiall.

Winken.

As thou art, once was I a gamesom boy,
Jll-wintred now, and aged as you see,
And

The second Eglog.

And well *I* know, that swallow-winged ioy
Shall be neglected as it is in me.
VVhen on the arch of thyne eclipsed eyes,
Time shall haue deeply charactred thy death,
And sun-burnt age, thy kindly moisture dries,
Thy wasted lungs be niggards of thy breath ;
Thy brawn-fallen armes, and thy declining back
To the fad burthen of thy years shall yeeld
And that thy legs their wonted force shall lack,
Able no more thy wretched Trunck to weeld.
Now am I like the knotty aged Oak,
VVhom waisting time hath made a tomb for dust,
That of his branches reft by tempeft stroke,
His bark consumes with canker worms and rust,
and though thou seemft like to the bragging bryr
And fpredft thee like the morn-lou'd Marygould
Yet shall thy fap be fhortly dry and feer
Thy gawdy bloffoms blemifhed with cold.
Euen fuch a wanton and vnruely fwayne
VVas little *Rowland*, when as lately he
Vpon the verge of yonder neighbouring plaine
Carued this rime vpon a Bechen tree.

T*Hen this great vniuerfe no leffe,
Can ferue her prayfes to expresse :
Betwixt her eies the poles of loue,
The hoft of heauenly beautyes moue
Depainted in their proper ftories,
As well the fixd as wandring glories,*
D 2 *Which*

The second Eglog.

*which from their proper orbes not goe,
whether they gyre swift or slowe :
where from their lips, when she doth speake
the musick of those sphears do breake
which their harmonius motion breedeth
from whose cheerfull breath proceedeth :
that balmy sweetnes that giues birth
to euery offspring of the earth.
her shape and cariage of which frame
in forme how well shee beares the same,
is that proportion heauens best treasure,
whereby it doth all poyse and measure,
so that alone her happy sight
conteynes perfection and delight.*

Motto.

O diuine love which so aloft can rayfe
and lift the mind out of this earthly myre,
and dost inspire vs with so glorious prayse,
as with the heauens doth equall man's desire
who doth not help to deck thy holy shrine
with *Venus* mirtle and *Apollo's* tree ?
who will not say that thou art most diuine
at least confesse a deity in thee ?

Winken.

A foolish boy, full ill is he repayed,
for now the wanton pines in endles paine,
and

The second Eglog.

and fore repents what he before misfaide,
fo may they be, which can so lewdely fayne,
now hath this yonker torne his treffed locks
and broke his pipe which was of found so sweet
forfaking his companions and their flocks,
and casts his garland loosly at his feete,
and being shrouded in a homely cote
and full of sorrow (I him sitting by,)
he tun'de his rebeck to a mournfull note
and thereto sang this dolefull elegy.

VPPON a bank with roses set about
where pretty turtles ioyning bil to bill,
and gentle springs steale softly murmuring out
washing the foote of pleasures sacred hill:
there little loue sore wounded lyes,
his bowe and arrowes broken
bedewd with teares from Venus eyes
oh greuous to be spoken.

Beare him my hart slaine with her scornfull eye
where sticks the arrowe that poore hart did kill
with whose sharp pile request him ere he die,
about the same to write his latest will,
and bid him send it back to me
at instant of his dying,
that cruell cruell shee may see
my faith and her denying.

His chappell be a mournfull Cypresse shade
and for a chauntry Philomels sweet lay
where prayers shall continually be made

D 3

by

The second Eglog.

*By pilgrim loners passing by that way.
With Nymphes and shepheards yearly moane
His timeles death beweeeping,
In telling that my hart alone
Hath his last will in keeping.*

Motto.

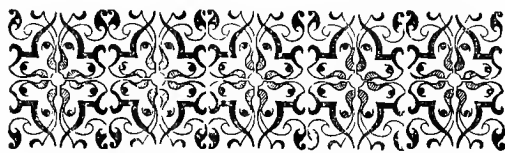
VVoe's me for him that pineth so in paine,
Alas poore *Rowland* how for him I greeue,
So fayre a bayt should breed so foule a baine,
Yet she not dayne his forow to relieue.

Winken.

Beware by him thou foolish wanton swaine,
By others harmes thus maist thou learn to heed :
Beauty and wealth been fraught with hy difdayn
The night draws on, com homeward let vs speed.

The





The third Eglog.

Perkin.

Rowland for shame awake thy drowfie muse,
Tyme playes the hunts vp to thy sleepey head;
VVhy lyeft thou here, whilst we are ill beeftead
Fowle idle fwayn?

VVho euer heard thy pipe and pleasing vaine
And now doth heare this scurvy minftralcie,
Tending to naught, but beaftly ribauldry
that doth not muse?

Then flumber not with dull *Endymion*,
But tune thy reed to dapper virelayes,
And fing a while, of blessed *Betaes* prayse,
and none but she:

Above the rest so happy maist thou be,
For learned *Colin* layes his pipes to gage,
And is to fayrie gon a pilgrimage
the more our moane.

Row-

The third Eglog.

Rowland.

What Beta, shepheard ? she is *Pans* belou'de
faire Betaes praise beyond our strayn doth stretch
a note to hy for my poore pipe to reache,
an oaten reede,
The most vnfit to speake of worthies deede
but set my song vnto a lower key,
whereas a hornepipe J may safely play
and vnreproou'd.

With flattery my muse could neuer fadg
nor could this vaine scurrility affect
from looser youth to win a light respect
too base and vile.
me that doth make that J not care the while
my selfe about Tom Piper to aduance
which so bestirrs him at the morrice daunce
for penny wage.

Perkin.

Rowland so toyes esteemed often are
and fashions euer vary with the time
but since the season doth require some rime,
with lusty glee
let me then heare that roundelay of thee,
which once thou sangst to me in Ianeuere
when Robin Redbreast sitting on a breere
the burthen bare.

well

The third Eglog.

Rowland.

Well needs J muſt, yet with a heauy heart
yet were not Beta, ſure I would not ſing
whoſe praife the Echo'es ceaſe not yet to ring
vnto the ſkies.

Perkin.

Be blith good Rowland then, & cleer thine eyes,
and ſince good Robin to his rooſte is gone
ſupply his want, and put two parts in one
to ſhew thy art.



Rowland.

*Stay, Thames to heare my ſong, thou greate & famous flood,
Beta alone the Phoenix is of all thy vvatry brood,
the queene of virgins onely ſhee,
the King of floods allotting thee
of all the reſt, be ioyfull then to ſee this happy day,
thy Beta nowv alone ſhall be the ſubieſt of my lay*

*With daynty delight ſome ſtraines of dapper verelays :
come louely ſheapheard ſit by mee, to tell our Betaes prayſe
and let vs ſing ſo hie a verſe
her ſoueraigne virtues to rehearſe :
That little birds ſhall ſilent fit to heare vs ſhepheard ſing
vvhile riuers backward bend their courſ & flowv vnto their
ſpring*

Range

The third Eglog.

Range all thy fountains faire Thames together on a ranck
and place them each in their degree vppō thy vvinding bāck
and let them fet together all
time keeping vvith the vvaters fall :

And craue the tuneful nightingale to helpe you vvith her lay
the vvoozell and the throſtle cock, chief muſick of our May.

See vvhat a troupe of nymphs, come leading hand in hand
in ſuch a number that vvell neere the take vp all the ſtrand,
and hark hovv merrily they ſinge,
that makes the neighbring medowes ring
and Beta comes before alone, clad in a purple pall
and as the Queene of all the reſt doth vvpeare a coronall.

Trim vp her golden treſſes vvith Apolloes ſacred tree
vvhoſe tutage & eſpeciall care I vvish her ſtill to be
that for his darling hath prepa'rd
a glorious crowne as her reward,
not ſuch a golden Crowne as haughty Cefar vvearies,
but ſuch a glittering ſtarry one as Ariadne beares.

Mayds get the choyceſt flowvers a garland and entwine
nor pinks nor panſies let their vvant, be ſure of Eglantine
ſee that there be ſtore of lyllyes

(Cald of the Sheapherds daffadillies) (lile
vvith Roſes damaſk, vvHITE & redd, the deereſt flower de-
the Coruſlip of Ieruſulem & cloue of Paradice

O thou greate eie of heauen, the daies moſt deareſt lighte
vvith thy bright ſiſter Cynthia, the glory of the night
and thoſe that make thee ſeauen
to vs the neareſt of heauen,

And thou O gorgeous Iris, vvith all thy Colours died
vvhen ſhee ſtreames forth her rayes then daſt it is all your pride

In thee vvhiſt ſhe behoulds (O flood) her heauenly face
the ſeagods in their vvatry armes vvould gladly hir embrace
the intifiſing Syrens in their layes
vvith tritons doe reſound her praiſe

Haſting vvith all the ſpeed they can vnto the ſpacious ſea
& through all Neptunes courte proclaime our Betaes holiday

The fourth Eglog.

*And euermore refresh the roote of the fat oliue tree
in whose dear shadow euer may thy bancks preferued be,
the Bay that Poets doth adorne
and mirtle of chaste louers vborne
that faire may be the frute, the boughes prefer'd by peace
and let the mornefull Cipresse dy, and heere for euer cease.*

*Wee'le strevv the shore vvith pearl vvher Beta vvalks alone
and vve vvill paue her summer bovvver vvith richest Indian
perfumè the aire and make it sveet.* (stone

*for such a goddesse as is meet,
For if her eies for purity contend vvith Titans light (fighte
no maruaille then although theire beames do dazle humane*

*Sould louvd your trumpets then from Londons loftiest towvers
to beate the stormy tempests back and calm the raging showvrs
set the cornet vvith the flute
the orpharion to the lute*

*Tuning the taber and the pipe to the sveet violons
and mock the thunder in the aire vvith the loude clarions.*

*Beta long may thine Altars smoake vvith yearely sacrifice
and long thy sacred temples maye theyre high daics fo-
thy sheapheards vvatch by day and night lemnize
thy Maydes attend thy holy light*

*And thy large Empire stretch her arms frō east vnto the vvest
And Albyon on the Appenines aduance her conquering cresl.*

Perken.

Thanks gentle Rowland for my roundelay,
and as for Beta burthen of thy song
the shepeheards goddesse may she florish long
and happy be,
and not disdayne to be belou'd of thee :
tryumphing Albion clap thy hands for ioy
that

the third Eglog.

that haue fo long not tasted of anoy
not that thou may.

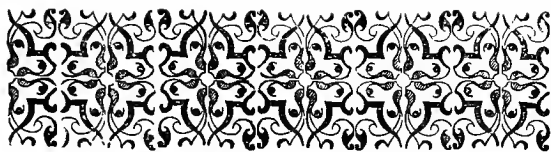
Rowland.

(yeand
Shepherd, & when my milke white eawes haue
Beta shall haue the firstling of the fould
yea though the horns were of the purest goulde
& the fine fleece, the richest purple grayn.

Perken.

Beleeue me as I am true sheepheards fwaine
then for thy loue all other I forsake
and vnto thee my felfe I doe betake
with faith vnfaind.

The



The fourth Eglog.

Motto.

Sheapheard, why creepe we in this lowly vaine
as though our store no better vs affoord?
and in this feason when the stirring swain (words
makes the wyde fields foūd with great thūdring
not as twas wont now rurall be our rymes
Sheapheards of late are waxed wondrous neate.
though they were richer in the former tymes,
we be intraged with more kindly heate
The withered Laurell freshly growes agayne
which simply shadowed the *Pierian* spring
which oft inuites the folitary fwayne
thether, to heare those sacred virgins sing :
then if thy muse haue spent her wonted zeale
with withered twifts thy forehead shal be bound
but if with these she dare aduance her fayle
amongst the best then may she be renown'd

Gorbo.

Sheapheards, these men at mighty things do aym
and therefore presse into the learned troope
with

The fourth Eglyg.

VVith filed phraze to dignifie their name,
Els with the world shut in this shamefull coope.
But such a subiect ill befeemeth me,
For J must pipe amongst the lowly fort,
Thofe filly heardgrooms who haue laught to see,
VVhen I by moonshine made the fayries sport.
Who of the toyles of *Hercules* will treat,
And put his hand to an eternall pen,
In these hie labours it behooues him sweat,
To soare beyond the vsuall pitch of men.
Such monster-tamers who would take in hand,
As haue tyde vp the triple-headed hound,
Or of those Gyants which gainst heuen durst stād
whose strength the gods it troubled to confound ?
who listeth with so mighty things to mell,
And dares a taske so great to vndertake,
Should rayfe the black inhabitants of Hell :
And stir a tempest on the Stygian Lake.
He that to worlds Pyramides will build
On those great Heroes got by heauenly powers,
Should haue a pen most plentifully filld
In the full streams of learned *Maro's* showers.
who will foretell mutations, and of men,
Of future things and wisely will enquire,
Before should slumber in that shady den
That often did with prophesie inspyre.
Southsaying Sybells sleepe long agon
we haue their reed but few haue cond their art,
And the welch wifard cleaueth to a stone
No oracles more wonders shall impart.

when

The fourth Eglog-

when him this round that neereft ouerran,
His labouring mother to the light did bring,
The ſweat that then from *Orpheus* ſtatue ran,
Foretould the prophets had whereon to ſing,
when virtue had allotted her a prize,
The Oaken garlands and the laurell Crown,
Fame then reſumd her lofty wings to riſe,
And plumes wear honored with the purple gown
Then when religion with a goulden chayne,
Men vnto fayre ciuility did draw,
who ſent from heauen brought iuſtice forth again
to keep the good, the viler fort to awe,
that ſimple age as ſimply ſung of loue,
till thirſt of Empire and of earthly fwayes
Drew the good ſhepheard from his laſſes loue,
to ſing of ſlaughter and tumultuous frayes
then *Ioues* loue-theft was priuily diſcri'd,
How he playd falſe play in *Amphitrio's* bed,
And yong *Apollo* in the mount of Ide
Gaued *Oenon* phyſick for her maydenhead :
the tender graſſe was then the ſoſteſt bed :
the pleaſant ſhades eſteemed ſtateliſt halls,
No belly churle with *Bacchus* banqueted,
Nor painted rags then couered rotten walls :
then ſimple loue by ſimple virtue waied,
Flowrs the fauours equall faith reuealed,
Kindnes againe with kindnes was repaid,
And with ſweet kiſſes couenants were ſealed.
then Beauties ſelf by her ſelfe beautified,
Scorn'd paintings, pergit and the borrowed hayr,
Nor

The fourth Eglog.

nor monstrous formes deformities did hide
the foul to varnish with compounded faire,
The purest fleece then couered purest skin,
for pride as then with Lucifer remaynd
ill fauoured fashions yet did not begin,
nor wholsœ cloaths with poysoned liquor staynd
but when the bowels of the earth were sought
whose golden entrailes mortalls did espy
into the world all mischiefe then was brought
this fram'd the mint that coynd our misery.
"The lofty pines then presently cut downe
and men sea-monsters swam the bracky flood
in wainscote tubs to feeke out worlds vnknowne,
for certain ill to leaue assured good.
The steede was tamde and fitted to the field
that serues a subiect to the riders lawes,
he that before ran in the pastures wilde
felt the stiffe curb controule his angry iawes.
The *Cyclops* then stood sweating to the fire
the vse thereof in softning metalls found
that did streight limbs in stubborne steele attyre
forging sharp tooles the tender flesh to wound,
The Citty-builder then intrencht his towers
and layd his wealth within the walled towne,
which after ward in rough and stormy stowres
kindled the fire that burnt his bulwarks downe.
This was the sad beginning of our woes
that was from hell on wretched mortalls hurld
& from this fount did all those mischiefes flow
whose inundation drowneth all the world.

Molto

The fourth Eglog.

Motto.

Well shepheard well, the golden age is gon,
Wifhes no way reuoketh what is past,
Small wit there were to make two griefes of one
And our complaints we vainly should but waft.
Liften to me then louely shepheard lad,
And thou shalt heare, attentiu if thou be,
A prety tale I of my Grandame had,
One winters night when there wer none but we.

Gorbo.

Shepheard say on, so may we passe the time,
There is no doubt it is som worthy rime.

Motto.

FAR in the country of Arden,
There wond a knight hight Cassamen,
as bould as Isenbras.
Fell was he and eager bent,
In battell and in tournament,
as was the good Sir Topas.
He had as antique stories tell,
A daughter cleaped Dowfabel,
a mayden faire and free.
And for she was her fathers heyr
Ful well she was ycond the leyr,
of mickle curtesie.

E 1

The

The fourth Eglog.

*The filke well couth she twist and twinc,
And make the fine Marchpine,
and with the needle werke :
And she couth helpe the priest to say
His Mattens on a holyday
and sing a Psalme in Kirke.
She ware a frock of frolicke green,
Might well becom a Mayden qucen,
Which seemly was to see.
A hood to that so neat and fine,
In colour like the Columbine,
Ywrought full featuoufly.
Her feature all as fresh aboue,
As is the grasse that growes by Doue,
And lyth as lasse of Kent.
Her skin as soft as Lemster wooll,
As white as snow on Peakish hull
or swan that fwims in Trent.
This mayden in a morn betime,
Went foorth when May was in the prime,
to get sweet Setywall.
The hony-suckle, the harlock,
The Lylly and the Lady-smock,
to deck her summer hall,
Thus as she wandred here and there
And picked of the bloomy brier,
She chanced to espy,
A shepheard fitting on a banke,
Like Chanteclere he crowed crancke,
and pip'd full merrily.*

He

The fourth Eglog.

*He leard his sheep as he him list,
When he would whistle in his fist,
to feed about him round.
Whilst he full many a carroll sang,
Vntill the fields and meadowes rang,
and that the woods did sound.
In fauour this same shepheard swayne,
Was like the bedlam Tamberlayne,
which held proude Kings in awe.
But meeke as any Lamb mought be,
And innocent of ill as he,
Whom his lewd brother slaw.
This shepheard ware a sheep gray cloke,
Which was of the finest loke
that could be cut with sheere.
His mittens were of Bauzens Skin,
His Cockers were of cordiwin,
his hood of Miniueere.
His aule and lingell in a thong,
His tarbox on his broad belt hong,
his breeche of Cointry blew.
Full crispe and curled were his locks,
His browes as white as Albion rocks,
so like a louer true.
And piping still he spent the day,
So merry as the Poppingay,
which liked Dowfabell.
That would she ought or wold she noght,
this lad would neuer from her thought,
She in loue-longing fell.*

E 2

at

The fourth Eglog.

*At length she tucked vp her frocke,
white as the Lilly was her smock,
 she drew the shepheard ny :
But then the shepheard pip'd a good,
that all his sheepe forsooke theyr fooode,
 to heare his melody.
Thy sheepe quoth shee, can not be leane,
that haue a iolly shepheards swayne,
 the which can pipe so well :
Yea but (saith he) their shepheard may,
If piping thus he pine away
 In loue of Dowfabel.*
*Of loue fond boy take thou no keepe
Quoth she, looke wel vnto thy sheepe,
 least they should hap to stray :
Quoth he ; so had I done full well
Had I not seen faire Dowfabel
 come foorth to gather May.
With that she gan to vaile her head,
Her cheekes were like the Roses redde,
 but not a word she said,
With that the shepheard gan to frowne,
He threw his prety pipes adown,
 and on the ground him layd.
Saith she I may not stay till night,
And leaue my summer hall vndight,
 and all for loue of thee :
My coat saith he, nor yet my fould,
Shall neither sheep nor shepheard hould
 except thou fauour mee.*

Saith

The fourth Eglog.

*Saith she, yet leuer I were dead,
then I should loose my maidenhead
and all for loue of men :
Saith he yet are you too unkind,
If in your hart you cannot find,
to loue vs now and then.
And I to thee will be as kind,
As Colin was to Rosalind,
of curtesie the flower :
Then will I be as true quoth she,
As cuer maiden yet might be,
vnto her paramour.
With that she bent her snow-white knee
Downe by the shepheard kneeled shee,
and him she sweetlie kist.
VVith that the shepheard whoop'd for ioy,
Quoth he ther's neuer shepheards boy,
that cuer was so blist.*

Gorbo.

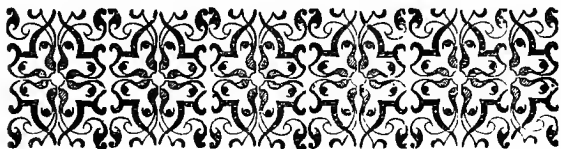
Now by my shecphook, heer's a tale alone,
Learn me the fame and I wil giue thee hyer,
This were as good as curds for our *Ione*,
When at a night we sitten by the fire.

Motto.

VVhy gentle *Gorbo* ile not stick for that,
when we shall meet vpon som mery day,
but

The fift Eglog.

But see whilst we haue fet vs downe to chat,
Yon tykes of myne begin to steale away,
and if thou please to come vnto our green,
On Lammas day, when as we haue our feast,
Thou shalt sit next vnto the shepheardes queene,
and ther shalt be the only welcom guest.



The fift Eglog.

Come let vs frolick merily, my swayne,
Lets se what spirit ther quikens yet in thee
If there so much be left but as a grayne,
Of the great stock of antique poesie,
Or liuing but one slip of *Phæbus* sacred tre.
Or if referu'd from times deuouring rage,
with her sad ruins scorning once to fall,
Memoriall left as a deserued gage :
Or the delight of simple pastorall,
May thee reuiue, whom care seems to apall.
To fortunes orphanes nature hath bequeath'd,
what mightiest monarchs seldome haue possest,
From hieft heauen this influence is breath'd,
the

The fift Eglog.

the most diuine impressiō of the brest,
and whom th'one pynes the other oft doth feast
Nor doth't affect this fond gentility,
whereon the foole world open mouthed gazes,
Thinking it felfe of great ability.
that it a great greate grandfires glorie blazes,
and paints out fictions in vntimely phrazes.
Idlely we think that honor can inflame,
these mouing pictures made but for the street,
(We daily find) that ouerliue their name,
and black obliuion is their winding sheet,
their glory trodden vnder vulgar feet.
Enuie discharging all her poysoned darts,
the valiant mind is tempered with that fire,
at her fierce loose that weakly neuer starts,
but in despight inforce her to retyre,
with careles feet that spurnes her in the myre.

Rowland.

I may not sing of such as fall nor clime,
nor chaunt of armes, and of heroique deeds,
Jt fitteth not a shepheards rurall rime,
nor is agreeing with my oaten reeds:
nor from my song grosse flattery proceedes.
On the worlds Idolls do I scorne to smile,
Nor shall theyr names e're in my page appeare,
To boulster bafenes J account it vile,
tis not their looks nor greatnes that I fear,
nor shall be known by me that such there were.
No

The fift Eglog.

No fatall dreads, nor fruitlesse wayne desires,
Low caps and courtfies to a painted wall,
Nor heaping rotten sticks on needles fires,
Ambitious wayes to clime, nor fears to fall,
Nor things so base do *I* affect at all.

Motto.

If these, nor these may like thy varying quill,
as of too hye or of too low a straine
that doe not aptly paralell thy skill
nor wel agreeing with a shepheards vaine
subiects (suppos'd) ill to besee me a swaine
Then tune thy pipe vnto *Ideas* praise,
and teache the woods to wonder at her name,
Thy lowly notes so maist thou lightly raise,
And thereby others happily inflame :
Yet thou the whilst stand farthest off from blame.
Thy temples then with lawrel shall be dight,
when as thy muse got hy vpon her wing,
with nimble pineons shall direct her flight
To'th place from whence all harmonies do spring
To rape the fields with touches of her string.

Rowland.

Shepherd since thou so strongly dost perswade,
And her iust worth so amply vs affords,
O sacred fury all my povrs inuade,
All fulnes flowes from thy abundant hoords,
Her

The fift Eglog.

Her prayse requires the excellentest words :
Shall I then first sing of her heavenly eie
To it attracting euery other sight ?
May a poore shepheard then aspyre so hy,
which if the sun should giue vs vp to night,
The stars from it should fetch a purer light.
Or that fayr brow, where beawty keeps her state
There still residing as her proper sphear
Which when the world she meaneth to amate,
Wonder inuites to stand before her there,
Throughout the world the prayse thereof to bear,
Or touch her cheek deare natures treafury,
whereas she stoares th'abundance of her blisse,
where of her selfe she'xacts such vsury
That she's els needy by inwealthing this,
That like a miser her ritch chest doth kisse.
Or those pure hands in whole delicious palmes,
Loue takes delight the palmeester to play,
Whose cristall fingers dealing heavenly almes,
Giue the whole wealth of all the world avay,
O vvho of these sufficiently can fay !
Or th'iuory columns, which this fane vpbeare,
Where *Dianes* Nuns their goddeffe do adore,
vnto her, euer facrificing there
Her halowed altars kneeling stil before,
Where more they do perform, their zeal the more:
vnconning shepheard of these praise I none,
Although surpassing, yet let I them passe,
Nor in this kind her excellence is shown,
To sing of these not my intent it was.

Our

The fift Eglog.

Our muse must vndergoe a waightier masse,
And be directed by a straighter lyne,
Which me must vnto hyer regions guide,
That J her vertues rightly may define,
from me my selfe thats able to diuide
Vnles by them my weaknesse be supplide.
That be the end whereat I only ayme,
which to performe J faithfully must strue,
Faure as J can to build this goodly frame
and euery part with aptnes to contriue
that time from this example may deriue.
Jn whom, as on fom well prepared stage,
each morrall virtue acts a princely part,
Where euery scene pronounced by a sage
hath the true fulnes both of wit and art,
and wisely stealeth the spectators hart.
That euery censure worthily doth brooke
and vnto it a great attention drawes
Jn't which when wisedome doth feuerely looke,
often therewith inforced is to pause,
to yeeld a free and generall applause.
Who vnto goodnes can she not excite,
and in the same not teacheth to be wise
and deeply seen in each obsequious rite
wherein of that sum mistery there lyes
which her sole study is and only exercife
But the great'st volume nor exactest comment,
wherein art euer absolute'st shined,
Nor the smal'st letter filling vp the margent,
yet euery space with matter interlined

in

The fift Eglog.

in the hy'ft knowledge, rightly her defined,
O ! if but fenfe effectually could fee
what is in her t'be worthily admired
How infinit her excellences be,
the date of which can neuer be expired
from her hy praife the world could not be hired,
But fince that heauen muft onely be the mirror,
wherin the world can her perfections viewe,
and fame is ftrucken filent with the terror
wanting wherewith to pay what is her due,
Colours can giue her nothing that is new.
Then fince there wants ability in colors,
nor pencill yet fufficiently can blaze her,
For her ile make a mirror of my dolors
and in my tears fheest' look her felf & praife her
happy were I if fuch a glaffe might pleafe her.
Go gentle winds and whifper in her eare,
and tell *Idea* how much I adore her,
and you my flocks report vnto my fayre,
how far fhe paffeth all that went before her,
and as their goddeffe all the playnes adore her.
And thou cleer brook by whose pure filuer fream
grow thofe tall oaks wher J haue caru'd her name
Conuey her prayfe to *Neptunes* watry realme,
and bid the Tritons to found foorth her fame,
vntil wide *Neptune* fcarce containe the fame.

Motto.

Stay there good *Rowland*, whether art thou rapt,
beyond

The fifth Eglog.

beyond the moone that striuest thus to strayne:
Into what phrensy lately art thou hapt ?
That in this sort intoxicates thy braine,
Much disagreeing from a shepheards vaine.

Rowland.

Motto, why me so strangely shouldst thou tempt,
Aboue my strength with magick of her style,
The scope of which from limits is exempt,
as be all they that of it do compile,
able to lift the sprite that is most vile.
Didst thou me first vnto her prayfes stir,
And now at last dost thou againe refuse me,
What if perhaps with too much loue I erre
And that therein the forward muse abuse me,
The cause thou gau'lt in this alone excuse me.

Motto.

Rowland then cease, referue thy plentious muse,
Till future time thy simple oaten reed,
Shall with a far more glorious rage infuse :
To sing the glory of some worthies deed,
For this *I* think but little shall thee speed.

Rowland.

Shepherd farewell the skies begin to lower,
Yon pitchy cloude, that hangeth in the West,
Shows

The fixt Eglog.

Showes vs ere long that we shall haue a shower,
Come let vs home, for *I* so think it best,
For to theyr cotes our flocks are gone to rest.

Motto.

Content, and if thoul't come vnto my coat,
Although god knowes my cheere be very small,
For wealth with me was neuer yet afloat,
Yet take in gree what euer do befall,
VVee'l fit & turne a crab, and tune a madrigall.



The fixth Eglog.

Gorbo.

VVEl met good *Winken*, whither dost thou vvēd
how haft thou far'd old shepherd many a year
His dayes in darknesse, thus can *Winken* spend?
VVho *I* haue knovvn for piping had no peere.
wher be those fayr floks thou vvert wōt to guide,
VVhat be they dead, or hapt on some michaunce?
Or mischiefe thee their master doth betyde?

or

The sixt Eglog.

Or lordly loue hath cast thee in a trance.
What man lets still be merry while we may,
and take a truce with forow for a time
the whil't we passe this weary winters day
in reading riddles or in making rime.

Winken,

A woe's me *Gorbo* mirth is far away,
Nor may it foiorne with fad malcontent,
O blame me not (to se this dismall day)
then though my pore hart it in peeces rent
my tune is turn'd into a swanlike song,
that best becomes me drawing to my death,
till which me thinks that euery howr is long
my breft becomes a prision to my breath.
Nothing more loathfom then the cheerfull light,
Comn is my night, when once appeares the day,
the blessed sonne is odious to my sight,
nor found me liketh but the shrech-oules lay,

Gorbo.

What maift thou be that ould *Winken de word*,
that of all shepheards wert the man alone,
that once with laughter shook't the shepheardes
with thyne own madnes lastly ouerthrown (boord
I think thou dotst in thy declining age,
Or for the loofnesse of thy youth art fory,
and

The sixt Eglog.

and therefore vowed fom folemn pilgrimage
to holy *Hayles*, or *Patricks* purgatory,
Come fit we down vnder this Hawthorn tree,
the morrows light shall lend vs day enough,
And let vs tel of *Gawen*, or Sir *Guy*.
Of *Robin-hood*, or of ould *Clim* a Clough,
Or els some Romant vnto vs areede,
By former shepheards taught thee in thy youth,
Of noble Lords and Ladies gentle deed
Or of thy Loue or of thy lasses trueth.

An ancient Pilgrimage in Glostershire, called the holy rood of Hayles.

Wiiken.

Shepherd no no, that world with me is past,
Merry was it when we those toys might tell
But tis not now as when thou sawst me last
A great mischance me since that time befel,
Elphin is dead, and in his graue is layde,
O to report it, how my hart it greueth,
Cruel that fate that fo the time betrayd
And of our ioyes vntimely vs depriueth.

Gorbo.

Is it for him thy tender hart doth bleede?
For him that liuing was the shepheardes pride,
Neuer did death so mercileffe a deede,
Ill hath he done and ill may him betyde:
Nought hath he got, nor of much more can boast,
Nature is payd the vtmost of her due,

Pan

The fixt Eglog.

Pan hath receaud so dearly that him coſt
O heauens his vertues did belong to you,
Do not thou then vnceſſantly complaine,
Beſt doth the meane befit the wife in mourning:
And to recall that, laborſt but in vaine,
which is by fate prohibited retourning.

Gorbo.

Wer't for the beſt this preſent vvorld affoordes,
Shepheard our ſorovvs might be eaſly caſt,
But oh his loſſe requireth more then vvords,
Nor it ſo flightly can be ouerpast :
when his fayr flocks he ſed vpon the dovvnſ,
the pooreſt ſhepheard ſuffered not anoy,
novv are we ſubieſt to the beaſtly clowns,
that all our mirth vvould vtterly deſtroy.
Long after he vvvas ſhrowded in the earth,
the birds for ſorovv did forbear to ſing,
Shepheards for vvvent their vvonted ſūmers mirth,
vvinter therevvith outvvare a double ſpring,
that had not nature laſtly cald to mind,
the neare approching of her ovvn decay.
things ſhould haue gon contrary vvnto kinde,
And to the *Chaos* all againe ſhould ſvvay :
the nymphes forbare inſiluer ſprings to looke,
with fundry flowers to brayd their yeellow hayr,
And to the deſarts ſadly them betooke,
So much oppreſt, and overcome vvith care.
And for his ſake the early wanton lambs,

that

The fixt Eglog.

that mongst the hillocks wont to skip and play,
Sadly runne bleating from their carefull dams
nor will their soft lips to the vdders lay.
The groues, the mountains, and the pleafant heath
that wonted were with Roundelaies to ring
Are blafted now with the cold northern breath
that not a sheephard takes delight to fing.
who would not die when *Elphine* now is gone ?
living that was the shepheards true delight.
with whose bleft fpirit (attending him alone)
virtue to heauen directly tooke her flight.
Onely from fooles thou from the world didft fly,
knowing the earth ftrange monfters forth should
that should thy lafting poefy deny (bring
thy worth and honour rashly cenfuring :
whilst thou aloft with glorious wings art borne
finging with Angells in the gorgeous fky,
laughing euen Kings, and their delights to fcorn
and all thofe fotts them idly deify.
And learned sheephheard thou to time fhall liue
when their greate names are vtterly forgotten
And fame to thee eternity fhall giue
when with their bones their fepulchers are rottē
Nor mournfull Ciprefse nor fad widowing yew
about thy tombe to prosper fhall bee feen
but bay and mirtle which be euer new
in fpirit of winter flourishing and greene.
Summers longft day fhall shepheards not fuffice
to fit and tell full ftoyes of thy prayfe
Nor fhall the longeft winters night comprize
F their

The fixt Eglog.

Their sighs for him the subiect of their layes,
And gentle shepheards (as sure som there be)
That liuing yet his vertues do inherit,
Men from base enuy and detraction free,
Of vpright harts and of as humble spirit :
Thou that down from the goodly Western waste
To drink at *Auon* driuest thy funned sheep,
Good *Melibeus*, that so wisely hast
Guided the flocks deliuered thee to keep ;
Forget not *Elphin*, and thou gentle fwayne,
That dost thy pipe by siluer *Douen* sound,
Alexis that dost with thy flocks remaine
Far off within the *Calydonian* ground,
Be mindfull of that shepheard that is dead,
And thou so long that I to pipe haue taught,
Vnhappy *Rowland* that from me art fled :
And setst ould *Winken* and his words at naught ;
And like a gracelesse and vntutord lad,
Art now departed from my aged sight,
And needfly to fouthern fields wilt gad,
Where thou dost liue in thriftlesse vayn delight.
Thou wanton boy, as thou canst pype afwell,
As any he, a bagpipe that doth beare,
Still let thy Rownds of that good shepheard tel,
To whom thou hast been euermore so deare :
Many you seeming to excell in fame,
and say as they that none can pipe so hie,
Scorning welneare a shepheards simple name,
So puf'd and blown with worldly vanity :
These if an aged man may vmpire be

Whose

The fixt Eglog.

Whose pypes are wellneer worn out of his hand,
For all the skill, that in their fongs they see,
Scarce reach the height wheron his prayfes stand
and all those toyes that vainly you allure,
Shall in the end no other guerdon haue,
But liuing shall you mickle woe procure
And lastly bring you to an vnknown graue.
Then gentle shepheards where so ere you rest,
In hill or dale how euer that you be,
Whether with loue or worldly care opprest,
Or be you bond, or happily be free :
The closing euening ginning to be dark,
When as the small birds sing the Sun to sleepe,
You fould your lambs : or with the early Larke
Vnto the fayre fields driue your harmlesse sheep,
Still let your pipes be busied in his prayfe,
Vntill your flocks be learnt his losse to know,
And tatling Echo many sundry wayes,
Be taught by you to warble forth our woe.

Winken.

Cease shepheard cease, frō further plaints refrayn
See but of one, how many do arise,
That by the tempest of my troubled braine
The floods already swelling vp myne eies,
And now the sun beginneth to decline :
Whilst we in woes the time away do weare,
See where yon little moping lamb of myne,
Jt selfe hath tangled in a crawling brear.

F 2

The



The seauenth Eglog.

Batte.

B*Orrill* why fittest thou musing in thy Coate
like dreaming *Merlin* in his drovvfy cell
with too much learning doth the shepheard doat?
or art enchanted with sum magick spel?

A hermits life, or meanst thou to professe?
or to thy beades, fall like an anchoresse?

See how faire *Flora* decks our fields with flowers,
& cloths our groues in gawdy fūmers green
And wanton *Ver* distils her selfe in showres
to hasten *Ceres* haruests hallowed Queene,
far of that in her yellow robe appeares,
Crowning ful summer with her ripened ears.

now sheapheards lay they r winter weeds awaye
and in neate Iackkets minfen on the playnes,
and at the riuers fischen daye by daye
now who so frolick as the shepheards swains
why ligst thou heere then in thy loathsome
like as a man put quick into his graue? (caue,

Borrill.

Batte my coate from tempest standeth free
when stately towers been often shak'd with wind
and wilt thou *Batte* come and sit with me
the happy life heere shalt thou onely find,
free

The seventh Eglog.

free from the worlds vile & in constant qualms
and herry Pan with orizons and almes.

And scorne the crow'd of such as cog for pence
and waste their wealth in finfull brauerye
whose gaine is losse, whose thrift is lewd expēce
content to liue in goulden slauery,
wondring at toyes as foolish worldlings doone
like to the dog that barketh at the moone.

Heere mayst thou range the goodly plesant field
and search out simples to procure thy heale,
what fundry vertues, sondry hearbs do yeeld,
gainst greefe which may thy sheep or thee affaile
heere mayst thou hunt the little harmlesse hare
or laugh t'intrap false *Raynard* in a snare,

or if thee please in antique Romants reed
of gentle *Lords* and Ladyes that of yore
in forraine lands did many a famous deed
and beene renown'd from east to westerne shore,
or shepherds skil i'th course of heauen to know
whē this starre falls when that it self doth show.

shepheards thes things been al to coy for me
whose youth is spent in iolity and mirth,
fyke hidden arts been better fitting thee,
whose dayes are fast declyning to the earth,
mayst thou suppose that I shall ere endure
to follow that noe pleasure can procure?

these beene for such them votarye doe make
and do accept the mantle and the ring,
and the long night continually doe wake
musing, thēselues how they to heauen may bring,
that

The seventh Eglog.

that whisfer still of forow in their bed,
and do despise both loue and lustyhead.

Like to the cur with anger welnear wood,
who makes his kennell in the oxes stall,
and snarleth when he seeth him take his food :
and yet his chaps can chew no hay at all,
Borrill, euen so it with thy state doth fare,
and with all thofe that such like wifards are.

Borrill.

Sharp is the thorne, soone I perceiue by thee,
Bitter the blossome when the fruit is sowe,
and early crookd that will a camock be ;
Lowd is the wind before a stormy shour
Pitty thy wit should be so much misled,
and thus ill guided by a giddy head.

Ah foolish elfe, I at thy madnes greeue,
That abus'd by thy lewd braynsick will,
those hidden bayts that canst not yet perceauce,
Nor find the cause that breedeth all thy ill,
thou thinkst all gould, that hath a goulden show
But art deceau'd, and that I truly know.

Such one art thou, as is the little flie,
who is so crowfe and gamesom with the flame,
Till with her busines and her nicity,
Her nimble wings are scorched with the same :
then falls she down with piteous buzzing note,
and in the fire doth finde her mourning cote.

Batte

The seauenth Eglog.

Batte.

Alas good man, thou now beginst to raue,
thy wittes do erre and misse the cushion quite.
Because thy head is gray, and words be graue,
thou thinkst thereby to draw me from delight ;
 tush J am young, nor sadly can J sit,
 But must do all that youth and loue besit.

Thy back is crook'd, thy knees do bend for age,
whilst I am swift and nimble as the Roe,
thou like a bird, art shut vp in a cage,
and in the fields J wander to and fro ;
 thou must do pennance for thy ould misdeedes,
 on the worlds ioyes, the whilst my fancy feeds.

Say what thou canst, yet me it shall not let,
For why my fancy straineth me so fore,
That day and night my mind is wholly fet,
How to enioy and please my paramore :
 Only on loue, J fet my whole delight,
 the summers day, and all the winters night.

That prety *Cupid* little god of loue,
whose impd wings with speckled plumes be dight
who woundeth men below and gods aboue,
Rouing at randon with his fethered flight ;
 whilst louely *Venus* stands to giue the aym
 smiling to see her wanton *Bantlings* game.

Vpon my staffe his statue will I carue,
His bow and quiuer on his winged back,
His forked heads for such as them deserue,
And

The seauenth Eglog.

and not of his one implement shall lack
and in her *Coche faire Cypria* set about
Drawne with a swanne, a sparrowe, & a doue,
and vnder them *Thisbe* of Babilon
with *Cleopatra* Egypts cheefe renown,
Phillis that died for loue of *Demophon*
and louely *Dido* Queene of *Carthage* Town :
who euer held god *Cupids* lawes so deare
to whom we offer sacrifice each yeare,

Borrill.

A willfull Boy thy folly now J finde
and it is hard a fooles talk to endure,
thou art as deafe as thy poore god is blind,
such as the fainct such is the feruiture
then of this loue wilt please thee heere a song,
that's to the purpofe, though it be not longe ?

Batte.

Borrill sing on I pray thee let vs heare,
that J may laughe to see thee shake thy bearde
But take heed shepheard that thy voice be cleere
or (by my hood) thoult make vs all afeard
or tis a doubt that thou wilt frighte our flocks
when they shall heare thee bark so like a fox.

Borrill.

N Ow fyv vpon thee wayward loue,
woe to Venus which did nurse thee
heauen

The seauenth Eglog.

*heauen and earth thy plagues doe proue
gods and men haue cause to curse thee,
what art thou but extreameſt madneſſe
natures firſt and only error,
that conſum'ſt our daies in ſadneſſe
by the minds Continuall terror :
walking in Cymerian blindneſſe
in thy courſes voy'd of reaſon.
ſharpe reprooſe thy only kindneſſe
in thy truſt the higheſt treaſon
both the nymphe and ruder ſwaine,
vexing with continuall anguiſh
which doſt make the ould complaine
and the young to pyne and languiſhe,
who thee keepes his care doth nurſe
that ſeduceth all to folly,
blessing bitterly doeſt curſe
tending to deſtruction wholly.
Thus of thee as I began
ſo againe I make an end
neither god neither man,
neither faiery, neither ſeend.*

Batte.

NOW ſurely ſheepheard heeres a goodly ſong
vppon my word J neuer had a worſe ;
away ould fool, and learne to rule thy toong
I would thy Clappe weare ſhut vp in my purſe
It is thy life if thou mayſt ſcould and brawle
though

The ſeauenth Eglog.

though in thy words there be noe witte at all
and for the wronge that thou to loue haſt done]
I will reuenge it and deferre noe time
and in this manner as thou haſt begon
I will recite thee a ſubſtancyall ryme
that to thy teeth ſufficiently ſhall prooue
there is no power to be compard to loue.

Borrill.

Come on good Boye I pray thee let vs heare
much will be faide, and neuer a whitte the neare.

Batte.

WHAT is Loue but the deſire
of the thing that fancy pleaſeth?
A holy and reſiſtleſſe fier
weake and ſtrong alike that ceaſeth,
which not heauen hath power to let
Nor wiſe nature cannot ſmother,
whereby Phœbus doth begette
on the vniuerſall mother.
that the everlaſting Chaine
which together al things tied,
and vnmoued them retayne
and by which they ſhall abide:
that conſent we cleerely find
all things doth together drawe,
and ſo ſtrong in euery kinde

ſubiect

The seauenth Eglog.

*subiects them to natures law,
whose hie virtue number teaches
in which euery thing dooth mooue,
from the lowest depth that reaches
to the height of heauen aboue :
harmony that wisely found
when the cunning hand doth strike
whereas euery amorous found
sweetly marryes with his like.
the tender cattell scarcely take
from their damns the feelds to proue,
but ech seeketh out a make,
nothing liues that doth not loue :
not soe much as but the plant
as nature euery thing doth payre,
by it if the male it want
doth dislike and will not beare :
nothing then is like to loue
in the which all creatures be
from it nere let me remooue
nor let it remooue from me.*

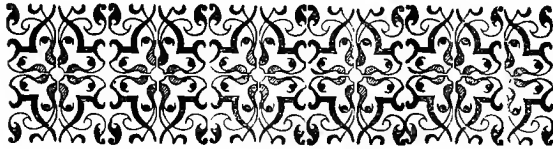
Borrill.

Remoue from thee alas poore filly lad
to soone shalt thou be weary of thy guest,
For where he rules no reason can be had,
that is an open enemy to rest,
I greeue to thinke ere many years be spent,
How much thou shalt thy time in loue repent.
Batte.

The seauenth Eglog.

Batte.

Gramercy *Borrill* for thy companye
for al thy Iests and all thy merry bourds,
vppon thy Judgement much I shall rely,
because *I* finde such wisdome in thy words
would J might watch when euer thou dost warde
so much thy loue and frindship I reguarde.



The eight Eglog.

Perkin.

IT ioyes me *Gorbo* yet we meet at last,
tis many a month since J the shepheard sawe,
me thinks thou lookst as thou wert much agast
what ist so much that should thy courage awe?
what man haue patience, welth wil come & go
And to the end the world shall eb and flow.

The valiāt man whose thoughts be firmly placed
and sees somtime how fortune list to rage,
that by her frownes he would not be disgraced,
by wisdome his straight actions so doth gadge
That when she fawns, & turns her squinting eye
He laughes to scorne her loofe inconstancy.

When as the cullian and the viler Clowne,
that

The 8 Eglog :

that like the swine on draffe sets his desire,
feeling the tempest, fadly layes him downe
whilst that blind strumpet treads him in the mire :
yet tasting weale the beast will quickly bray,
but feeling woe as soone consumes away.

Gorbo.

Perkin J thy Philofophy approue
and know who well is learnd her sacred wayes,
the stormes of fortune not so easly mooue
with her high precepts armd at all affaies,
when other folke her force may not endure.
Because they want that med'cine for their cure
Yet altogether blamb'd let me not passe
though often I, and worthily admire,
wifemen disgraced, and the barbarous affe
vnto high place and dignity aspire :
what should *I* say? that fortune is to blame,
or vnto what should *I* impute the shame.

Perkin.

Why she is queene heere of this world belowe
that at her pleasure all things dooth dispose,
and blind, her gifts as blindly doth bestowe,
yet where she rayfes still she ouerthrows
Therefore her embleme is a turning wheele
fro whose hy top the hy soon'ft downward reel
Gae thee her gifts to vertuous mē & wife
she

The Eight Eglog.

She should confirme this worldly state so sure,
that very babes her godhead would despise,
Nor longer here her government endure :
Best she may giue from whome she euer takes,
Foolles she may marre, for fools she euer makes.

For her own sake we wisdom must esteeme,
And not how other basely her regard,
For howsoere disgraced she doth seem,
Yet she her own is able to reward,
and none are so essentially hie,
as those that on her bounty do relie.

Gorbo.

O but good shepheard tell me where ben they,
that as a god did vertue so adore ?
and for her impes did with such care puruey,
ah but in vaine, their want we do deplore,
Long time since swaddled in their winding sheet
and she I thinke is buried at their feete.

Perkin.

Nay stay good *Gorbo* virtue is not dead,
Nor ben hir friends gon al that wonned here,
But to a nymphe for succour she is fled,
which her doth cherish, and most holdeth deare,
In her sweet bosome she hath built her nest,
And from the world there doth shee liue at rest.
This is that nymphe on that great western VVaft,
her

The Eight Eglog.

Her flocks far whiter then the driuen snow,
Fayrſhepherdeſſe, cleer *Willies* banks that grac'd, A riuer
Yet ſhe them both for purenes doth outgoe : running
to whom all Shepheards dedicate their layes, by Wilton
and on her aultars offer vp their bayes. neere to
the plaine
of Salif-
bury.

Siſter ſomtime ſhe to that ſhepherd was,
that yet for piping neuer had his peere,
Elphin that did all other ſwayus ſurpaſſe,
to whom ſhe was of liuing things moſt deare,
and on his deathbed by his lateſt will,
to her bequeath'd the ſecrets of his ſkill.

Gorbo.

May wee yet hope then in their weaker kind,
that there be ſome, poor ſhepheards that reſpect,
the world els vniuerſally inclind
to ſuch an inconfiderate neglect,
and the rude times their ordurous matter fling
Into their ſacred and once hallowed ſpring.

Women be weake, and ſubiect moſt to chaunge,
Nor long to any can they ſtedfaſt be,
and as their eyes their minds do euer range,
with euery obiect varying that they ſee :
thinkſt thou in them that poſſibly can liue,
which nature moſt denyeth them to giue ?

So once *Selena* ſeemed to regard,
that faithfull *Rowland* her ſo highly prayſed,
and did his trauell for a while reward,
As his eſtate ſhe purpoſ'd to haue rayſed,

But

The 8 Eglog.

But foone she fled him and the swaine defyces,
Ill is he sted that on such faith relies.

And to deceitefull *Cerberon* she cleaues
that beaftly clowne to vile of to be spoken,
and that good shepheard wilfully she leaues
and falsly al her promifes hath broken,
and al those beautyes whilom that her graced,
with vulgar breath perpetually defaced.

what dainty flower yet euer was there found
whose smell or beauty mighte the sense delight
wherewith *Eliza* when she liued was crowned
in goodly chapplets he for her not dighte (them
which became withered soon as ere shee ware
So ill agreeing with the brow that bare them.

Let age sit foone and vgly on her brow,
no shepheards praises liuing let her haue
to her last end noe creature pay one vow
nor flower be strew'd on her forgotten graue.

And to the last of all deuouring tyme
nere be her name remembred more in rime.

Noe other is the stedfastnes of those
on whome euen nature wills vs to rely
frayle is it that the Elements compose
such is the state of all mortality,

That as the humor in the blood doth mooue
Lastly do hate, what lately they did loue

So did greate *Olcon* which a *Phoebus* seem'd
whome al good shepheards gladly flockd about
and as a god of *Rowland* was esteem'd
vvhich to his prayse drue al the rurall rout

for

The Eight Eglog.

For after *Rowland* as it had been *Pan*,
Onely to *Olcon* euery shepheard ran.

But he forfakes the heardgroom and his flocks,
Nor of his bagpipes takes at all no keep,
But to the sterne wolfe and deceitfull fox,
Leaues the poor shepheard and his harmles sheep
And all those rymes that he of *Olcon* fung,
The fwayn difgrac'd, participate his wrong.

Perkin.

Then since the worlds diftemperature is fuch,
And man made blind with her deceitfull fhow,
Small virtue in their weaker fex is much,
And to it in them much the Mufes owe,
And praying fome may happily inflame,
Others in time with liking of the fame.

As those two fifters moft difcreetly wife,
That vertues hefts religiously obey,
VVhose prayfe my skill is wanting to comprize,
theld't of which is that good *Panape*

In shady *Arden* her deare flocke that keepes, A riuer in
VVher mornfull *Ankor* for her ficknes weepes. the con-

The yonger then her fifters not leffe good,
Bred where the other laftly doth abide,
modest *Idea* flower of womanhood,
that *Rowland* hath fo highly deified :

Warwike
& Lefter-
fhire in
fom parts
deuiding
the fhires.

Whom *Phæbus* daughters worthily prefer,
And giue their gifts abundantly to her.

G

Dri-

The eighth Eglog.

A moun-
tain neer
Cotswold
The vale
of Eushā,

Driving her flocks vnto the fruitfull *Mecn*
which dayly looks vpon the louely *Stower*,
neer to that vale, which of all vales is queen,
Lastly forfaking of her former bower :
And of all places houldeth *Cotswould* deare,
which now is prowde, because she liues it neere.

A part of
Stafford-
shire fa-
mous for
breeding
chattell.

Then is deare *Silvia* one the best aliue,
That once in *Moreland* by the siluer *Trent*,
Her harmlesse flocks as harmlesly did driue,
But now alured to the fields of *Kent* :
The faithfull nymph where euer that she wonn,
That at this day, is liuing vnder funne.

A riuer fal-
ling at
Dertford
into the
Thames.

Neer *Rauensburne* in Cotage low she lyes,
There now content her calme repose to take,
The perfect cleernes of whose louely eies,
Oft hath inforc'd the shepheards to forsake
their flocks and fowlds, & on her set their keepe,
yet her chaste thoughts still settled on her sheepe.

A forest
in Lest-
shire.

Then that deare nympe that in the muses ioyes,
By clifffy *Charnwood* with her flocks doth go,
Mirtilla, sister to those hopefull boyes,
My loued *Thirsis*, and sweet *Palmco* :

A riuer vn-
der the
same
forst.

That oft to *Soar* the southern shepheards bring,
Of whose cleer waters they diuinely sing.

So good she is, so good likewise they be,
As none to her might brother be but they,
Nor none a sister vnto them but she,
To them for wit few like J dare will say :
In them as nature trewly ment to shew,

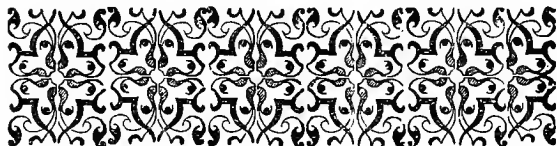
How

The eight Eglog.

How neer the first she in the last should go.

Gorbo.

Shepherd, their prayse thou dost so cleerly sing,
That euen when groues theyr nightingales shall
Nor valleys heard with rurall notes to ring: (wāt,
And euery where when shepheards shall be scant:
Their names shall liue from memory vnrayfed,
Of many a nymph and gentle shepheard praised



The ninth Eglog.

Late t'was in June the fleece whē fully grown
In the full compasse of the passed year,
The season wel by skilful shepheards known
That them provide immediatly to sheare.

Their Lambs late wax'd so lusty and so strong,
that time did them theyr mothers teats forbid,
and in the fields the common flocks among,
Eat of the same grasse that the greater did.

Now not a shepheard any thing that could,

G 2

But

The ninth Eglog.

But greazd his startvps black as *Autums* floe,
and for the better credit of the Would
In their fresh ruffets euery one doth go.

Who now a posie pins not in his cap :
And not a garland Baldrick wife dooth weare ?
Some, of such flowers as to his hand dooth hap,
Others, such as a secret meaning beare :

He from his lasse him Lauander hath sent
Shewing her Loue, and doth requitall craue
Him Rosemary his sweethart, whose intent
Is that he her should in remembrance haue.

Roses his youth and strong desire expresse,
her Sage doth shew his souerainty in all,
the Iuly-flower declares his gentlenes,
Tyme trueth, the Pansie Hartseas maydens call :

In cotes such simples simply in request,
Wherwith proude courts in greatnes scorn to mel
For country toyes become the cuntry best,
and please poor shepheards and becom them wel

When the new washd flock from the riuers side,
Comming as white as *Ianuaries* snow,
the *Ram* with nosegayes beares his horns in pride
and no lesse braue, the *Belwether* doth go.

After their fayr flocks in a lusty rowte, (blown,
Came the Gay swaynes with Bagpipes strongly
and busied though this solemn sport about
yet had eache one an eye vnto his own.

And by the auncient statutes of the field,

He

The ninth Eglog.

He that his flocks the earliest lamb should bring
(as it fell out now *Rowlands* charge to yeeld)
Alwayes for that yeare was the shepheards king.

And foon preparing for the shepheards Board,
Vpon a green that curiously was squard,
VVith Country cates that plentifully stoard :
and gainst their comming hanfomly prepard.

New whig, with water from the clereft streame
Green plums, and wildings, Cheries chief of feast
Freshe cheefe, & dowfets, Curds & clowted cream
Spice Syllibubs, and Syder of the best :

And to the same downe solemnly they fit,
In the fresh shadow of their summer Bowers,
With fondry sweets which euery way to fit,
which neighboring vale not spoiled of her flowrs

And whilst together mery thus they make,
The Sunne to West a little gan to leane,
Which the late feruor, foon agayn did flake,
when as the nymphs came foorth vpon the plain.

Here might you many a shepherdesse haue seene,
Of which no place as *Cotswold* such doth yeeld,
Some of it natiue, some for loue I ween,
Thether were come from many a fertill field.

There was the widows daughter of the *Glen*,
Deare *Rosalynd*, that scarcely brook'd compare,
The *Moreland* mayden, so admyr'd of men,
Bright *Gouldy-locks*, and *Phillida* the fayre.

Lettice and *Parnell* pretty louely peats,

Cuffe

The 9 Eglog

Cusse of the Fould, the Virgine of the well
fayre *Aubrie* with the alablafter Teats,
and more whose names were heere to long to tell

Which now came forward following their sheep
their Batning flocks on grassy leaes to houlde
thereby from skathe, and perill them to keepe
till euening come that it were time to foulde.

when now at last as lik'd the shepheards King
(at whose commaund they all obedient were)
was poynted who the Roundelay shoold singe
and who againe the vnderfong shoold beare

The first whereof he *Batte* doth bequeath
A wittier wag on all the world's not found
Gorbo the man, that him should sing beneath
which his lowd Bagpipe skilfully should found.

when amongst all the nimphs that wear in sight
his best beloued Daffadill he mis'd,
which to enquire of doing all his might
whome his companyon kindly doth assist.

Batte.

GORBO *as thou can'st this waye*
by yonder little hill
or as thou through the fields didst straye
sawst thou my Daffadill?

Shee's in a frock of Lincolne greene
the colour maides delight
and neuer hath her beauty seen

but

The ninth Eglog.

but through a vale of white.

*Then Roses richer to behold
that trim vp louers bowers,
The Panfy and the Marigould
tho Phœbus Paramours.*

*Gorbo. Thou well describ'st the Daffadill
it is not full an hower
since by the spring neare yonder hill
I saw that lonely flower.*

*Batte. Yet my faire flower thou didst not meet,
Nor news of her didst bring,
And yet my Daffadill more sweete,
Then that by yonder spring.*

*Gorbo. I saw a shepheard that doth keepe
In yonder field of Lillies,
Was making (as he fed his sheepe)
A wreathe of Daffadillies.*

*Batte. Yet Gorbo thou delud'st me stil
My flower thou didst not see,
For know my pretie Daffadill
Is worne of none but me.*

*To shew it selfe but neare her seate,
No Lilly is so bould,
Except to shade her from the heate,
Or keepe her from the colde :*

*Gorbo. Through yonder vale as I did passe,
Descending from the hill,
I met a smerking bony lasse,*

they

The ninth Eglog.

*They call her Daffadill :
Whose presence as she went along,
The pretty flowers did greet,
As though their heads they downward bent,
With homage to her feete.*

*And all the shepheards that were nie,
From toppe of euery hill,
Vnto the vallies lowe did crie,
There goes sweet Daffadill.*

*Gorbo. I gentle shepheard, now with ioy
Thou all my flockes doft fill,
That's she alone, kind shepheards boy,
Let vs to Daffadill.*

*The easie turnes and queyntnes of the fong,
And flight occasion whereupon t'was rayfed
Not one this iolly company among,
(as moft could well iudge) hiely that not prayfed*

*when Motto next with Perkin pay their debt,
The Moreland maiden Syluia that espied,
From th'other nymphes a little that was fet,
Jn a neer vally by a riuers fide :*

*whose fouerain flowers her sweetnes wel exprefd
And honored fight a little them not mooued :
To whom their fong they reuerently addrefd
Both as her louing, both of her beloued.*

*Motto. Tell me thou skilfull shepheards fwayne,
Who's yonder in the vally fet?*

*Perkin. O it is she whose sweets do stayne,
the Lilly, Rose, or violet.*

Motto

The ninth Eglog.

*Motto. Why doth the Sunne against his kind
flay his bright Chariot in the skies,
Perken. He pawseth almost stroken blind,
with gazing on her heauenly cies :*

*Motto. Why do thy flocks forbear their foode,
which somtyme was their chiefe delight,
Perkin. Because they neede no other good,
that liue in presence of her sight :*

*Motto. How com these flowers to florish still,
Not withering with sharpe winters breath?
Perkin. She hath robd nature of her skill,
And comforts all things with her breath :*

*Motto. Why slide these brookes so slow away,
As swift as the wild Roe that were,
Perkin. O muse not shepheard that they stay,
when they her heauenly voice do heare.*

*Motto. From whence com all these goodly swayns
And louely nymphs attir'd in greene,
Perkin. From gathering garlands on the playnes,
to crowne thy Siluia shepheards queen.*

*Motto. The sun that lights this world below,
Flocks, Brooks and flowers, can witnesse bear,
Perkin. These shepheards, & these nymphs do know
thy Syluia is as chaste, as fayre.*

Laftly it came vnto the clownish king,
VVho to conclude this shepheards yearely feast,
Bound as the rest his Roundelay to sing
As all the other him were to affist.

VVhen

The ninth Eglog.

VWhen she (whome then, they little did expect,
The dearest nimphe that euer kept in field)
Idea, did her sober pace direct
Towards them, with ioy that euery one beheld.

And whereas other draue their carefull keepe,
Hers did her follow, duly at her will,
For through her patience she had learnt her sheep
VVhere ere she vvent to wait vpon her still.

A milkewhite Doe vpon her hand she brought,
So tame, t'would go, returning at her call,
About whose neck, as in a choller wrought,
Only like me, my mistris hath no gaule.

To whom her swaine (vnworthy though he were)
Thus vnto her his Roundelay applies,
to whom the rest the vnder part did beare,
casting vpon her their still-longing eyes.

Rowland. *Of her pure eyes (that now is seen)*
Chorus. *Help vs to sing that be her faithful swains*
Row : *ó she alone the shepheards Quecn,*
Cho : *Her flocke that leades,*
the goddesse of these medes,
these mountaines and these plaines.

Row : *Those eyes of hers that are more cleere,*
Cho : *Then silly shepheards can in song expresse,*
Row : *Then be his beams that rules the yeare,*
Cho : *Fy on that prayse,*
In struiuing things to rayse :
that doth but make them lesse.

that

The ninth Eglog.

Row : *That doe the flowery spring prolong,*
Cho. : *So much the earth doth in her presence ioy,*
Row : *And keeps the plenteous summer young :*
Cho : *And doth asswage,*
the wrathfull winters rage,
that would our flocks destroy.

Row : *Ioue saw her brest that naked lay,*
Cho : *A sight alone was fit for Ioue to see :*
Row : *And swore it was the milkie way,*
Cho : *Of all most pure,*
The path (we vs assure)
Vnto Ioues court to be.

Row : *He saw her tresses hanging downe.*
Cho : *That too and fro were mooued with the ayre,*
Row : *And sayd that Ariadnes crowne,*
Cho : *With those compar'd :*
The gods should not regard
Nor Berenices hayre.

Row : *When she hath watch'd my flockes by night,*
Cho : *O happie were the flockes that she did keepe:*
Row : *They neuer needed Cynthia's light,*
Cho : *that Ioue gaue place,*
Amazed with her grace :
That did attend thy sheepe.

Row : *Above where heauens lie glorious are,*
Cho : *When as she shall be placed in the skies,*
Row : *She shall be calld the shepheards starre,*
Cho : *And euermore,*
We shepheards will adore,
Her setting and her rise.

The tenth Eglog.



The tenth Eglog.

WHAT time the weary wetherbeaten sheep,
to get them fodder hie them to the fould
And the poore Heards that lately did them keep,
Shuddred with keennes of the winters cold,
The groues of their late fumer pryde forlorne,
In mossy mantles fadly now did mourn.

That silent time, about the vpper world
Phæbus had forc'd his fiery-footed Teame,
And downe againe the steepe *Olimpus* whurld,
To wafh his chariot in the Western streame,
In nights black shade when *Rowland* all alone,
thus him complains his fellow shepheards gon.

You flames quoth he, wherewith thou heauen art
that me (aliue) the wofulst creature view, (dight
You whose aspects haue wrought me this dispight
And me with hate yet ceaslesly pursue,
From whom too long I taried for reliefe,
Now aske but death, that onely ends my grieve.

Yearly my vowes ô heauens haue I not payd
Of

The tenth Eglog.

Of the best fruits and firstlings of my flock ?
And oftentimes haue bitterly inuayde,
Gainst them you irreligiously did mock ?

O who shall euer giue what is your due,
If mortall man be vprighter then you ?

If the deepe sighs of an afflicted breast,
Orewhelm'd with sorow, or the'rected eies
(Of a poor wretch with miseries opprest)
For whose complaynts tears neuer could suffice,
Haue not the power your deities to moue,
Who shall ere looke for succour from aboue ?

O night how still obsequious haue I been,
to thy slowe silence whispering in thyne eare,
that thy pale soueraign often hath bin seen
Stay to behold me sadly from her spheare,
Whilst the slow minutes duly I haue tould,
With watchfull eyes attending on my fould.

How oft by thee the solitary swayne,
Breathing his passion to the early spring,
Hath left to heare the Nightingale complaine,
Pleasing his thoughts alone to heare me sing :
the nimphes forfooke their places of abode,
to heare the founds that from my musick flowd

To purge their springs and sanctifie their grounds
The simple shepheards learned Jthe meane
and souerayn simples to their vse I found,
Their teeming ewes to help when they did yeane
Which when again in summer time they share,
Their

The tenth Eglog.

their wealthy fleece my conning did declare.

In their warm coats whilst they haue soundly slept
and pass'd the night in many a pleasant Bower,
on the Bleak mountains I their flocks haue kept
and bid the Brunt of many a cruel shower,
vvarring with Beasts in safety mine to keep
so true was I and carefull of my sheep.

Fortune and time why tempted you me forth
with those your flattering promises of grace
fickle so fallly to abuse my worth,
and thou to fly me whome I did embrace,
both that at first encourag'd my desire
Lastly against me lewdly doe conspire

Or nature didst that prodigally waste
thy gifts on me infortunatest swayne,
onely thereby to haue thy selfe disgrac'd
vertue in me why was thou plac'd in vaine,
if to the world predestined a pray,
thou weart to good to haue bene cast awaye.

Thers not a groue the wondreth not my woe
nor not a riuer weepes not at my tale,
I heere the Ecchos (wandering to and fro)
resound my greefe through euery hill and dale
the Birds and beasts yet in their simple kind
lament for me, no pittie else that find.

None else there is giues Comfort to my greefe
nor my mishaps amended with my mone
when heauen and earth hath shutte vp all releefe,
nor care auails what curelesse now is growne
And

The tenth Eglog.

And teares I find do bring no other good
But as new showers increafe the rifing floud.

When on an ould tree vnder which ere now,
He many a merry *Roundelay* had fung,
Vpon a leauelefse canker-eaten Bow,
His well-tun'd bagpipe carelefly he hung :
And by the fame, his sheephooke once of price,
that had been caru'd with many a rare deuice.

He calld his dog, (that fomtime had the prayfe)
Whitefoote, well known to all that kept the plaine
that many a wolfe had werried in his days,
A better cur, there neuer followed fvvain.

Which though as he his mafters forovvs knew,
Wag'd his cut tayle his wretched plight to rue.

Poor cur quoth he, and him therewith did ftroke,
Go to our coat, and there thy felfe repofe,
thou with thine age, my hart with forow broke,
Be gone ere death my reftles eyes do clofe,
the time is come, thou muft thy mafter leaue,
VVhō the vile world fhall neuer more deceaue.

VVith foulded arms thus hanging down his head
He gaue a groane his hart in funder cleft,
And as a ftone alreadye feemed dead,
Before his breath was fully him bereft :
the faithfull fwayne, here laftly made an end,
VVhom all good shepheards euer fhall defend.

The



The man in the Moone.

Men by
forcery
turning
thēfelues
into
wolues.

OF all the tales that euer haue been tould
By homely shepheards lately or of ould,
The *mooned man* although the last in place
Yet not the least, And thus befell the case.
It was the time when (for their good estate)
the thankfull shepheards yearely celebrate
A feast, and bonfires on the vigills keepe
Vnto great *Pan* preferuer of their sheepe :
VVhich whilst in high solemnity they spend,
Lastly the long day grew vnto an end :
when as by night with a deuout intent,
about the fields religiously they went,
with halowing charms the *Werwolf* thēce to fray,
that them and theirs awayted to betray.
And now the sunne neare halfe his course had run
Vnder the earth, when comming euery one
Back to the place where vsually they met,
and on the ground together being set :
It was agreed to passe away the time,
that som one shepheard shold rehearse som ryme :
Long as they could their drowping harts to glad,
Blame not poor swayns, though inly they wer fad
For

The man in the Moone.

For som amongst them perfectly there knew,
That the sad tymes were shortly to ensue,
When they of all the sorts of men neglected,
In barren fields should wander virefpected.
For carefull shepheards that do watch by night,
In the vast ayr see many a fearfull sight :
From whose obseruance they do wisely gather,
The change of tymes as well as of the weather.
But whilst they stroue this story who should tell,
Amongst the rest to *Rowlands* lot it fell
By generall voyce, in time that now was grown
So excellent, that scarce there had bin known
Him that exceld in pyping or in song,
When not a man the company among
That was not silent, now the goodly moon
Was in the full, and at her nighted noon
Showd her greatst glory, shining now so bright
Quoth *Rowland* she that gently lends vs light
Shall be our subiect, and her loue alone,
Born to a shepheard wife *Endimion*.
Somtime on *Latmus* that his flock did keep,
Rapted that was in admiration deep
Of her perfections, that he vs'd to ly,
All the long night contemplating the sky
At her hie beauties : often of his store,
As to the god he only did adore :
Did sacrifice : she perfect in his loue,
For the high gods inthronifed aboue :
From their cleer mansions playnly to behould,
All that frayl man doth on this groffer mould :

*A moun-
tayne of
Ionia :
where
Endimion
is fayned
to haue
enjoyed
the moon*

H 1 for

The man in the Moone.

For whom bright *Cynthia* gliding from her speare,
Vfed oft tymes to recreate her there :
That oft her want vnto the world was strange,
Fearing that heauen the wöted courſe wold chāge
And *Phæbus* her oft miſſing did inquire,
If that elſewhere ſhe borrowed other fire :
But let them do, to croſſe her what they could,
Downe vnto *Latmus* euery month ſhee would.
So that in heauen about it there was ods
And as a queſtion troubled all the gods,
VVhether without their generall conſent
She might depart, but nath'leſſe to preuent
Her lawleſſe courſe they labored all in vayne,
Nor could their lawes her liberty reſtrayn,
For of the ſeauen ſince ſhe the loweſt was,
Vnto the earth naught hindred her to paſſe :
Before the reſt of which ſhe had the charge
No leſſe her power as in the waters large :
From her deriuing naturally their ſource,
Beſides ſhe being ſwifteſt in her courſe
Of all the planets, therefore him deſies
That her, her ancient liberty denies.
That many a time apparelled in greene,
Arm'd with her dart ſhe huntreſlike was ſeen :
Her hayre tuck'd vp in many a curious pleate,
Somtime in fields found feeding of her neate
A country maiden, then amongſt the ſwaynes
A ſhepherdeſſe, ſhe kepeth on the playnes ;
Yet no diſguiſe her deity could ſmother,
So far in beauty ſhe excelled other :

fuch

The man in the Moone.

Such was the virtue of the world that then,
The Gods did vse t'accompany with men
In humane shapes, descending from their powers,
Often were seen in homely shepheards bowers.
But he her course that studied still to know,
Mused not though oft he malcontent did goe,
Seldom in one state that her euer found,
Horned sometime, now halfefac'd, and then round *Pro vario*
Shining on that part then another more *ad solem*
Then there most darkned, where most light before *aspectu*
Now all night shining, now a peece and then *varias in-*
Observes the day, and in her course agen *duit*
Sometime to South, then Northward she doth stirre *figuras.*
Him so amazing he supposed hir,
Vayne and vnconstant, now her selfe t'attyr
And helpe her beauties with her brothers fire,
When most of all accomplish'd is her face,
A sudden darknes doth her quite disgrace.
VVhen as the earth by nature cold and dry,
By the much grossefne and obscurity,
whose globe exceeds her compasse being fixt,
Her surface and her brothers beames betwixt :
when in the shadow she doth hap to fall,
Forceth her darknes to be generall ;
That he resolu'd she euer would be strange,
Yet marking well he found vpon her change,
If that her brow with bloudy red were staynd
Tempests soon after, and if black, it raynd :
By his obseruance that he well discerned,
that frō her course things greater might be learned

H 2

whilst

The man in the Moone.

VVhilft that his brayne he buſied yet doth keepe,
Now from the ſplene the melancholy deep,
Perceth the vayns, and like a raging flood,
Rudely it ſelfe extending through the blood,
Appaulls the ſpirits denying their defence
Vnto the organs, when as euery ſenſe
Ceafeth the office, then the laboring mind
Strongeſt in that which all the powers doth bind
ſtrives to hy knowledge, being in this plight
Now the ſuns ſiſter miſtris of the night,
His ſad deſires long languiſhing to cheare,
Thus at the laſt on *Latmus* doth appeare.
Her brothers beames inforc'd to lay aſide,
Her ſelf for his fake ſeming to diuide.
For had ſhe come appareld in her light,
Then ſhould the ſwayn haue periſh'd in her ſight:
Vpon a Bull as white as milke ſhe rode,
VVhich like a huntres brauely ſhe beſtrode,
Her brow with beauty gloriously repleat,
her countnance louely with a ſwelling teat;
Gracing her broad breſt curiouſly inchaſt
With branched vayns all bared to the waſt.
Ouer the ſame ſhe ware a vapour thin,
Thorough the which her clear and dainty ſkin,
To the behoulder amiably did ſhow,
Like Damask roſes lightly clad in ſnow.
Her bow and quiuer at her back behind,
That eaſly mouing with the wanton wind,
made a ſoft ruſtling, ſuch as you do hear,
Amongſt the reeds ſom gliding riuer near,

when

The exal-
tation of
the Moon
in Taurus
therefore
not impro-
perly ſaid
to ride vp
on a Bull.

The man in the Moone.

When the fierce *Boreas* thorough them doth ryde
Against whose rage the hollow canes do chide ;
Which breath, her mantell amorously did swell,
From her straight shoulders carelessly that fell,
Now here, now there, now vp and down that flew
Of fundry colours, wherin you might view
A sea that somewhat straytned by the land,
Two furious tydes raise their ambitious hand
One gainst the other, warring in their pride
Like two fond worldlings that themselues deuide :
For some slight trifle, opposite in all,
Till both together ruined they fall.
Som comming in, som out againe do go,
And the same way, and the same wind doth blow
Both sayles their course each labouring to prefer,
By the hand of eithers helpfull mariner :
Outragious tempest shipwracks ouerspred,
All the rude *Neptune*, whilst that pale fac'd dread
Ceaseth the shipboy that his strength doth put,
The anchored cable presently to cut.
All aboute bord the sturdy *Eolous* casts
Into the wyde seas whilst on plancks and masts
Som say to swim, and there you might behould,
Whilst the rude waters enuioufly did scould,
Others vpon a promontory hie
Thrusting his blew top to the blower sky :
Loking vpon those lost vpon the seas,
Like worldly rich men that do sit at ease
Whilst in this vayn world others liue in strife,
VVarring with sorow euery where so ryfe :
And

The man in the Moon.

And oft amongst the monsters of the mayne
their horrid foreheades through the billows strain
Into the vast aer, driuing on their breasts
the troubled waters that so ill disgests
Their sway, that it them enuiously assailes,
Hanging with white iawes on their marble scales;
And in another inland part agen,
were springs, lakes, riuers, marishes and fen,
wherein all kinds of water fowle did won
Eche in their colours excellently don,
The greedy seamaw fishing for the fry
The hungry shell-fowle from whose rape doth flye
th'unnumbred sholes, the *Mallard* there did feed
The *Teale* and *Morecoot* raking in the weed,
And in a creek where waters leaft did stir,
Set from the rest the nimble *Didoper* :
That comes and goes so quickly and so oft
as seems at once both vnder and aloft :
the iealous *Swan* there swimming in his pride,
with his arch'd breast the waters did deuide
His sayly wings him forward strongly pushing,
against the billowes with such fury rushing
as from the same a fume so white arose,
as seem'd to mock the breast did them oppose :
and here and there the wandering ey to feed
Oft scattered tufts, of bulrushes and reed
segs, long leau'd willow on whose bending spray,
the pide *kings-fisher* hauing got his pray,
fat with the small breath of the water shaken,
till he deuour'd the fish that he had taken.

the

The man in the Moone.

The long neckd *Heron* there waching by the brim
and in a gutter near againe to him
The bidling *Snite*, the *Plover* on the moor,
The *Curlew* scratching in the oofe and ore :
and there a fowler fet his lyme and gin,
watching the birds vnto the fame to win ;
fees in a boate a fifher neer at hand,
tugging his net full laden to the land :
Keep of the fowle, whereat the others blood
Chaf'd ; from the place where secretly he stood
Make signes, and closely beckneth him away,
shaketh his hand as threatning if he stay
In the same stayned with such naturall grace
that rage was liuely pictured in his face :
whilst that the other eagerly that wrought
Hauing his fence still fetled on his draught
More than before, beates, plunges, hales the cord,
Nor but one looke the other can afford.
Buskins she ware, which of the sea did beare
The pale green colour, which like waued weare,
To that vast *Neptune* of two colours mixt,
Yet none could tell the difference was betwixt,
With rocks of chriftall liuely that were fet,
Couering whose feet with many a curious fret :
Fine groues of *Currall*, which not feeling weather
Their limber branches were so lapd together,
As one inamoured had of other been,
Ielous the ayr t'aue intercourse between :
mongst which cleer Amber felyed seem'd to be,
Through whose transparence you might easily see,
Amber
found in
the Ligu-
the flik deeps

The man in the Moon.

Pearles
bred in
shells.

The beds of Pearle wheron the gum did sleep,
Cockles, broad scallops and their kind that keepe
The precious seed which of the waters com,
Some yet but thriving, when as other some
More then the rest that strangely seem to swell,
With the dear fruit that grew within the shell,
Others again wide open that did yawn,
And on the grauell spew'd their orient spawn :
Thus he became amazed at her sight,
Even as a man is troubled at the light
Newly awaked, and the white and red,
VVith his eyes twinkling gathered and fled :
Like as a mirror to the sun oppos'd,
VVithin the margent equally inclos'd
That being mov'd, as the hand direct's
It at one instant taketh and reflect's :
For the affection by the violent heat,
Forming it passion taketh up the seat
In the full hart, whereby the joy or feare
That it receiveth either by the eye or eare
Still as the object altereth the mood,
Ether attracts or forceth forth the blood :
That from the chief part violently sent,
In either kind thereby is vehement ;
VVhilst the sad shepherd in this wofull plight
Perplex'd, the goddesse with a longing sight
Him now beheld, for worshipped by men,
The heavenly powers so likewise love again
To show themselves and make their glory known
And one day marking when he was alone
vnto

The man in the Moone.

Vnro him comming mildly him bespake :
Quoth she, know shepheard only for thy sake,
I first chose *Latmus* as the onely place
Of my abode, and haue refus'd to grace
My *Mænalus*, well known in euery coast
To be the mount that once I loued most :
And since alone of wretched mortalls thou,
Hast labored first my wandring course to know ; *Endimion*
To tymes succeeding thou alone shalt be, *first found*
By whom my motion shall be taught quoth she : *out the*
For those first simple that my face did mark, *course of*
In the full brightnes suddenly made dark, *the moon.*
Ere knowledge did the cause thereof disclose,
To be enchanted long did me suppose :
with sounding brasse me all the while did ply,
The incantation thereby to vnty. *Tibul. ele-*
But to our purpose, when my mother went, *gia 8. Ioue*
The bright *Latona* (and her womb distent) *nal : saty. 6.*
with the great burden that by *Ioue* she bare, *Plutar : vi :*
me and my brother, the great thunders care : *Aemi.*
whom floting *Delos* wandring in the mayn,
From iealous *Iuno* hardly could contayn. *Apollo &*
Then much distref'd, and in a hard estate *Phæbe,*
Cæus fayre daughter by our stepdames hate, *fained to*
Betwixt a Lawrell and an Oliue tree, *be the*
Jnto the world did bring the Sun and me. *twins of*
VVhen I was born (as I haue heard her say) *Iupiter &*
Nature alone did rest her on that day : *Latona.*
In *Ioues* high house the gods assembled all, *Vide Oui-*
To whom he held a sumptuous festiuall. *dium li.*
sixto meta
mor : et
Pli : libro
27 : cap. 44.

The

The man in the Moone

The well wherein my mother bath'd me first
Hath the hy virtue, that he shall not thirst,
Therof that drinks and hath the payn appeased,
Of th'inward grieu'd and outwardly diseased :
And being yong, the Gods that haunt the deep,
Stealing to kis me softly layd to sleep :
And hauing felt the sweetnes of my breath,
missing me mourn'd and languished to death :
The mighty rectres of this globe below
And with my course the sea doth eb and flow :
When from aloft my beames I oblique cast,
Straightwayes it ebs, and floweth then as fast,
Downward againe my motion when I make
twice doth it swell twice euery day doth flake.
Sooner or later shifting of the tide
As far or neer my wandring course doth guide :
that kindly moysture that doth life maintayn,
In euery creature proues how I do rayn.
In fluxiue humor, which is euer found
As I do wane or wax vnto my round ;
those fruitles trees of victorie and peace
the Palm and Oliue still with my increase,
Shute forth new branches, and to tell my power,
As my great brother so haue J a flower
to me peculiar, that doth ope and close
When as I rise, and when I me repose.
No les then these that green and liuing be,
the pretious Gems do sympathize with me
As most that stone that doth the name deriue
From me, with me that lesneth or doth thriue,
dark-

*Secundum
motum di-
urnum sin-
gulis die-
bus bis
fluens bis
refluens.*

*Selenetro-
pium, the
flower of
the moon
The Sele-
nite of
σελήνη.*

The man in the Moone

Darkneth and shineth as I do her queen,
And as in thefe, in beafts my power is feen.
As he whose grim face all the leffer feares
the cruell Panther on his fhoulder beares
A fpot that dayly doeth as J doo,
and as that creature me affecteth too

Jt whose deep craft fcarce any creature can,
feeming in reason to deuide with man,
the nimble Babion mourning all the time,
Nor eats betwixt my waning and my prime.
The spotted Cat, whose fharp and fubtile fight,
Perceeth the vapour of the blackeft night,
my want and fullnes in her ey doth find,
fo great am J and powrfull in that kind

as thofe great burgers of the foreft wild,
The *Hart*, the Goat, and he that flew the child
Of wanton *Mirrha*, in their ftrength do know,
the due obferuance nature doth me owe,
and if thou think me heauenly not to be,
that in my face thou often feemft to fee,
a palenes, where thofe other in the fky
appear fo purely glorious in thyne ey :

Thofe freckls thou fuppoft me difgrace,
are thofe pure parts that in my louely face,
By their fo much tenuity do flight,
my brothers beames affifting me with light,
and keep that cleernes as doth me behoue,
Of that pure heauen me fet wherin to moue.
my leaft fpot feen vnto the earth fo near,
Wherefore that compaffe that doth oft appeare,

about

Cinocephalus
the Ba
bian, or
Baboon.

Adonis
flayn by a
Bore.

*Partes lu-
ne rariores*
& *proin-
de minus*
lucida.

The man in the Moone.

The cause
of that cir-
cle which
the Philo-
sophers
call *Ilalo*,
which we
oft see
about the
moone.

*Luna lumē
habet con-
genitum.*

The lyne
supposd
to deuide
the zodi-
ack.

About my body is the dampy mist
From earth arising, striving to resist
The rayes my full orb plentifully projects
On the grosse cloud, whose thicknes it reflects
And mine own light about my selfe doth fling,
In æquall parts in fashion of a ring ;
For neerst to mortalls though my state I keepe,
Yet not the colour of the troubled deep
Those spots supposed, nor the fogs that ryse,
From the dull earth me any whit agrize ;
whose perfect beauty no way can endure,
But what like me is excellently pure ;
For moyst and cold although I do respire,
Yet in my selfe had I not genuine fire
when the grosse earth deuided hath the space,
Betwixt my full orb and my brothers face ;
Though I confesse much lessned be my light,
I should be taken vtterly from sight,
And for I so irregularly go,
therein wise nature most of all doth show,
Her searcheles iudgement : for did I in all
Keep on in that way, which stargazers call
The lyne Ecliptick, as my glorious brother
Doth in his course, one opposite to other ;
Twise every month, the eclipses of our light,
Pore mortalls should prodigiously affright ;
Yet by proportion certainly I moue,
In rule of number, and the most I loue
That which you call full, that most perfect feauen
Of three and fowr made, which for odd and euen

Are

The man in the Moone

Are male and female, which by mixture frame
It most mysterious, that as myne *I* claime ;
Quartered therby, first of which seauen my prime
the second seauen accomplisheth the tyme
Vnto my fullnes, in the third *I* range
Lefning agayn, the fourth then to my change :
the which fower seauens the eight & twenty make
through the bright girdle of the Zodiake
In which *J* passe, whose quarters do appeare,
As the fowr seasons of my brothers yeare.
First in my birth am moystned as his spring,
Hot as his summer he illumining
My orb, the second : my third quarter dry
As is his *Autumn*, when from him *I* fly
Depriu'd his bright beames and as waxingould,
Lastly my wane is as his winters cold.
whereat she pawf'd, who all the while she spake
the bustling winds their murmur often brake ;
And being silent seemed yet to stay,
to listen if she ought had els to say.
whē now the while much trobled was his thought
And her fayr speech so craftely had caught
Him, that the spirits soone shaking off the load,
Of the grosse flesh and hating her abode ;
Being throughly heated in these amorous fires
Wholly transported with the deare desires
Of her imbraces : for the liuing soule,
Being indiuidual, vniforme and whole,
By her vnwearied faculties doth find,
that which the flesh of duller earth by kind

*Numerus
impar mas
par femi-
na.*

The
month the
yeare of
the moon
The fowr
quarters
of the mo-
neth, re-
semble
the 4 sea-
sons of
the year.

Macro.

Not

The man in the Moon.

Not apprehends, & by her function makes
good her owne state ; *Endimion* now forfakes
All the delights that shepheards doe prefer
and sets his mind so generally on her
that all neglected to the groues and springs
he followe's *Phæbe* that him safely brings
(as their great queen) vnto the nimphish bowers
wherein cleere ryuers beutified with flowers
the siluer *Naydes* bath them, to the bracke
Sometime with her the seahorse he doth back
amongst the blew *Nereides*, and when
weary of waters godddes like agen
she the high mountaines actiuely assays,
and there amongst the light *Oriades*,
that ryde the swift roes *Phœbe* doth refort,
sometime amongst those that with them comport
the *Hamadriades* doth the woods frequent,
and there she stays not ; but incontinent
calls downe the Dragons that her chariot drawe,
and with *Endimion* pleased that she saw
mounteth thereon, in twinkling of an ey
stripping the winds behoulding from the sky
the earth in roundnes of a perfect ball,
which as a poynt but of this mighty all
wife nature fix'd, that permanent doth stay
wher as the spheares by diurnall sway
of the first moouer carried are about,
and how the seu'rall elements throughout
strongly infowlded, & the vast aer spread
in fundry regions, in the which are bred

Those

The
nymphes
of the
waters.
nymphs of
the seas.
Nymphes
of the
mountains

Nymphes
of the
woods.

The man in the Moone.

Those strange impressions often that appeare,
to fearefull mortalls and the causes there,
and lightned by her pearcing beames he sees,
the powfull planets how in their degrees,
In theyr due seasons they do fall and ryse :
And how the signes in their triplicities,
Be sympathising in their trine consents
With whose inferior forming elements,
From which our bodyes the complexions take,
Natures and number : strongly and do make
Our dispositions like them, and on earth
the power the heauens haue ouer mortall birth :
that their effects which men call fortune, are
As is that good or inauspicious star,
VVhich at the frayle natiuity doth raig.
Yet here her loue could *Phæbe* not contain,
And knowledge him so strongly dooth inspire,
that in most plenty, more he doth desire.
Rayfing him vp to those excelling sights,
the glorious heauen, where all the fixed lights,
VVhose images suppos'd to be therein,
Framed of stars whose names did first begin
By those wise ancients, not to stellify
the first worlds Heroes only, but imply
to teach the courses, for distinguished
In constellations a delight first bred,
In slothfull man into the same to looke,
that from those figures nomination tooke,
VVhich they resembled here on earth below,
and the bright *Phæbe* subtilly doth know,

The signs
in their
triplici-
ties sympa-
thize with
the ele-
ments.

the

The man in the Moone.

The heauenly motions be her orb aboue,
Aswell as those that vnder her do moue.
For with long titles do we her inuest,
So the great three most powerfull of the rest,
Phæbe, Diana, Hecate, do tell,
Her domination in heauen, in earth and hell,
and wife *Apollo* that doth franckly lend
Her his pure beams, with them doth likewise fend
his wōdrous knowledge, for that god most bright
King of the planets fountayn of the light:
that seeth all things will haue her to see,
So far as where the sacred angells be.
those Hierarches that *Ioues* great will supply,
Whose orders formed in triplicity,
Houlding their places by the treble trine,
make vp that holy theologicke nine :
Thrones, Cherubin, and Seraphin that ryse
as the first three ; when principalities
With dominations potestates are plac'd
the second : and the Ephionian last
Hy vertues Angells and Archangells be.
Thus yonder man that in the moone you see
Rap'd vp from *Latmus*, thus she doth prefer
And goes about continually with her :
Ouer the world that euery month doth looke,
and in the same thers scarce that secreet nooke,
That he suruayes not and the places hidden,
Whence simple truth and candle light forbidden
Dare not approche : he peepeth with his light,
whereas suspitious policy by night,

*Sol fons
lucis.*

Nine the
most holy
number.
The 9 or-
ders of the
angels .

Con-

The man in the Moon.

Consults with murther, bafenes at their hand,
Armed to do what euer they command :
With guilty conscience and intent fo fowle,
That oft they start at whooping of an owle,
And shly peering at a little pore,
Sees one fomtymes content to keep the dore :
One wold not thinke the bawd that did not know,
Such a braue body could descend fo low.
And the base churle the Sun that dare not trust,
VVith his ould gold, yet smelling it doth rust
Layes it abroad, but locks himselfe within
three doubled locks, or ere he dare begin
to ope his bags, and being sure of all ;
Els yet therewith dare scarcely trust the wall :
And with a candle in a filthy stick,
the greafe not fully couering the wick ;
(Pores ore his base god) forth a flame that fryes
Almost as dim as his fowle bleared eyes :
Yet like to a great murtherer that gaue,
Some flight reward vnto som bloody knaue
to kill : the second secretly doth slay,
Fearing least he the former should betray :
He the poore candell murthereth ere burnt out,
Because that he the secrecie doth doubt ;
And oftentimes the Mooned man outspies,
the Eauedropper and circumspcctly eyes
the theefe and loue, specially which two,
with night and darknes haue the most to do.
And not long since besides this did behould
Som of you here, when you shold tend your fould,

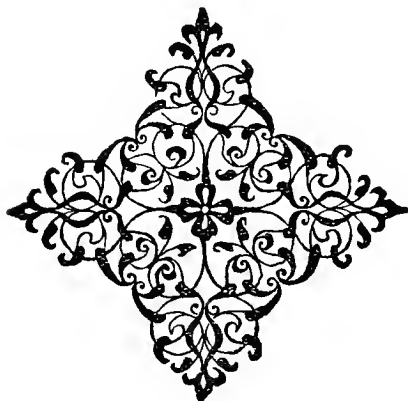
I I

A

The man in the Moone.

A nights were wenching, thus he me doth tell
with that they all in such a laughter fell,
that the field rang, when from a village neer
the watchfull Cock crew, and with notes full cleer,
the early Larke soone summoned the day,
when they departed euery one their way.

FINIS.



Publications of the Spenser Society.

NEW SERIES.—Issue No. 5.

THE
MVSES ELIZIVM.

BY
MICHAEL DRAYTON, ESQUIRE.

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

1892.

The Spenser Society.

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THE
MVSES ELIZIVM.

BY
MICHAEL DRAYTON, ESQUIRE.

RE-PRINTED FROM THE EDITION OF 1630.

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

1892.
S



PRINTED BY CHARLES E. SIMMS,
MANCHESTER.

THE MVSES
ELIZIVM,
Lately discovered,
BY A NEW WAY OVER
PARNASSVS.

The passages therein, being the subiect of
ten fundry Nymphalls,

Leading three Diuine Poemes,

NOAHS Floud.

MOSES, his Birth and Miracles.

DAVID and GOLIA.

By MICHAEL DRAYTON Esquire.



LONDON,

¶ Printed by *Thomas Harper*, for *Iohn Waterfon*, and
are to be sold at the signe of the Crowne in
Pauls Church-yard. 1630.

TO THE RIGHT HO-
nourable,

EDWARD *Earle of* DORSET,

Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter, of
*his Maiesties Priuie Counsaile, and Lord
Chamberlayne to her Maiesty.*

My most honoured Lord,



Haue euer founde that
constancie in your Fa-
uours, since your first
acknowledging of mee,
that their durableneffe
haue now made me one
of your family, and I am
become happy in the ti-

tle to be called Yours : That for Retribution,
could I haue found a fitter way to publish your
Bounties, my thankefulnes before this, might
haue found it out; I craue of your Lordship the
patronage of my ELIZIVM, which if the
Muse sayle mee not, shall not bee altogether
vnworthy of your protection; I haue often
aduentured vpon desperate vntrodden wayes,
which hath drawn some feuere censures, vpon

A 3 many

many of my Labours , but that neyther hath,
nor can euer trouble me ; The diuine Poemes
in this small volume inferted , I consecrate to
your Religious Countesse, my most worthy
Lady. And fo I rest

The honorer of you, and

your noble Family,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

To the Reader.

D*iscreet and iudicious Reader, (if my Friend, whosoeuer) let me ingeniously intreat thee, that in reading these Poemes, thou wilt be pleased patiently to correct some faults, that partly by reason of the raggednesse of the written Copy, and partly by our oversight haue escaped in the Presse, which if thou shalt doe, the Muses themselves, as they are courteous and well educated virgins, shall in their thankfulnessse inspire thee with some Poeticke rapture, that thou shalt read them with more delight, then otherwise thou shouldest in being oucr Criticall. Some of which faults (I dare not say all) I haue heereunder set downe.*

Errata.

PAGE 6. line 1. for, that th'one the other was, reade, that th'one of them the other was. p. 9. l. 8. for, she would not outstrip a Roe, reade, shee would outstrip a Roe. p. 10. l. 17, for we, reade were. p. 34. l. 21. for that, reade thou. p. 125. l. 36. for, and i't must, reade, and i't must die. p. 137. l. 25. for through, reade though. p. 172. l. 14. for made them to prepare, read, their deferued fare.

But this last fault is not through all the Impression.

I onely shew you these few, for breuity sake, that in your Reading you may correct the like, which I am afraid are many more then these.

THE DESCRIPTION of ELIZIVM.

A Paradice on earth is found,
Though farre from vulgar sight,
Which with those pleasures doth abound
That it *Elizium* hight.

Where, in Delights that neuer fade,
The Mufes lulled be,
And fit at pleasure in the shade
Of many a stately tree,

Which no rough Tempest makes to reele
Nor their straight bodies bowes,
Their lofty tops doe neuer feele
The weight of winters snowes ;

In Groues that euermore are greene,
No falling leafe is there,
But *Philomel* (of birds the Queene)
In Muficke spends the yeare.

The *Merle* vpon her mertle Perch,
There to the *Mavis* sings,
Who from the top of some curld Berch
Those notes redoubled rings ;

There Dayfyes damaske euery place
Nor once their beauties lose,
That when proud *Phæbus* hides his face
Themselues they scorne to close.

B

The

(2)

The Panfy and the Violet here,
As seeming to descend,
Both from one Root, a very payre,
For sweetnesse yet contend,

And pointing to a Pinke to tell
Which beares it, it is loath,
To iudge it ; but replyes, for smell
That it excels them both,

Wherewith displeafde they hang their heads
So angry foone they grow
And from their odoriferous beds
Their sweets at it they throw.

The winter here a Summer is,
No wafte is made by time,
Nor doth the Autumne euer miffe
The bloffomes of the Prime.

The flower that Iuly forth doth bring
In Aprill here is feene,
The Primrofe that puts on the Spring
In Iuly decks each Greene.

The sweets for foueraignty contend
And fo abundant be,
That to the very Earth they lend
And Barke of euery Tree :

Rills rifing out of euery Banck,
In wilde Meanders ftrayne,
And playing many a wanton pranck
Vpon the fpeckled plaine,

In Gambols and lasciuious Gyres
Their time they ftill beftow
Nor to their Fountaines none retyres,
Nor on their courfe willl goe

Thofe

Thofe Brooks with Lillies brauely deckt,
 So proud and wanton made,
 That they their courfes quite neglect :
 And feeme as though they ftayde,

Faire *Flora* in her ftate to viewe
 Which through thofe Lillies looks,
 Or as thofe Lillies leand to fhew
 Their beauties to the brooks.

That *Phæbus* in his lofty race,
 Oft layes afide his beames
 And comes to coole his glowing face
 In thefe delicious ftreames ;

Oft fpreading Vines clime vp the Cleeues,
 Whofe ripned clufters there,
 Their liquid purple drop, which driues
 A Vintage through thee yeere.

Thofe Cleeues whofe craggy fides are clad
 With Trees of fundry futes,
 Which make continuall fummer glad,
 Euen bending with their fruits,

Some ripening, ready fome to fall,
 Some bloffom'd, fome to bloome,
 Like gorgeous hangings on the wall
 Of fome rich princely Roome :

Pomegranates, Lymons, Cytrons, fo
 Their laded branches bow,
 Their leauës in number that outgoe
 Nor roomth will them alow.

There in perpetuall Summers fhade,
Apolloes Prophets fit
 Among the flowres that neuer fade,
 But flowrifh like their wit ;

B 2

To

(4)

To whom the Nimphes vpon their Lyres,
Tune many a curious lay,
And with their most melodious Quires
Make short the longest day.

The *thrice three Virgins* heauenly Cleere,
Their trembling Timbrels found,
Whilst the three comely *Graces* there
Dance many a dainty Round,

Decay nor Age there nothing knowes,
There is continuall Youth,
As Time on plant or creatures growes,
So still their strength renewth.

The Poets Paradice this is,
To which but few can come ;
The Muses onely bower of blisse
Their Deare *Elizium*.

Here happy foules, (their bleffed bowers,
Free from the rude refort
Of beastly people) spend the houres,
In harmeleffe mirth and sport,

Then on to the *Elizian* plaines
Apollo doth invite you
Where he prouides with pastorall straines,
In *Nymphals* to delight you.

The

(5)

The first Nimphall.

R O D O P E

and

D O R I D A :

*This Nimphall of delights doth treat,
Choice beauties, and proportions neat,
Of curious shapes, and dainty features
Describd in two most perfect creatures.*

V V Hen *Phæbus* with a face of mirth,
Had slong abroad his beames,
To blanch the bosome of the earth,
And glaze the gliding streames.
within a goodly Mertle groue,
Vpon that hallowed day
The Nimphes to the bright Queene of loue
Their vows were vsde to pay.
Faire *Rodope* and *Dorida*
Met in those sacred shades,
Then whom the Sunne in all his way,
Nere saw two daintier Maids.
And through the thickets thild his fires,
Supposing to haue seene
The soueraigne *Goddesse of desires*,
Or *Ioves Emperious Queene* :
Both of so wondrous beauties were,
In shape both so excell,
That to be paraleld elfewhere,
No iudging eye could tell.
And their affections so surpasse,
As well it might be deemd,

B 3

That

That th'one the other was,
 And but themfelues they seem'd.
 And whilst the Nymphes that neare this place,
 Dispos'd were to play
 At Barly-breake and Prifon-bafe,
 Doe paffe the time away :
 This peerleffe payre together fet,
 The other at their fport,
 None neare their free difcourfe to let,
 Each other thus they court,

Dorida. My fweet, my foueraigne *Rodope*,
 My deare delight, my loue,
 That Locke of hayre thou fentft to me,
 I to this Bracelet woue ;
 Which brighter euery day doth grow
 The longer it is worne,
 As its delicious fellowes doe,
 Thy Temples that adorne.

Rodope. Nay had I thine my *Dorida*,
 I would them fo beftow,
 As that the winde vpon my way,
 Might backward make them flow,
 So fhould it in its greatft exceffe
 Turne to becalmed ayre,
 And quite forget all boiftroufneffe
 To play with euery hayre.

Dorida. To me like thine had nature giuen,
 A Brow, fo Archt, fo cleere,
 A Front, wherein fo much of heauen
 Doth to each eye appeare,
 The world fhould fee, I would ftrike dead
 The Milky way that's now,
 And fay that Nectar *Hebe* fhed
 Fell all vpon my Brow.

Rodope.

Rodope. O had I eyes like *Doridacs*,
 I would inchant the day,
 And make the Sunne to stand at gaze,
 Till he forgot his way :
 And cause his Sister *Queene of Streames*,
 When so I list by night ;
 By her much blushing at my Beames
 T' eclipse her borrowed light.

Dorida. Had I a Cheeke like *Rodopes*,
 In midst of which doth stand,
 A Grove of Roses, such as these,
 In such a snowy land :
 I would make the Lilly which we now
 So much for whitenesse name,
 As drooping downe the head to bow,
 And die for very shame.

Rodope. Had I a bosome like to thine,
 When it I pleas'd to show,
 T'what part o'th' Skie I would incline
 I would make th' Etheriall bowe ;
 My swannish Breast brancht all with blew,
 In brauery like the spring :
 In Winter to the generall view
 Full Summer forth should bring.

Dorida. Had I a body like my deare,
 Were I so straight so tall,
 O, if so broad my shoulders were,
 Had I a waste so small ;
 I would challenge the proud *Queene of loue*
 To yeeld to me for shape,
 And I should feare that *Mars* or *Ioue*
 Would venter for my rape.

Had

(8)

Rodope. Had I a hand like thee my Gerle,
(This hand O let me kisse)
These Ivory Arrowes pyl'd with pearle,
Had I a hand like this ;
I would not doubt at all to make,
Each finger of my hand
To taske swift *Mercury* to take
With his enchanting wand.

Dorida. Had I a Theigh like *Rodopes* ;
Which twas my chance to veiwe,
When lying on yon banck at ease
The wind thy skirt vp blew,
I would say it were a columne wrought
To some intent Diuine,
And for our chaste *Diana* fought,
A pillar for her shryne.

Rodope. Had I a Leg but like to thine
That were so neat, so cleane,
A swelling Calfe, a Small so fine,
An Ankle, round and leane,
I would tell nature she doth misse
Her old skill ; and maintaine,
She shewd her master peece in this,
Not to be done againe.

Dorida. Had I that Foot hid in those shoos,
(Proportion'd to my height)
Short Heele, thin Instep, euen Toes,
A Sole so wondrous straight,
The Forresters and Nymphes at this
Amazed all should stand,
And kneeling downe, should meekely kisse
The Print left in the sand.

And

BY this the Nymphes came from their sport,
 All pleased wondrous well,
 And to these Maydens make report
 What lately them befell :
 One said the dainty *Lelipa*
 Did all the rest out-goe,
 Another would a wager lay
 She would not outstrip a Roe ;
 Sayes one, how like yee *Florimel*
 There is your dainty face :
 A fourth replide, she lik't that well,
 Yet better lik't her grace,
 She's counted, I confesse, quoth she,
 To be our onely Pearle,
 Yet haue I heard her oft to be
 A melancholly Gerle.
 Another said she quite mistoke,
 That onely was her art,
 When melancholly had her looke
 Then mirth was in her heart ;
 And hath she then that pretty trick
 Another doth reply,
 I thought no Nymph could haue bin sick
 Of that disease but I ;
 I know you can dissemble well
 Quoth one to giue you due,
 But here be some (who Ile not tell)
 Can do't as well as you,
 Who thus replies, I know that too,
 We haue it from our Mother,
 Yet there be some this thing can doe
 More cunningly then other :
 If Maydens but dissemble can
 Their sorrow and their ioy,
 Their pore dissimulation than,
 Is but a very toy.

C

The

The fecond Nimphall.

LALVS

CLEON

and

LIROPE.

*The Muse new Courtship doth deuise,
By Natures strange Varieties,
Whose Rarities she here relates,
And giues you Pastorall Delicates.*

L *Alus* a Iolly youthfull Lad,
With *Cleon*, no leffe crown'd
With vertues ; both their beings had
On the Elizian ground.
Both hauing parts so excellent,
That it a question was,
Which should be the most eminent,
Or did in ought surpasse.
This *Cleon* was a Mountaineer,
And of the wilder kinde,
And from his birth had many a yeere
Bin nurst vp by a Hinde :
Aud as the sequell well did show,
It very well might be ;
For neuer Hart, nor Hare, nor Roe,
We halfe so switft as he.
But *Lalus* in the Vale was bred,
Amongst the Sheepe and Neate,
And by those Nimphes there choicly fed,
With Hony, Milke, and Wheate ;

Of

Of Stature goodly, faire of speech,
 And of behaiour mylde,
 Like those there in the Valley rich,
 That bred him of a chyld.
 Of Falconry they had the skill,
 Their Halkes to feed and flye,
 No better Hunters ere clome Hill,
 Nor hollowed to a Cry :
 In Dingles deepe, and Mountains hore,
 Oft with the bearded Speare
 They cumbated the tusky Boare,
 And flew the angry Beare.
 In Musicke they were wondrous quaint,
 Fine Aers they could deuife ;
 They very curiously could Paint,
 And neatly Poetize ;
 That wagers many time were laid
 On Questions that arose,
 Which Song the witty *Lalus* made,
 Which *Cleon* should compose.
 The stately Steed they manag'd well,
 Of Fence the art they knew,
 For Danſing they did all excell
 The Gerles that to them drew ;
 To throw the Sledge, to pitch the Barre,
 To wrestle and to Run,
 They all the Youth exceld fo farre,
 That still the Prize they wonne.
 These spightly Gallants lou'd a Laffe,
 Cald *Lirope the bright*,
 In the whole world there scarcely was
 So delicate a Wight,
 There was no Beauty fo diuine
 That euer Nymph did grace,
 But it beyond it selfe did shine
 In her more heuenly face :
 What forme she pleasd each thing would take

That ere she did behold,
 Of Pebbles she could Diamonds make,
 Groffe Iron turne to Gold :
 Such power there with her prefence came
 Sterne Tempefts she alayd,
 The cruell Tigar she could tame,
 She raging Torrents ftaid,
 She chid, she cherifht, she gaue life,
 Againe she made to dye,
 She raifd a warre, appeafd a Strife,
 With turning of her eye.
 Some faid a God did her beget,
 But much deceiu'd were they,
 Her Father was a *Rinelet*,
 Her Mother was a *Fay*.
 Her Lineaments fo fine that were,
 She from the Fayrie tooke,
 Her Beauties and Complection cleere,
 By nature from the Brooke.
 Thefe Ryualls wayting for the houre
 (The weather calme and faire)
 When as she vs'd to leaue her Bower
 To take the pleafant ayre.
 Acosting her ; their complement
 To her their Goddeffe done ;
 By gifts they tempt her to confent,
 When *Lalus* thus begun.

* Without
 hornes.

Lalus. Sweet *Lirope* I haue a Lambe
 Newly wayned from the Damme,
 Of the right kinde, it is * notted,
 Naturally with purple spotted,
 Into laughter it will put you,
 To fee how prettily 'twill But you ;
 When on fporting it is fet,
 It will beate you a Corvet,
 And at euery nimble bound

Turne

Turne it felfe about the ground ;
 When tis hungry it will bleate,
 From your hand to haue its meate,
 And when it hath fully fed,
 It will fetch lumps about your head,
 As innocently to expresse
 Its filly sheepish thankfullnesse,
 When you bid it, it will play,
 Be it either night or day,
 This *Lirope* I haue for thee,
 So thou alone wilt liue with me.

Cleon. From him O turne thine eare away,
 And heare me my lou'd *Lirope*,
 I haue a Kid as white as milke,
 His skin as soft as *Naples* filke,
 His hornes in length are wondrous euen,
 And curiously by nature writhen ;
 It is of th' Arcadian kinde,
 Ther's not the like twixt either *Inde* ;
 If you walke, 'twill walke you by,
 If you sit downe, it downe will lye,
 It with gesture will you wooe,
 And counterfeit those things you doe ;
 O're each Hillock it will vault,
 And nimble doe the Summer-fault ;
 Vpon the hinder Legs 'twill goe,
 And follow you a furlong so,
 And if by chance a Tune you roate,
 'Twill foote it finely to your note,
 Seeke the world and you may misse
 To finde out such a thing as this ;
 This my love I haue for thee
 So thou'lt leaue him and goe with me.

Lirope. Beleeue me Youths your gifts are rare,
 And you offer wondrous faire ;

Lalus for Lambe, *Cleon* for Kyd,
 'Tis hard to iudge which most doth bid,
 And haue you two such things in store,
 And I n'er knew of them before ?
 Well yet I dare a Wager lay
 That *Brag* my litle Dog shall play,
 As dainty tricks when I shall bid,
 As *Lalus* Lambe, or *Cleons* Kid.
 But t'may fall out that I may need them
 Till when yee may doe well to feed them ;
 Your Goate and Mutton pretty be
 But Youths thefe are noe bayts for me,
 Alasse good men, in vaine ye wooe,
 'Tis not your Lambe nor Kid will doe.

Lalus. I haue two Sparrowes white as Snow,
 Whose pretty eyes like sparkes doe shew ;
 In her Bosome *Venus* hatcht them
 Where her little *Cupid* watcht them,
 Till they too fledge their Nests forfooke
 Themselues and to the Fields betooke,
 Where by chance a Fowler caught them
 Of whom I full dearely bought them ;
 They'll fetch you Conferue from the * Hip,
 And lay it softly on your Lip,
 Through their nibling bills they'll Chirup
 And fluttering feed you with the Sirup,
 And if thence you put them by
 They to your white necke will flye,
 And if you expulfe them there
 They'll hang vpon your braded Hayre ;
 You so long shall see them prattle
 Till at length they'll fall to battle,
 And when they haue fought their fill,
 You will smile to see them bill
 These Birds my *Lirope's* shall be
 So thou'llt leaue him and goe with me.

* *The redde
 fruit of the
 smooth
 Bramble.*

Cleon.

Cleon. His Sparrowes are not worth a rush
 I'll finde as good in euery bush,
 Of Doves I haue a dainty paire
 Which when you please to take the Aier,
 About your head shall gently houer.
 Your Cleere browe from the Sunne to couer,
 And with their nimble wings shall fan you,
 That neither Cold nor Heate shall tan you,
 And like Vmbrellas with their feathers
 Sheeld you in all sorts of weathers :
 They be most dainty Coloured things,
 They haue Damask backs and Chequerd wings,
 Their neckes more Various Collours shoue
 Then there be mixed in the Bowe ;
Venus saw the leffer Dove
 And therewith was farre in Loue,
 Offering for't her goulden Ball
 for her Sonne to play withall ;
 These my *Liropes* shall be
 So shee'll leaue him and goe with me.

Lirope. Then for Sparrowes, and for Doves
 I am fitted twixt my Loues,
 But *Lalus*, I take noe delight
 In Sparrowes, for they'll scratch and bite
 And though ioynd, they are euer wooing
 Alwayes billing if not doeing,
 Twixt *Venus* breasts if they haue lyen
 I much feare they'll infect myne ;
Cleon your Doves are very dainty,
 Tame Pidgeons else you knowe are plenty,
 These may winne some of your Marrowes
 I am not caught with Doves, nor Sparrowes,
 I thanke ye kindly for your Cofte,
 Yet your labour is but losse.

Lalus.

Lalus. With full-leau'd Lillies I will stick
 Thy braded hayre all o'r so thick,
 That from it a Light shall throw
 Like the Sunnes vpon the Snow.
 Thy Mantle shall be Violet Leaues,
 With the fin'ft the Silkeworme weaues
 As finly Wouen ; whose rich smell
 The Ayre about thee fo shall swell
 That it shall haue no power to mooue.
 A Ruffe of Pinkes thy Robe aboue
 About thy necke fo neatly fet
 that Art it cannot counterfet,
 Which still shall looke fo Fresh and new,
 As if vpon their Roots they grew :
 And for thy head Ile haue a Tyer
 Of netting, made of Stawbery wyer,
 And in each knot that doth compose
 A Mesh, shall stick a halfe blowne Rose,
 Red, damaske, white, in order set
 About the sides, shall run a Fret
 Of Primroses, the Tyer throughout
 With Thrift and Dayfyes frindgd about ;
 All this faire Nymph Ile doe for thee,
 So thou'lt leaue him and goe with me.

Cleon. These be but weeds and Trash he brings,
 Ile giue thee solid, costly things,
 His will whither and be gone
 Before thou well canst put them on ;
 With Currall I will haue thee Crown'd,
 Whose Branches intricatly wound
 Shall girt thy Temples euery way ;
 And on the top of euery Spray
 Shall stick a Pearle orient and great,
 Which fo the wandring Birds shall cheat,
 That some shall stoope to looke for Cherries,
 As other for tralucent Berries.

And

And wondring, caught e'r they be ware
 In the curld Tramels of thy hayre :
 And for thy necke a Chrifall Chaine
 Whofe lincks fhapt like to drops of Raine,
 Vpon thy panting Breaft depending,
 Shall feeme as they were ftill defcending,
 And as thy breath doth come and goe,
 So feeming ftill to ebbe and flow :
 With Amber Bracelets cut like Bees,
 Whofe ftrange tranfparancy who fees,
 With Silke fmall as the Spiders Twift
 Doubled fo oft about thy Wrift,
 Would furely thinke aliue they were,
 From Lillies gathering hony there.
 Thy Buskins Ivory, caru'd like Shels
 Of Scallope, which as litlte Bels
 Made hollow, with the Ayre fhall Chime,
 And to thy fteps fhall keepe the time :
 Leaue *Lalus*, *Lirope* for me
 And thefe fhall thy rich dowry be.

Lirope. *Lalus* for Flowers *Cleon* for Iemmes,
 For Garlands and for Diadems
 I fhall be fped, why this is braue,
 What Nymph can choicer Prefents haue,
 With dreffing, brading, frowning, flowring,
 All your Jewels on me powring,
 In this brauery being drest,
 To the ground I fhall be preft,
 That I doubt the Nimphes will feare me,
 Nor will venture to come neare me ;
 Neuer Lady of the May,
 To this houre was halfe fo gay ;
 All in flowers, all fo fweet,
 From the Crowne, beneath the Feet,
 Amber, Currall, Ivory, Pearle,
 If this cannot winne a Gerle,

D

There's

Thers nothing can, and this ye woove me,
 Giue me your hands and trust ye to me,
 (Yet to tell ye I am loth)
 That I'le haue neither of you both ;

Lalus. When thou shalt please to stem the flood,
 (As thou art of the watry brood)
 I'le haue twelue Swannes more white then Snow,
 Yokd for the purpose two and two,
 To drawe thy Barge wrought of fine Reed
 So well that it nought else shall need,
 The Traces by which they shall hayle
 Thy Barge : shall be the winding trayle
 Of woodbynd ; whose braue Taffeld Flowers
 (The Sweetnesse of the Woodnymphs Bowres)
 Shall be the Trappings to adorne,
 The Swannes, by which thy Barge is borne,
 Of flowred Flags I'le rob the banke
 Of water-Cans and King-cups ranck
 To be the Couering of thy Boate,
 And on the Streame as thou do'ft Floate,
 The *Naiades* that haunt the deepe,
 Themselues about thy Barge shall keepe,
 Recording most delightfull Layes,
 By Sea Gods written in thy prayse.
 And in what place thou hapst to land,
 There the gentle Siluery fand,
 Shall soften, curled with the Aier
 As sensible of thy repayre :
 This my deare loue I'le doe for thee,
 So Thou'lt leaue him and goe with me :

Cleon. Tuff Nimphe his Swannes will proue but Geefe,
 His Barge drinke water like a Fleece ;
 A Boat is base, I'le thee prouide,
 A Chariot, wherin *Ioue* may ride ;
 In which when brauely thou art borne,

Thou

Thou shalt looke like the glorious morne
 Vſhering the Sunne, and ſuch a one
 As to this day was neuer none,
 Of the Rareſt Indian Gummes,
 More pretious then your Balfamummes
 Which I by Art haue made ſo hard,
 That they with Tooles may well be Caru'd
 To make a Coach of: which ſhall be
 Materyalls of this one for thee,
 And of thy Chariot each ſmall peece
 Shall inlayd be with Amber Greece,
 And guilded with the Yellow ore
 Produc'd from *Tagus* wealthy ſhore ;
 In which along the pleaſant Lawne,
 With twelue white Stags thou ſhalt be drawne,
 Whoſe brancht palmes of a ſtately height,
 With ſeuerall noſegayes ſhall be dight ;
 And as thou ryd'ſt, thy Coach about,
 For thy ſtrong guard ſhall runne a Rout,
 Of Eſtriges ; whoſe Curled plumes,
 Sen'd with thy Chariots rich perfumes,
 The ſcent into the Aier ſhall throw ;
 Whoſe naked Thyes ſhall grace the ſhow ;
 Whilſt the Woodnymphs and thoſe bred
 Vpon the mountayns, o'r thy head
 Shall beare a Canopy of flowers,
 Tinfeld with drops of Aprill ſhowers,
 Which ſhall make more glorious ſhowes
 Then ſpangles, or your ſiluer Oas ;
 This bright nimph I'll doe for thee
 So thou'lt leaue him and goe with me.

Lirope. Vie and reuie, like Chapman profer'd,
 Would't be receaued what you haue offer'd ;

D 2

Ye

Ye greater honour can doe me,
 If not building Altars to me :
 Both by Water and by Land,
 Bardge and Chariot at command ;
 Swans vpon the Streame to tawe me,
 Stags vpon the Land to draw me,
 In all this Pompe should I be feene,
 What a pore thing were a Queene :
 All delights in such exceffe,
 As but yee, who can expresse :
 Thus mounted should the Nimphes me see,
 All the troope would follow me,
 Thinking by this state that I
 Would asume a Deitie.
 There be some in loue haue bin,
 And I may commit that sinne,
 And if e'r I be in loue,
 With one of you I feare twill proue,
 But with which I cannot tell,
 So my gallant Youths farewell.

The

The third Nimphall.

DORON	DORILVS
NAIIS	CLOE
CLORIS	MERTILLA
CLAIA	FLORIMEL

VVith Nimphes and Forresters.

*Poetick Raptures, sacred fires,
With which, Apollo his inspires,
This Nimphall giues you ; and withall
Obserues the Muses Festivall.*

A Mongst th'Elizians many mirthfull Feasts,
At which the Muses are the certaine guefts,
Th'obserue one Day with most Emperiall state,
To wife *Apollo* which they dedicate,
The Poets God, and to his Alters bring
Th'enam'd Brauery of the beauteous spring,
And strew their Bowers with euery precious sweet,
Which still wax fresh, most trod on with their feet ;
With most choice flowers each Nymph doth brade her hayre,
And not the mean'ft but bauldrick wife doth weare
Some goodly Garland, and the most renown'd
With curious Roseat Anadems are crown'd.
These being come into the place where they
Yearely obserue the Orgies to that day,
The Muses from their Heliconian spring
Their brimfull Mazers to the feasting bring :
When with deepe Draughts out of those plenteous Bowles,
The iocund Youth haue swild their thirsty foules,
They fall enraged with a sacred heat,

D 3

And

And when their braines doe once begin to sweate
 They into braue and Stately numbers breake,
 And not a word that any one doth speake
 But tis Prophetick, and so strangely farre
 In their high fury they transported are,
 As there's not one, on any thing can straine,
 But by another answred is againe
 In the same Rapture, which all fit to heare ;
 When as two Youths that soundly liquord were,
Dorilus and *Doron*, two as noble swayns
 As euer kept on the Elizian playns, '
 First by their signes attention hauing woonne,
 Thus they the Revels frolikly begunne.

Doron. *Come Dorilus, let vs be brave,
 In lofty numbers let vs raue,
 With Rymes I will inrich thee.*

Dorilus. *Content say I, then bid the base,
 Our wits shall runne the Wildgoose chase,
 Spurre vp, or I will swich thee.*

Doron. *The Sunne out of the East doth peepe,
 And now the day begins to creepe,
 Vpon the world at leasure.*

Dorilus. *The Ayre enamor'd of the Greaves,
 The West winde stroaks the velvet leaues
 And kisses them at pleasure.*

Doron. *The Spinners webs twixt spray and spray,
 The top of euery bush make gay,
 By filny coards there dangling.*

Dorilus. *For now the last dayes euening dew
 Euen to the full it selfe doth shew,
 Each bough with Pearle bespangling.*

Doron.

Doron. *O Boy how thy abundant vaine
Euen like a Flood breaks from thy braine,
Nor can thy Muse be gaged.*

Dorilus. *Why nature forth did neuer bring
A man that like to me can sing,
If once I be enraged.*

Doron. *Why Dorilus I in my skill
Can make the swiftest Stream stand still,
Nay beare back to his springing.*

Dorilus. *And I into a Trance most deepe
Can cast the Birds that they shall sleepe
When faim'st they would be singing.*

Doron. *Why Dorilus thou mak'st me mad,
And now my wits begin to gad,
But sure I know not whither.*

Dorilus. *O Doron let me hug thee then,
There neuer was two madder men,
Then let vs on together.*

Doron. *Hermes the winged Horfe bestrid,
And thorow thick and thin he rid,
And floundred throw the Fountaine.*

Dorilus. *He spurd the Tit vntill he bled,
So that at last he ran his head
Against the forked Mountaine.*

Doron. *How sayst thou, but pyde Iris got,
Into great Iunos Chariot,
I spake with one that saw her.*

Dorilus.

Dorilus. *And there the pert and sawcy Elfe
Behau'd her as twere Iuno's selfe,
And made the Peacocks draw her.*

Doron. *Ile borrow Phœbus fiery Iades,
With which about the world he trades,
And put them in my Plow.*

Dorilus. *O thou most perfect frantique man,
Yet let thy rage be what it can,
Ile be as mad as thou.*

Doron. *Ile to great Iove, hap good, hap ill,
Though he with Thunder threat to kill,
And beg of him a boone.*

Dorilus. *To fwerue vp one of Cynthias beames,
And there to bath thee in the streames,
Discoverd in the Moone.*

Doron. *Come frolick Youth and follow me,
My frantique boy, and Ile show thee
The Countrey of the Fayries.*

Dorilus. *The fleshy Mandrake where't doth grow
In noonshade of the Mistletoe,
And where the Phoenix Aryes.*

Doron. *Nay more, the Swallowes winter bed,
The Caverns where the Winds are bred,
Since thus thou talkest of showing.*

Dorilus. *And to those Indraughts Ile thee bring,
That wondrous and eternall spring
Whence th' Ocean hath its flowing.*

Doron.

Doron. *We'll downe to the darke house of sleepe,
Where snoring Morpheus doth keepe,
And wake the drowsy Groome.*

Dorilus. *Downe shall the Dores and Windowes goe,
The Stooles vpon the Floare we'll throw,
And roare about the Roome.*

The Muses here commanded them to stay,
Commending much the caridge of their Lay
As greatly pleasd at this their madding Bout,
To heare how brauely they had borne it out
From first to the last, of which they were right glad,
By this they found that *Helicon* still had
That vertue it did anciently retaine
When *Orpheus Lynus* and th'*Afcree* Swaine
Tooke lusty Rowfes, which hath made their Rimes,
To last so long to all succeeding times.
And now amongst this beauteous Beauie here,
Two wanton Nymphes, though dainty ones they were,
Naijs and *Cloe* in their female fits
Longing to shew the sharpnesse of their wits,
Of the *nine Sisters* speciall leaue doe craue
That the next Bout they two might freely haue,
Who hauing got the suffrages of all,
Thus to their Rimeing instantly they fall.

Naijs. *Amongst you all let vs see
Who ist opposes mee,
Come on the proudest she
To answere my dittye.*

Cloe. *Why Naijs, that am I,
Who dares thy pride defie?
And that we soone shall try
Though thou be witty.*

E

Naijs.

Naijs. *Cloe I scorne my Rime
Should obserue feet or time,
Now I fall, then I clime,
What i't I dare not.*

Cloe. *Giue thy Invention wing,
And let her flert and fling,
Till downe the Rocks she ding,
For that I care not.*

Naijs. *This presence delights me,
My freedome inuities me,
The Season excytes me,
In Rime to be merry.*

Cloe. *And I beyond measure,
Am rauisht with pleasure,
To answer each Ceasure,
Vntill thou beist weary.*

Naijs. *Behold the Rosye Dawne,
Rises in Tinfild Lawne,
And smiling seemes to farwe,
Vpon the mountaines.*

Cloe. *Awaked from her Dreames
Shooting foorth goulden Beames
Dancing vpon the Streames
Courting the Fountaines.*

Naijs. *These more then sweet Showrets,
Intice vp these Flowrets,
To trim vp our Bowrets,
Perfuming our Coats.*

Cloe. *Whilst the Birds billing
Each one with his Dilling*

The

*The thickets still filling
With Amorous Noets.*

Naijs. *The Bees vp in hony rould,
More then their thighes can hould,
Lapt in their liquid gould,
Their Treasure vs bringing.*

Cloe. *To these Rillets purling
Vpon the stones Curling,
And oft about wherling,
Dance tow'ard their springing.*

Naijs. *The Wood-Nimphes sit finging,
Each Groue with notes ringing,
Whilst fresh Ver is flinging,
Her Bounties abroad.*

Cloe. *So much as the Turtle,
Vpon the low Mertle,
To the meads fertile,
Her Cares doth vnload.*

Naijs. *Nay 'tis a world to see,
In euery bush and Tree,
The Birds with mirth and glee,
Woo'd as they woe.*

Cloe. *The Robin and the Wren,
Euery Cocke with his Hen,
Why should not we and men,
Doe as they doe.*

Naijs. *The Faies are hopping,
The small Flowers cropping,
And with dew dropping,
Skip thorow the Greaues.*

E 2

Cloe.

Cloe. *At Barly-breake they play
Merrily all the day,
At night themselues they lay
Vpon the soft leaues.*

Naijs. *The gentle winds sally
Vpon euery Valley,
And many times dally
And wantonly sport.*

Cloe. *About the fields tracing,
Each other in chasing,
And often imbracing,
In amorous fort.*

Naijs. *And Eccho oft doth tell
Wondrous things from her Cell,
As her what chance befell,
Learning to prattle.*

Cloe. *And now she sits and mocks
The Shepherds and their flocks,
And the Heards from the Rocks
Keeping their Cattle.*

WHen to these Maids the Muses silence cry,
For twas th'opinion of the Company,
That were not these two taken of, that they
Would in their Conflict wholly spend they day.
When as the Turne to *Florimel* next came,
A Nymph for Beauty of especiall name,
Yet was she not so lolly as the rest :
And though she were by her companions preft,
Yet she by no intreaty would be wrought
To sing, as by th'Elizian Lawes she ought :
When two bright Nymphes that her companions were,
And of all other onely held her deare,

Mild

Mild *Cloris* and *Mertilla*, with faire speech
 Their most beloued *Florimel* beseech,
 T'obserue the Muses, and the more to wooe her,
 They take their turnes, and thus they sing vnto her.

Cloris. Sing *Florimel*, O sing, and wee
 Our whole wealth will giue to thee,
 We'll rob the brim of euery Fountaine,
 Strip the sweets from every Mountaine,
 We will sweepe the curled valleys,
 Brush the bancks that mound our allies,
 We will muster natures dainties
 When she wallowes in her plentyes,
 The lushyous smell of euery flower
 New washt by an Aprill shower,
 The Mistrresse of her store we'll make thee
 That she for her selfe shall take thee ;
 Can there be a dainty thing,
 That's not thine if thou wilt sing.

Mertilla. When the dew in May distilleth,
 And the Earths rich bosome filleth,
 And with Pearle embrouds each Meadow,
 We will make them like a widow,
 And in all their Beauties dresse thee,
 And of all their spoiles possesse thee,
 With all the bounties Zephyre brings,
 Breathing on the yearely springs,
 The gaudy bloomes of euery Tree
 In their most Beauty when they be,
 What is here that may delight thee,
 Or to pleasure may excite thee,
 Can there be a dainty thing
 That's not thine if thou wilt sing.

BVt *Florimel* still fullenly replies
 I will not sing at all, let that suffice :

E 3

When

When as a Nimph one of the merry ging
 Seeing she no way could be wonne to sing;
 Come, come, quoth she, ye vtterly vndoe her
 With your intreaties, and your reuerence to her;
 For praife nor prayers, she careth not a pin;
 They that our froward *Florimel* would winne,
 Muſt worke another way, let me come to her,
 Either Ile make her ſing, or Ile vndoe her.

Claia. *Florimel I thus coniure thee,
 Since their gifts cannot allure thee;
 By ſtampt Garlick, that doth ſtink,
 Worſe then common Sewer, or Sink,
 By Henbane, Dogſbane, Woolfsbane, ſweet
 As any Clownes or Carriers feet,
 By ſtinging Nettles, pricking Teafels
 Rayſing bliſters like the meafels,
 By the rough Burbreeding docks,
 Rancker then the oldeſt Fox,
 By filthy Hemblock, poiſning more
 Then any vlcer or old ſore,
 By the Cockle in the corne
 That ſmels farre worſe than doth burnt horne,
 By Hempe in water that hath layne,
 By whoſe ſtench the Fiſh are ſlayne,
 By Toadflax which your Noſe may taſt,
 If you haue a minde to caſt,
 May all filthy ſtinking Weeds
 That e'r bore leafe, or e'r had ſeeds,
 Florimel be giuen to thee,
 If thou'lt not ſing aſwell as wee.*

AT which the Nimphs to open laughter fell,
 Amongſt the reſt the beauteous *Florimel*,
 (Pleaſd with the ſpell from *Claia* that came,
 A mirthfull Gerle and giuen to ſport and game)

As

As gamefome growes as any of them all,
And to this ditty instantly doth fall.

Florimel. *How in my thoughts should I contriue
The Image I am framing,
Which is so farre superlatiue,
As tis beyond all naming ;
I would Ioue of my counsell make,
And haue his iudgement in it,
But that I doubt he would mislake
How rightly to begin it :
It must be builded in the Ayre,
And tis my thoughts must doe it,
And onely they must be the stayre
From earth to mount me to it,
For of my Sex I frame my Lay,
Each houre, our selues forsaking,
How should I then finde out the way
To this my undertaking,
When our weake Fancies working still,
Yet changing euery minnit,
Will show that it requires some skill,
Such difficulty's in it.
We would things, yet we know not what,
And let our will be granted,
Yet instantly we finde in that
Something vnthought of wanted :
Our ioyes and hopes such shadowes are,
As with our motions varry,
Which when we oft haue fetcht from farre,
With vs they neuer tarry :
Some worldly crosse doth still attend,
What long we haue bin spinning,
And e'r we fully get the end
We lose of our beginning.
Our pollicies so peevish are,
That with themselues they wrangle,*

And

*And many times become the snare
 That sooneſt vs intangle;
 For that the Loue we beare our Friends
 Though nere ſo ſtrongly grounded,
 Hath in it certaine oblique ends,
 If to the bottome ſounded :
 Our owne well wiſhing making it,
 A pardonable Treason ;
 For that it is deriud from witt,
 And vnderpropt with reaſon.
 For our Deare ſelues beloued ſake
 (Euen in the depth of paſſion)
 Our Center though our ſelues we make,
 Yet is not that our ſtation ;
 For whilſt our Browes ambitious be
 And youth at hand awayts vs,
 It is a pretty thing to ſee
 How finely Beautie cheats vs
 And whylſt with tyme we tryſling ſtand
 To praetiſe Antique graces
 Age with a pale and witherd hand
 Drawes Furrowes in our faces.*

VHen they which ſo deſirous were before
 To hear her ſing ; deſirous are far more
 To haue her ceaſe ; and call to haue her ſtayd
 For ſhe to much alredy had bewray'd.
 And as the *thrice three Sisters* thus had grac'd
 Their Celebration, and themſelues had plac'd
 Vpon a Violet banck, in order all
 Where they at will might view the Feſtiffall
 The Nymphs and all the luſty youth that were
 At this braue Nymphall, by them honored there,
 To Gratifie the heauenly Gerles againe
 Laſtly prepare in ſtate to entertaine
 Thoſe ſacred Sisters, fairely and confer,
 On each of them, their prayſe particular

And

And thus the Nimphes to the nine Muses fung,
 When as the Youth and Forresters among
 That well prepared for this businesse were,
 Become the *Chorus*, and thus fung they there.

Nimphes. *Clio thou first of those Celestiall nine
 That daily offer to the sacred shryne,
 Of wise Apollo; Queene of Stories,
 Thou that vindicat'st the glories
 Of passed ages, and renew'st
 Their acts which euery day thou view'st,
 And from a lethargy dost keepe
 Old nodding time, else prone to sleepe.*

Chorus. *Clio O craue of Phœbus to inspire
 Vs, for his Altars with his holiest fire,
 And let his glorious euer-shining Rayes
 Giue life and growth to our Elizian Bayes.*

Nimphes. *Melpomine thou melancholly Maid
 Next, to wise Phœbus we inuoke thy ayd,
 In Buskins that dost stride the Stage,
 And in thy deepe distracted rage,
 In blood-shed that dost take delight,
 Thy obiect the most fearfull fight,
 That louest the sighes, the shreekes, and sounds
 Of horrors, that arise from wounds.*

Chorus. *Sad Muse, O craue of Phœbus to inspire
 Vs for his Altars, with his holiest fire,
 And let his glorious euer-shining Rayes
 Giue life and growth to our Elizian Bayes.*

Nimphes. *Comick Thalia then we come to thee,
 Thou mirthfull Mayden, onely that in glee
 And in loues deceits, thy pleasure tak'st,
 Of which thy varying Scene that mak'st*

F

And

*And in thy nimble Sock do'st stirre
Loude laughter through the Theater,
That with the Peasant mak'st thee sport,
As well as with the better sort.*

Chorus. *Thalia craue of Phebus to inspire,
Vs for his Alters with his holiest fier;
And let his glorious euer-shining Rayes
Giue life, and growth to our Elizian Bayes.*

Nimphes. *Euterpe next to thee we will proceed,
That first found'st out the Musick on the Reed,
With breath and fingers giuing life,
To the shrill Cornet and the Fyfe,
Teaching euery stop and kaye,
To those vpon the Pipe that playe,
Those which Wind-Instruments we call
Or soft, or lowd, or greate, or small.*

Chorus. *Euterpe aske of Phebus to inspire,
Vs for his Alters with his holiest fire
And let his glorious euer-shining Rayes
Giue life and growth to our Elizian Bayes.*

Nimphes. *Terpsichore that of the Lute and Lyre,
And Instruments that sound with Cords and Wyere,
That art the Mistres, to commaund
The touch of the most Curious hand,
When euery Quauer doth Imbrace
His like, in a true Diapase,
And euery string his sound doth fill
Tought with the Finger or the Quill.*

Chorus. *Terpsichore, craue Phebus to inspire
Vs for his Alters with his holiest fier
And let his glorious euer-shining Rayes
Giue life and growth to our Elizian Bayes.*

Nimphes.

Nymphes. *Then Erato wise muse on thee we call
In Lynes to vs that do'st demonstrate all,
Which neatly, with thy Staffe and Bowe,
Do'st measure, and proportion shoue;
Motion and Gesture that do'st teach
That euery height and depth canst reach,
And do'st demonstrate by thy Art
What nature else would not Impart.*

Chorus. *Deare Erato craue Phebus to inspire
Vs for his Alters with his holiest fire,
And let his glorious euer-shining Rayes,
Giue life and growth to our Elizian Bayes.*

Nymphes. *To thee then braue Caliope we come
Thou that maintain'st, the Trumpet, and the Drum ;
The neighing Steed that louest to heare,
Clashing of Armes doth please thine eare,
In lofty Lines that do'st rehearse
Things worthy of a thundring verse,
And at no tyme art heard to straine,
On ought, that suits a Common wayne.*

Chorus. *Caliope, craue Phebus to inspire,
Vs for his Alters, with his holiest fier,
And let his glorious euer-shining Rayes,
Giue life and growth to our Elizian Bayes.*

Nymphes. *Then Polyhymnia most delicious Mayd,
In Rhetoricks Flowers that art arayd,
In Tropes and Figures, richly drest,
The Fyled Phrase that louest best,
That art all Elocution, and
The first that gau'st to vnderstand
The force of wordes in order plac'd
And with a sweet deliuey grac'd*

Chorus. *Sweet Muse perswade our Phœbus to inspire
Vs for his Altars, with his holiest fire,
And let his glorious ever-shining Rayes
Gine life and growth to our Elizian Bayes.*

Nimphes. *Lofty Vrania then we call to thee,
To whom the Heauens for euer opened be,
Thou th' Aserifmes by name dost call,
And shewst when they doe rise and fall,
Each Planets force, and dost diuine
His working, seated in his Signe,
And how the starry Frame still rouses
Betwixt the fixed stedfast Poles.*

Chorus. *Vrania aske of Phœbus to inspire
Vs for his Altars with his holiest fire,
And let his glorious ever-shining Rayes
Gine life and growth to our Elizian Bayes.*

The

The fourth Nimphall.

C L O R I S

and

M E R T I L L A.

*Chaste Cloris doth disclose the shames
Of the Felician frantique Dames,
Mertilla striues t'apease her woe,
To golden wishes then they goe.*

Mertilla. VVhy how now *Cloris*, what, thy head
Bound with forsaken Willow?
Is the cold ground become thy bed?
The grasse become thy pillow?
O let not those life-lightning eyes
In this sad vayle be shrowded,
Which into mourning puts the Skyes,
To see them ouer clouded.

Cloris. O my *Mertilla* doe not praise
These Lampes so dimly burning,
Such sad and fullen lights as these
Were onely made for mourning:
Their obiects are the barren Rocks
With aged Mosse o'r shaded;
Now whilst the Spring layes forth her Locks
With blossomes brauely braded.

Mertilla. O *Cloris*, Can there be a Spring,
O my deare Nymph, they may not,
Wanting thine eyes it forth to bring,
Without which Nature cannot:

F 3

Say

Say what it is that troubleth thee
 Encreaft by thy concealing,
 Speake ; forrowes many times we see
 Are lefned by reuealing.

Cloris. Being of late too vainely bent
 And but at two much leafure ;
 Not with our Groves and Downes content,
 But surfetting in pleafure ;
 Felicia's Fields I would goe see,
 Where fame to me reported,
 The choyce Nimphes of the world to be
 From meaner beauties forted ;
 Hoping that I from them might draw
 Some graces to delight me,
 But there fuch monftrous fhapes I faw,
 That to this houre affright me.
 Throw the thick Hayre, that thatch'd their Browes
 Their eyes vpon me ftared,
 Like to thofe raging frantique Froes
 For *Bacchus* Feafts prepared :
 Their Bodies, although ftraight by kinde,
 Yet they fo monftrous make them,
 That for huge Bags blowne vp with wind,
 You very well may take them.
 Their Bowels in their Elbowes are,
 Whereon depend their Panches,
 And their deformed Armes by farre
 Made larger then their Hanches :
 For their behauiour and their grace,
 Which likewife fhould haue priz'd them,
 Their manners were as beaftly bafe
 As th'rags that fo difguifd them ;
 All Anticks, all fo impudent,
 So fafhion'd out of fafhion,
 As blacke *Cocytus* vp had fent
 Her Fry into this nation,

Whofe

Whose monstroufnesse doth so perplex,
 Of Reason and depriues me,
 That for their sakes I loath my sex,
 Which to this sadnesse driues me.

Mertilla. O my deare *Cloris* be not fad,
 Nor with these Furies danted,
 But let these female fooles be mad,
 With Hellish pride enchanted ;
 Let not thy noble thoughts descend
 So low as their affections ;
 Whom neither counsell can amend,
 Nor yet the Gods corrections :
 Such mad folks ne'r let vs bemoane,
 But rather scorne their folly,
 And since we two are here alone,
 To banish melancholly,
 Leauē we this lowly creeping vayne
 Not worthy admiration,
 And in a braue and lofty strayne,
 Lets exercise our passion,
 With wishes of each others good,
 From our abundant treasures,
 And in this iocund sprightly mood
 Thus alter we our measures.

Mertilla. O I could wish this place were strewd with Roses,
 And that this Banck were thickly thrumd with Grasse
 As soft as Sleauē, or Sarcenet euer was,
 Whereon my *Cloris* her sweet selfe reposes.

Cloris. O that these Dewes Rosewater were for thee,
 These Mists Perfumes that hang vpon these thicks,
 And that the Winds were All Aromaticks,
 Which if my wish could make them, they should bee.

Mertilla.

Mertilla. O that my Bottle one whole Diamond were,
 So fild with Nectar that a Flye might sup,
 And at one draught that thou mightst drinke it vp,
 Yet a Caroufe not good enough I feare.

Cloris. That all the Pearle, the Seas, or Indias haue
 Were well diffolu'd, and thereof made a Lake,
 Thou there in bathing, and I by to take
 Pleasure to see thee cleerer then the Waue.

Mertilla. O that the hornes of all the Heards we see
 Were of fine gold, or else that euery horne
 Were like to that one of the Vnicorne,
 And of all these, not one but were thy Fee.

Cloris. O that their Hooues were Iuory, or some thing,
 Then the pur'st Iuory farre more Chrifalline,
 Fild with the food wherewith the Gods doe dine,
 To keepe thy Youth in a continuall Spring.

Mertilla. O that the sweets of all the Flowers that grow,
 The labouring ayre would gather into one,
 In Gardens, Fields, nor Meadows leauing none,
 And all their Sweetnesse vpon thee would throw.

Cloris. Nay that those sweet harmonious straines we heare,
 Amongst the liuely Birds melodious Layes,
 As they recording fit vpon the Sprayes,
 Were houering still for Musick at thine eare.

Mertilla. O that thy name were caru'd on euery Tree,
 That as these plants, still great, and greater grow,
 Thy name deare Nimph might be enlarged so,
 That euery Groue and Coppis might speake thee.

Cloris.

Cloris. Nay would thy name vpon their Rynds were fet,
 And by the Nimphes so oft and lowdly spoken,
 As that the Ecchoes to that language broken
 Thy happy name might houely counterfet.

Mertilla. O let the Spring still put sterne winter by,
 And in rich Damaske let her Reuell still,
 As it should doe if I might haue my will,
 That thou mightst still walke on her Tapistry ;
 And thus since Fate no longer time alowes
 Vnder this broad and shady Sicamore,
 Where now we sit, as we haue oft before,
 Those yet vnborne shall offer vp their Vowes.

G

The

The fift Nimphall.

CLAI A

LELIP A

CLARINAX a Hermit.

*Of Garlands, Anadems, and Wreathes
This Nimphall nought but sweetnesse breathes,
Presents you with delicious Posies,
And with powerfull Simples closes.*

Claia. SEE where old *Clarinox* is set,
His fundry Simples sorting,
From whose experience we may get
What worthy is reporting.
Then *Lelipa* let vs draw neere,
Whilst he his weeds is weathering,
I see some powerfull Simples there
That he hath late bin gathering.
Haile gentle Hermit, *Love* thee speed,
And haue thee in his keeping,
And euer helpe thee at thy need,
Be thou awake or sleeping.

Clarinox. Ye payre of most Celestiall lights,
O Beauties three times burnisht,
Who could expect such heauenly wights
With Angels features furnisht ;
What God doth guide you to this place,
To blesse my homely Bower ?
It cannot be but this high grace
Proceeds from some high power ;
The houres like hand-maids still attend,

Disposd

Dispos'd at your pleasure,
 Ordain'd to noe other end
 But to awaite your leasure ;
 The Deawes drawne vp into the Aer,
 And by your breathes perfum'd,
 In little Clouds doe houer there
 As loath to be confum'd :
 The Aer moues not but as you please,
 So much sweet Nymphes it owes you,
 The winds doe cast them to their ease,
 And amorously inclose you.

Lelipa. Be not too lauish of thy praise,
 Thou good Elizian Hermit,
 Left some to heare such words as these,
 Perhaps may flattery tearme it ;
 But of your Simples something fay,
 Which may discourse affords vs,
 We know your knowledge lyes that way,
 With subiects you haue stor'd vs.

Clara. We know for Physick yours you get,
 Which thus you heere are sorting,
 And vpon Garlands we are set,
 With Wreathes and Pofyes sporting :
 Each Garden great abundance yeelds,
 Whose Flowers inuite vs thither ;
 But you abroad in Groues and Fields
 Your Medc'nall Simples gather.

Lelipa. The Chaplet and the Anadem,
 The curled Treffes crowning,
 We loofer Nymphes delight in them,
 Not in your Wreathes renowing.

Clarinox. The Garland long agoe was worne,
 As Time pleas'd to bestow it,

The Lawrell onely to adorne
 The Conquerer and the Poet.
 The Palme his due, who vncontrould,
 On danger looking grauely,
 When Fate had done the worst it could,
 Who bore his Fortunes brauely.
 Most worthy of the Oken Wreath
 The Ancients him esteemed,
 Who in a Battle had from death
 Some man of worth redeemed.
 About his Temples Graffe they tye,
 Himselfe that so behaued
 In some strong Seedge by th'Enemy,
 A City that hath faued.
 A Wreath of Vervaine Herhauts weare,
 Amongst our Garlands named,
 Being sent that dreadfull newes to beare,
 Offensue warre proclaimed.
 The Signe of Peace who first displayes,
 The Oliue Wreath possesse:
 The Louer with the Myrtle Sprayes
 Adornes his crisped Treffes.
 In Loue the sad forsaken wight
 The Willow Garland weareth:
 The Funerall man befitting night,
 The balefull Cipresse beareth.
 To *Pan* we dedicate the Pine,
 Whose slips the Shepherd graceth:
 Againe the Ivie and the Vine
 On his, swolne *Bacchus* placeth.

Cloia. The Boughes and Sprayes, of which you tell,
 By you are rightly named,
 But we with those of pretious smell
 And colours, are enflamed;
 The noble Ancients to excite
 Men to doe things worth crowning,

Not

Not vnperformed left a Rite,
 To heighten their renowning :
 But they that those rewards deuis'd,
 And those braue wights that wore them
 By these bafe times, though poorely priz'd,
 Yet Hermit we adore them.
 The store of euery fruitfull Field
 We Nimphes at will poffeffing,
 From that variety they yeeld
 Get Flowers for euery dressing :
 Of Which a Garland Ile compofe,
 Then busily attend me,
 Thefe Flowers I for that purpofe chofe,
 But where I miffe amend me.

Clarinox. Well *Cloia* on with your intent,
 Lets fee how you will weaue it,
 Which done, here for a monument
 I hope with me, you'll leaue it.

Cloia. Here Damaske Rofes, white and red,
 Out of my lap firft take I,
 Which ftill fhall runne along the thred,
 My chiefeft Flower this make I :
 Amongft thefe Rofes in a row,
 Next place I Pinks in plenty,
 Thefe double Dayfyes then for fhew,
 And will not this be dainty.
 The pretty Panfy then Ile tye
 Like Stones fome chaine inchafing,
 And next to them their neere Alye,
 The purple Violet placing.
 The curious choyce, Clove Iuly-flower
 Whofe kinds height the Carnation
 For sweetneffe of moft foueraine power
 Shall helpe my Wreath to fashion.
 Whofe fundry cullers of one kinde

Firft from one Root derived,
 Them in their feuerall futes Ile binde,
 My Garland fo contriued ;
 A courfe of Cowflips then Ile ftick,
 And here and there though fparely
 The pleafant Primrofe downe Ile prick
 Like Pearles, which will fhew rarely :
 Then with thefe Marygolds Ile make
 My Garland fomewhat fwelling,
 Thefe Honyfuckles then Ile take,
 Whose sweets fhall helpe their fmelling :
 The Lilly and the Flower-delice,
 For colour much contenting,
 For that, I them doe onely prize,
 They are but pore in fenting :
 The Daffadill moft dainty is
 To match with thefe in meetneffe ;
 The Columbyne compar'd to this,
 All much alike for sweetneffe.
 Thefe in their natures onely are
 Fit to emboffe the border,
 Therefore Ile take especiall care
 To place them in their order :
 Sweet-Williams, Campions, Sops-in-wine
 One by another neatly :
 Thus haue I made this Wreath of mine,
 And finifhed it featly.

Lelipa. Your Garland thus you finifht haue,
 Then as we haue attended
 Your leafure, likewise let me craue
 I may the like be friended.
 Thofe gaudy garifh Flowers you chufe,
 In which our Nymphes are flaunting,
 Which they at Feafts and Brydals vse,
 The fight and fmell enchanting :
 A Chaplet me of Hearbs Ile make,

Then

Then which though yours be brauer,
 Yet this of myne I'le vndertake
 Shall not be short in fauour.
 With Baſill then I will begin,
 Whoſe ſcent is wondrous pleaſing,
 This Eglantine I'le next put in,
 The ſenſe with ſweetneſſe feaſing.
 Then in my Lauender I'le lay,
 Muſcado put among it,
 And here and there a leaſe of Bay,
 Which ſtill ſhall runne along it.
 Germander, Marieram, and Tyme
 Which vſed are for ſtrewing,
 With Hiſop as an hearbe moſt pryme
 Here in my wreath beſtowing.
 Then Balme and Mynt helps to make vp
 My Chaplet, and for Tryall,
 Coſtmary that ſo likes the Cup,
 And next it Penieryall
 Then Burnet ſhall beare vp with this
 Whoſe leaſe I greatly fanſy,
 Some Camomile doth not amiſſe
 With Sauory and ſome Tanſy,
 Then heere and there I'le put a ſprig
 Of Roſemary into it
 Thus not too little nor too big
 Tis done if I can doe it.

Clarinox. *Claia* your Garland is moſt gaye,
 Compof'd of curious Flowers,
 And ſo moſt louely *Leliſa*,
 This Chaplet is of yours,
 In goodly Gardens yours you get
 Where you your laps haue laded ;
 My fympleſ are by Nature ſet,
 In Groues and Fields vntraded.
 Your Flowers moſt curiouſly you twyne,

Each

Each one his place supplying,
 But these rough harsher Hearbs of mine,
 About me rudely lying,
 Of which some dwarfish Weeds there be,
 Some of a larger stature,
 Some by experience as we see,
 Whose names expresse their nature,
 Heere is my Moly of much fame,
 In Magicks often vsed,
 Mugwort and Night-shade for the same,
 But not by me abused ;
 Here Henbane, Popy, Hemblock here,
 Procuring Deadly sleeping,
 Which I doe minister with Feare,
 Not fit for each mans keeping.
 Heere holy Veruayne, and heere Dill,
 Against witchcraft much auailing,
 Here Horhound against the Mad dogs ill
 By biting, neuer failing.
 Here Mandrake that procureth loue,
 In poyfning Philters mixed,
 And makes the Barren fruitfull proue,
 The Root about them fixed,
 Inchaunting Lunary here lyes
 In Sorceries excelling,
 And this is Dictam, which we prize
 Shot shafts and Darts expelling,
 Here Saxifrage against the stone
 That Powerfull is approued,
 Here Dodder by whose help alone,
 Ould Agues are remoued
 Here Mercury, here Helibore,
 Ould Vlcers mundifying,
 And Shepheards-purfe the Flux most fore,
 That helpes by the applying ;
 Here wholsome Plantane, that the payne
 Of Eyes and Eares appeases ;

Here

Here cooling Sorrell that againe
 We vse in hot diseases :
 The medcinable Mallow here,
 Affwaging fudaine Tumors,
 The iagged Polypodium there,
 To purge ould rotten humors,
 Next these here Egremony is,
 That helps the Serpents byting,
 The blessed Betony by this,
 Whose cures deferuen writing :
 This All-heale, and so nam'd of right,
 New wounds so quickly healing,
 A thousand more I could recyte,
 Most worthy of Reuealing,
 But that I hindred am by Fate,
 And busnesse doth preuent me,
 To cure a mad man, which of late
 Is from Felicia sent me.

Clara. Nay then thou haft inough to doe,
 We pity thy enduring,
 For they are there infected foe,
 That they are past thy curing.

H

The

The fixt Nimphall.

SILVIVS

HALCIVS.

MELANTHVS.

*A Woodman, Fisher, and a Swaine
This Nimphall through with mirth maintaine,
Whose pleadings fo the Nymphes doe please,
That presently they giue them Bayes.*

CLeere had the day bin from the dawne,
All chequerd was the Skye,
Thin Clouds like Scarfs of Cobweb Lawne
Vayld Heauen's most glorious eye.
The Winde had no more strength then this,
That leasurely it blew,
To make one leafe the next to kisse,
That clofly by it grew.
The Rils that on the Pebbles playd,
Might now be heard at will ;
This world they onely Mufick made,
Elfe euery thing was still.
The Flowers like braue embraudred Gerles,
Lookt as they much defired,
To fee whose head with orient Pearles,
Most curiously was tyred ;
And to it felfe the fubtle Ayre,
Such fouerainty affumes,
That it receiu'd too large a share
From natures rich perfumes.
When the Elizian Youth were met,

That

That were of moſt account,
 And to diſport themſelues were ſet
 Vpon an eaſy Mount :
 Neare which, of ſtately Firre and Pine
 There grew abundant ſtore,
 The Tree that weepeth Turpentine,
 And ſhady Sicamore.
 Amongſt this merry youthfull trayne
 A Forreſter they had,
 A Fiſher, and a Shepheards ſwayne
 A liuely Countrey Lad :
 Betwixt which three a queſtion grew,
 Who ſhould the worthieſt be,
 Which violently they purſue,
 Nor ſickled would they be.
 That it the Company doth pleaſe
 This ciuill ſtrife to ſtay,
 Freely to heare what each of theſe
 For his braue ſelfe could ſay :
 When firſt this Forreſter (of all)
 That *Siluius* had to name,
 To whom the Lot being caſt doth fall,
 Doth thus begin the Game,

Siluius. For my profeſſion then, and for the life I lead
 All others to excell, thus for my ſelfe I plead ;
 I am the Prince of ſports, the Forreſt is my Fee,
 He's not vpon the Earth for pleaſure liues like me ;
 The Morne no ſooner puts her Roſye Mantle on,
 But from my quyet Lodge I inſtantly am gone,
 When the melodious Birds from euery Buſh and Bryer
 Of the wilde ſpacious Waſts, make a continuall quire ;
 The motlied Meadows then, new verniſht with the Sunne
 Shute vp their ſpicy ſweets vpon the winds that runne,
 In eaſy ambling Gales, and ſoftly ſeeme to pace,
 That it the longer might their luſhiousneſſe imbrace :
 I am clad in youthfull Greene, I other colours ſcorne,

H 2

My

My filken Bauldrick beares my Beugle, or my Horne,
 Which fetting to my Lips, I winde fo lowd and thrill,
 As makes the Ecchoes showte from euery neighbouring Hill :
 My Doghooke at my Belt, to which my Lyam's tyde,
 My Sheafe of Arrowes by, my Woodknife at my Syde,
 My Croffe-bow in my Hand, my Gaffe or my Rack
 To bend it when I please, or it I lift to slack,
 My Hound then in my Lyam, I by the Woodmans art
 Forecast, where I may lodge the goodly Hie-palm'd Hart,
 To viewe the grazing Heard, so fundry times I vse,
 Where by the loftiest Head I know my Deare to chuse,
 And to vnheard him then, I gallop o'r the ground
 Vpon my wel-breath'd Nag, to cheere my earning Hound.
 Sometime I pitch my Toyles the Deare alieue to take,
 Sometime I like the Cry, the deepe-mouth'd Kennell make,
 Then vnderneath my Horfe, I staulke my game to strike,
 And with a fingle Dog to hunt him hurt, I like.
 The Siluians are to me true subiects, I their King,
 The stately Hart, his Hind doth to my prefence bring,
 The Buck his loued Doe, the Roe his tripping Mate,
 Before me to my Bower, whereas I sit in State.
 The Dryads, Hamadryads, the Satyres and the Fawnes
 Oft play at Hyde and Seeke before me on the Lawnes,
 The frisking Fayry oft when horned Cinthia shines
 Before me as I walke dance wanton Matachynes,
 The numerous feathered flocks that the wild Forrests haunt
 Their Siluan songs to me, in cheerefull dittyes chaunte,
 The shades like ample Sheelds, defend me from the Sunne,
 Through which me to refresh the gentle Riuelets runne,
 No little bubling Brook from any Spring that falls
 But on the Pebbles playes me pretty Madrigals.
 I'th' morne I clime the Hills, where wholsome winds do blow
 At Noone-tyde to the Vales, and shady Groues below,
 T'wards Euening I againe the Chryftall Floods frequent,
 In pleasure thus my life continually is spent.
 As Princes and great Lords haue Pallaces, so I
 Haue in the Forrests here, my Hall and Gallery

The

The tall and stately Woods ; which vnderneath are Plaine,
 The Groues my Gardens are, the Heath and Downes againe
 My wide and spacious walkes, then say all what ye can,
 The Forester is still your only gallant man.

He of his speech scarce made an end,
 But him they load with prayse,
 The Nymphes most highly him commend,
 And vow to giue him Bayes :
 He's now cryde vp of euery one,
 And who but onely he,
 The Forrester's the man alone,
 The worthyest of the three.
 When some then th'other farre more stayd,
 Wil'd them a while to pause,
 For there was more yet to be sayd,
 That might deserue applause,
 When *Halcius* his turne next plyes,
 And silence hauing wonne,
 Roome for the fisher man he cryes,
 And thus his Plea begunne.

Halcius. No Forrester, it so must not be borne away,
 But heare what for himfelse the Fisher first can say,
 The Chrystall current Streames continually I keepe,
 Where euery Pearle-pau'd Foard, and euery Blew-eyd deepe
 With me familiar are ; when in my Boate being fet,
 My Oare I take in hand, my Angle and my Net
 About me ; like a Prince my felse in state I steer,
 Now vp, now downe the Streame, now am I here, now ther,
 The Pilot and the Fraught my felse ; and at my ease
 Can land me when I list ; or in what place I please,
 The Siluer-scaled Sholes, about me in the Streames,
 As thick as ye diserne the Atoms in the Beames,
 Neare to the shady Banck where slender Sallowes grow,
 And Willows their shag'd tops downe t'wards the waters bow
 I shoue in with my Boat to sheeld me from the heat,

H 3

Where

Where chusing from my Bag, some prou'd especiall bayt,
 The goodly well growne Trout I with my Angle strike,
 And with my bearded Wyer I take the rauenous Pike,
 Of whom when I haue hould, he seldome breakes away
 Though at my Lynes full length, soe long I let him play
 Till by my hand I finde he well-nere wearyed be,
 When softly by degrees I drawe him vp to me.
 The lusty Samon to, I oft with Angling take,
 Which me aboue the rest most Lordly sport doth make,
 Who feeling he is caught, such Frisks and bounds doth fetch,
 And by his very strength my Line soe farre doth stretch,
 As drawes my floating Corcke downe to the very ground,
 And wresting of my Rod, doth make my Boat turne round.
 I neuer idle am, some tyme I bayt my Weeles,
 With which by night I take the dainty filuer Eeles,
 And with my Draughtnet then, I sweepe the streaming Flood,
 And to my Tramell next, and Cast-net from the Mud,
 I beate the Scaly brood, noe hower I idely spend,
 But wearied with my worke I bring the day to end :
 The Naijdes and Nymphes that in the Riuers keepe,
 Which take into their care, the store of euery deepe,
 Amongst the Flowery flags, the Bullrushes and Reed,
 That of the Spawne haue charge (abundantly to breed)
 Well mounted vpon Swans, their naked bodys lend
 To my diiscerning eye, and on my Boate attend,
 And dance vpon the Waues, before me (for my fake)
 To th'Musick the soft wynd vpon the Reeds doth make.
 And for my pleasure more, the rougher Gods of Seas
 From *Neptunes* Court send in the blew Neriades,
 Which from his bracky Realme vpon the Billowes ride
 And beare the Riuers backe with euery streaming Tyde,
 Those Billowes gainst my Boate, borne with delightfull Gales
 Oft seeming as I rowe to tell me pretty tales,
 Whilst Ropes of liquid Pearle still load my laboring Oares,
 As streacht vpon the Streame they stryke me to the Shores:
 The silent medowes seeme delighted with my Layes,
 As fitting in my Boate I sing my Lasses praise,

Then

Then let them that like, the Forrefter vp cry,
Your noble Fifher is your only man fay I.

This Speech of *Halcus* turn'd the Tyde,
And brought it fo about,
That all vpon the Fifher cryde,
That he would beare it out ;
Him for the ſpeech he made, to clap
Who lent him not a hand,
And ſaid t'would be the Waters hap,
Quite to put downe the Land.
This while *Melanthus* ſilent ſits,
(For ſo the Shepheard hight)
And hauing heard theſe dainty wits,
Each pleading for his right ;
To heare them honor'd in this wiſe,
His patience doth prouoke,
When for a Shepheard roome he cryes,
And for himſelfe thus ſpoke.

Melanthus. Well Fifher you haue done, & Forrefter for you
Your Tale is neatly tould, ſ'are both's to giue you due,
And now my turne comes next, then heare a Shepherd ſpeak:
My watchfulneſſe and care giues day ſcarce leaue to break,
But to the Fields I haſte, my folded flock to ſee,
Where when I finde, nor Woolfe, nor Fox, hath iniur'd me,
I to my Bottle ſtraight, and foundly baſte my Throat,
Which done, ſome Country Song or Roundelay I roate
So merrily ; that to the muſick that I make,
I Force the Larke to ſing ere ſhe be well awake ;
Then *Baull* my cut-tayld Curre and I begin to play,
He o'r my Shephooke leapes, now th'one, now th'other way,
Then on his hinder feet he doth himſelfe aduance,
I tune, and to my note, my liuely Dog doth dance,
Then whistle in my Fiſt, my fellow Swaynes to call,
Downe goe our Hooks and Scrips, and we to Nine-holes fall,
At Duſt-point, or at Quoyts, elſe are we at it hard,

All

All false and cheating Games, we Shepherds are debar'd :
 Surveying of my sheepe if Ewe or Wether looke
 As though it were amisse, or with my Curre, or Crooke
 I take it, and when once I finde what it doth ayle,
 It hardly hath that hurt, but that my skill can heale ;
 And when my carefull eye, I cast vpon my sheepe
 I fort them in my Pens, and sorted foe I keepe :
 Those that are bigst of Boane, I still referue for breed,
 My Cullings I put off, or for the Chapman feed
 When the Euening doth approach I to my Bagpipe take,
 And to my Grazing flocks such Musick then I make,
 That they forbear to feed ; then me a King you see,
 I playing goe before, my Subiects followe me,
 My Bell-weather most braue, before the rest doth stalke,
 The Father of the flocke, and after him doth walke
 My writhen-headed Ram, with Pofyes crownd in pride
 Fast to his crooked hornes with Rybands neatly ty'd
 And at our Shepherds Board that's cut out of the ground,
 My fellow Swaynes and I together at it round,
 With Greencheefe, clouted Cream, with Flawns, & Custards,
 Whig, Sider, and with Whey, I domineer a Lord, (stord,
 When shering time is come I to the Riuer driue,
 My goodly well-fleec'd Flocks : (by pleasure thus I thriue)
 Which being washt at will ; vpon the shering day,
 My wooll I forth in Loaks, fit for the wynder lay,
 Which vpon lusty heapes into my Coate I heaue,
 That in the Handling feeles as soft as any Sleau,
 When euery Ewe two Lambes, they yeaned hath that yeare,
 About her new shorne neck a Chaplet then doth weare ;
 My Tarboxe, and my Scrip, my Bagpipe, at my back,
 My sheephooke in my hand, what can I say I lacke ;
 He that a Scepter swayd, a sheephooke in his hand,
 Hath not disdained to haue ; for Shepherds then I stand ;
 Then Forester and you my Fisher cease your strife
 I say your Shepherd leads your onely merry life,

They had not cryd the Forester,
 And Fisher vp before,

So

So much : but now the Nimphes preferre,
 The Shephard ten tymes more,
 And all the Ging goes on his fide,
 Their Minion him they make,
 To him themfelues they all apply,
 And all his partie take ;
 Till fome in their difcretion caft,
 Since firft the strife begunne
 In all that from them there had paft
 None abfolutly wonne ;
 That equall honour they should share ;
 And their deserts to shoue,
 For each a Garland they prepare,
 Which they on them bestowe,
 Of all the choifest flowers that weare,
 VVhich purposly they gather,
 VVith which they Crowne them, parting there,
 As they came firft together :

 H

 The

The feuenth Nimphall.

FLORIMEL

LELIPA

NAIIS

CODRVs a Feriman.

*The Nimphes, the Qucene of loue pursue,
Which oft doth hide her from their view:
But lastly from th' Elizian Nation,
She banisht is by Proclamation.*

Florimel. **D**Eare *Lelipa*, where haft thou bin so long,
Was't not enough for thee to doe me wrong,
To rob me of my selfe, but with more spight
To take my *Naijs* from me, my delight?
Yee lazie Girles, your heads where haue ye layd,
Whil't *Venus* here her anticke pranks hath playd?

Lelipa. Nay *Florimel*, we should of you enquire,
The onely Mayden, whom we all admire
For Beauty, Wit, and Chastity, that you
Amongst the rest of all our Virgin crue,
In quest of her, that you so slacke should be,
And leaue the charge to *Naijs* and to me.

Florimel. Y'are much mistaken *Lelipa*, 'twas I,
Of all the Nimphes, that first did her descry,
At our great Hunting when as in the Chase
Amongst the rest, me thought I saw one face
So exceeding faire, and curious, yet vnknowne
That I that face not possibly could owne.

And

And in the courſe, ſo Goddeſſe like a gate,
 Each ſtep ſo full of maieſty and ſtate ;
 That with my ſelfe, I thus reſolu'd that ſhe
 Leſſe then a Goddeſſe (ſurely) could not be :
 Thus as *Idalia*, ſtedfaſtly I ey'd,
 A little Nimphe that kept cloſe by her ſide
 I noted, as vnknowne as was the other,
 Which *Cupid* was diſguiſ'd ſo by his mother.
 The little purblinde Rogue, if you had ſeene,
 You would haue thought he verily had beene
 One of *Diana's* Votaries, ſo clad,
 He euery thing ſo like a Huntreſſe had :
 And ſhe had put falſe eyes into his head,
 That very well he might vs all haue ſped.
 And ſtill they kept together in the Reare,
 But as the Boy ſhould haue ſhot at the Deare,
 He ſhot amongſt the Nimpheſ, which when I ſaw,
 Cloſer vp to them I began to draw ;
 And fell to hearken, when they naught ſuſpectiſg,
 Becauſe I ſeem'd them vtterly neglectiſg,
 I heard her ſay, my little *Cupid* too't,
 Now Boy or neuer, at the Beuie ſhoot,
 Haue to them *Venus*, quoth the Boy anon,
 I'll pierce the proud'ſt, had ſhe at heart of ſtone :
 With that I cryde out, Treafon, Treafon, when
 The Nimpheſ that were before, turning agen
 To vnderſtand the meaning of this cry,
 They out of ſight were vaniſh't preſently.
 Thus but for me, the Mother and the Sonne,
 Here in Eliziſm, had vs all vndone.

Naijs. Beleeue me gentle Maide, 'twas very well,
 But now heare me my beauteous *Florimel*.
 Great *Mars* his Lemman being cryde out here,
 She to *Felicia* goes, ſtill to be neare
 Th'Elizian Nimpheſ, for at vs is her ayme,
 The fond *Felicians* are her common game.

I vpon pleasure idly wandring thither,
 Something worth laughter from thofe fooles to gather,
 Found her, who thus had lately beene furpriz'd;
 Fearing the like, had her faire felfe disguis'd
 Like an old Witch, and gaue out to haue skill
 In telling Fortunes either good or ill;
 And that more nearly ſhe with them might cloſe,
 She cut the Cornes, of dainty Ladies Toes:
 She gaue them Phificke, either to coole or mooue them,
 And powders too to make their ſweet Hearts loue them.
 And her ſonne *Cupid*, as her Zany went,
 Carrying her boxes, whom ſhe often ſent
 To know of her faire Patients how they ſlept.
 By which meanes ſhe, and the blinde Archer crept
 Into their fauours, who would often Toy,
 And tooke delight in ſporting with the Boy;
 Which many times amongſt his waggish tricks,
 Theſe wanton Wenches in the boſome pricks;
 That they before which had ſome franticke fits,
 Were by his Witchcraft quite out of their wits.
 Watching this Wiſard, my minde gaue me ſtill
 She ſome Impoſtor was, and that this ſkill
 Was counterſeit, and had ſome other end.
 For which diſcouery, as I did attend,
 Her wrinckled vizard being very thin,
 My piercing eye perceiu'd her cleerer ſkin
 Through the thicke Riuels perfectly to ſhine;
 When I perceiu'd a beauty ſo diuine,
 As that ſo clouded, I began to pry
 A little nearer, when I chanc't to ſpye
 That pretty Mole vpon her Cheeke, which when
 I ſaw; ſuruiuing euery part agen,
 Vpon her left hand, I perceiu'd the ſkarre
 Which ſhe receiued in the Troian warre;
 Which when I found, I could not chuſe but ſmile,
 She, who againe had noted me the while.

And

And by my carriage, found I had descry'd her,
 Slit out of sight, and presently doth hide her.

Lelipa. Nay then my dainty Girles, I make no doubt
 But I my selfe as strangely found her out
 As either of you both ; in Field and Towne,
 When like a Pedlar she went vp and downe :
 For she had got a pretty handsome Packe,
 Which she had fardled neatly at her backe :
 And opening it, she had the perfect cry,
 Come my faire Girles, let's see, what will you buy ?
 Here be fine night Maskes, plastring well within,
 To supple wrinckles, and to smoothe the skin :
 Heer's Chrifall, Corall, Bugle, Iet, in Beads,
 Cornelian Bracelets, for my dainty Maids :
 Then Periwigs and Searcloth-Gloues doth shew,
 To make their hands as white as Swan or Snow :
 Then takes she forth a curious gilded boxe,
 Which was not opened but by double locks ;
 Takes them aside, and doth a Paper spread,
 In which was painting both for white and red :
 And next a piece of Silke, wherein there lyes
 For the decay'd, false Breasts, false Teeth, false Eyes :
 And all the while shee's opening of her Packe,
Cupid with's wings bound close downe to his backe :
 Playing the Tumbler on a Table gets,
 And shewes the Ladies many pretty feats.
 I seeing behinde him that he had such things,
 For well I knew no boy but he had wings,
 I view'd his Mothers beauty, which to me
 Lesse then a Goddesse said, she could not be :
 With that quoth I to her, this other day,
 As you doe now, so one that came this way,
 Shew'd me a neate piece, with the needle wrought,
 How *Mars* and *Venus* were together caught
 By polt-foot *Vulcan* in an Iron net ;
 It grieu'd me after that I chanc't to let,

I 3

It

It to goe from me ; whereat waxing red,
 Into her Hamper she hung downe her head,
 As she had stoup't some noueltie to seeke,
 But 'twas indeed to hide her blushing Cheeke :
 When she her Trinkets truffeth vp anon,
 E'r we were 'ware, and instantly was gone.

Florimel. But hearke you Nymphes, amongst our idle prate,
 Tis current newes through the Elizian State,
 That *Venus* and her Sonne were lately seene
 Here in *Elizium*, whence they oft haue beene
 Banisht by our Ediſt, and yet still merry,
 Were here in publique row'd o'r at the Ferry,
 Where as 'tis said, the Ferryman and she
 Had much discourse, she was so full of glee,
Codrus much wondring at the blind Boyes Bow.

Naijs. And what it was, that easly you may know,
Codrus himselfe comes rowing here at hand.

Lelipa. *Codrus* Come hither, let your Whirry stand,
 I hope vpon you, ye will take no state
 Because two Gods haue grac't your Boat of late ;
 Good Ferry-man I pray thee let vs heare
 What talke ye had, aboard thee whilst they were.

Codrus. Why thus faire Nymphes.
 As I a Fare had lately past,
 And thought that side to ply,
 I heard one as it were in haste ;
 A Boate, a Boate, to cry,
 Which as I was about to bring,
 And came to view my Fraught,
 Thought I, what more then heauenly thing,
 Hath fortune hither brought.
 She seeing mine eyes still on her were,
 Soone, smilingly, quoth she ;

Sirra,

Sirra, looke to your Roother there,
 Why lookst thou thus at me ?
 And nimble stepped into my Boat,
 With her a little Lad
 Naked and blind, yet did I note,
 That Bow and Shafts he had,
 And two Wings to his Shoulders fixt,
 Which stood like little Sayles,
 With farre more various colours mixt,
 Then be your Peacocks Tayles ;
 I seeing this little dapper Elfe,
 Such Armes as these to beare,
 Quoth I thus softly to my selfe,
 What strange thing haue we here,
 I neuer saw the like thought I :
 Tis more then strange to me,
 To haue a child haue wings to fly,
 And yet want eyes to see ;
 Sure this is some deuised toy,
 Or it transform'd hath bin,
 For such a thing, halfe Bird, halfe Boy,
 I thinke was neuer seene ;
 And in my Boat I turnd about,
 And wiftly viewd the Lad,
 And cleerely saw his eyes were out,
 Though Bow and Shafts he had.
 As wiftly she did me behold,
 How likst thou him quoth she,
 Why well, quoth I ; and better should,
 Had he but eyes to see.
 How sayst thou honest friend, quoth she,
 Wilt thou a Prentice take,
 I thinke in time, though blind he be,
 A Ferry-man hee'll make ;
 To guide my passage Boat quoth I,
 His fine hands were not made,
 He hath beene bred too wantonly

To

To vndertake my trade ;
 Why helpe him to a Maſter then,
 Quoth ſhe, ſuch Youtlis be ſcant,
 It cannot be but there be men
 That ſuch a Boy do want.
 Quoth I, when you your beſt haue done,
 No better way you'll finde,
 Then to a Harper binde your Sonne,
 Since moſt of them are blind.
 The louely Mother and the Boy,
 Laught heartily thereat,
 As at ſome nimble ieſt or toy,
 To heare my homely Chat.
 Quoth I, I pray you let me know,
 Came he thus firſt to light,
 Or by ſome ſickeſſe, hurt, or blow,
 Depryued of his ſight ;
 Nay ſure, quoth ſhe, he thus was borne,
 Tis ſtrange borne blind, quoth I,
 I feare you put this as a ſcorne
 On my ſimplicity ;
 Quoth ſhe, thus blind I did him beare,
 Quoth I, if't be no lye,
 Then he's the firſt blind man Ile ſweare,
 Ere practiſd Archery,
 A man, quoth ſhe, nay there you miſſe,
 He's ſtill a Boy as now,
 Nor to be elder then he is,
 The Gods will him alow ;
 To be no elder then he is,
 Then ſure he is ſome ſprite
 I ſtraight replide, again at this,
 The Goddeſſe laught out right ;
 It is a myſtery to me
 An Archer and yet blinde ;
 Quoth I againe, how can it be,
 That he his marke ſhould finde ;

The

The Gods, quoth she, whose will it was
 That he should want his fight,
 That he in something should surpasse,
 To recompence their spight,
 Gaue him this gift, though at his Game
 He still shot in the darke,
 That he should haue so certaine ayme,
 As not to misse his marke.
 By this time we were come a shore,
 When me my Fare she payd,
 But not a word she vttered more,
 Nor had I her bewrayd,
 Of *Venus* nor of *Cupid* I
 Before did neuer heare,
 But that a Fisher comming by
 Then, told me who they were.

Florimel. Well: against them then proceed
 As before we haue decreed,
 That the Goddesse and her Child,
 Be for euer hence exild,
 Which *Lelipa* you shall proclaime
 In our wife *Apollo's* name.

Lelipa. To all th'Elizian Nimphish Nation,
 Thus we make our Proclamation,
 Against *Venus* and her Sonne
 For the mischeefe they haue done,
 After the next last of May,
 The fixt and peremtory day,
 If she or *Cupid* shall be found
 Vpon our Elizian ground,
 Our Ediēt, meere Rogues shall make them,
 And as such, who ere shall take them,
 Them shall into prison put,
Cupids wings shall then be cut,
 His Bow broken, and his Arrowes

K

Giuen

Giuen to Boys to shoot at Sparrowes,
 And this Vagabund be sent,
 Hauing had due punishment
 To mount *Cytheron*, which first fed him :
 Where his wanton Mother bred him,
 And there out of her protection
 Dayly to receiue correction ;
 Then her Pasport shall be made,
 And to *Cyprus* Isle conuayd,
 And at *Paphos* in her Shryne,
 Where she hath beene held diuine,
 For her offences found contrite,
 There to liue an Anchorite.

The

The eight Nimphall.

MERTILLA

CLAIA

CLORIS.

*A Nymph is marryed to a Fay,
Great preparations for the Day,
All Rites of Nuptials they recite you
To the Brydall and invite you.*

Mertilla. **B**Vt will our *Tita* wed this Fay?

Claia. Yea, and to morrow is the day.

Mertilla. But why should she bestow her selfe
Vpon this dwarfish Fayry Elfe?

Claia. Why by her smalnesse you may finde,
That she is of the Fayry kinde,
And therefore apt to chuse her make
Whence she did her begining take:
Besides he's deft and wondrous Ayrye,
And of the noblest of the Fayry,
Chiefe of the Crickets of much fame,
In Fayry a most ancient name.
But to be briefe, 'tis cleerely done,
The pretty wench is woo'd and wonne.

Cloris. If this be so, let vs provide
The Ornaments to fit our Bryde,

K 2

For

For they knowing she doth come
 From vs in *Elizium*,
 Queene *Mab* will looke she should be drest
 In those attyres we thinke our best,
 Therefore some curious things lets giue her,
 Er to her Spoufe we her deliuer.

Mertilla. Ile haue a Iewell for her eare,
 (Which for my sake Ile haue her weare)
 'T shall be a Dewdrop, and therein
 Of *Cupids* I will haue a twinne,
 Which strugling, with their wings shall break
 The Bubble, out of which shall leak
 So sweet a liquor as shall moue
 Each thing that smels, to be in loue.

Claia. Beleeue me Gerle, this will be fine,
 And to this Pendant, then take mine ;
 A Cup in fashion of a Fly,
 Of the Linxes piercing eye,
 Wherein there sticks a Sunny Ray
 Shot in through the cleereft day,
 Whose brightnesse *Venus* selfe did moue,
 Therein to put her drinke of Loue,
 Which for more strength she did distill,
 The Limbeck was a *Phœnix* quill,
 At this Cups delicious brinke,
 A Fly approching but to drinke,
 Like Amber or some precious Gumme
 It transparant doth become.

Cloris. For Iewels for her eares she's sped,
 But for a dressing for her head
 I thinke for her I haue a Tyer,
 That all Fayryes shall admyre,
 The yellowes in the full-blowne Rose,
 Which in the Top it doth inclose

Like

Like drops of gold Oare shall be hung,
 Vpon her Treffes, and among
 Those scattered seeds (the eye to please)
 The wings of the Cantharides :
 With some o'th'Raine-bow that doth raile
 Those Moons in, in the Peacocks taile :
 Whose dainty colours being mixt
 With th'other beauties, and so fixt,
 Her louely Treffes shall appeare,
 As though vpon a flame they were.
 And to be sure she shall be gay,
 Wee'll take those feathers from the Jay ;
 About her eyes in Circlets set,
 To be our *Tita's* Coronet.

Mertilla. Then dainty Girles *I* make no doubt,
 But we shall neatly fend her out :
 But let's amongst our selues agree,
 Of what her wedding Gowne shall be.

Clia. Of Pansie, Pincke, and Primrose leaues,
 Most curiously laid on in Threaues :
 And all embroydery to supply,
 Powthred with flowers of Rosemary :
 A trayle about the skirt shall runne,
 The Silke-wormes finest, newly spunne ;
 And every Seame the Nymphs shall sew
 With th'smallest of the Spinners Clue :
 And hauing done their worke, againe
 These to the Church shall beare her Traine :
 Which for our *Tita* we will make
 Of the cast slough of a Snake,
 Which quiuering as the winde doth blow,
 The Sunne shall it like Tinfell shew.

Cloris. And being led to meet her mate,
 To make sure that she want no state,

Moones from the Peacockes tayle wee'll fhred,
 With feathers from the Pheafants head :
 Mixd with the plume of (fo high price,)
 The precious bird of Paradice.
 Which to make vp, our Nimphes fhall ply
 Into a curious Canopy.
Borne o're her head (by our enquiry)
By Elfes, the fitteft of the Faery.

Mertilla. But all this while we haue forgot
 Her *Buskins*, neighbours, haue we not ?

Clara. We had, for thofe I'll fit her now,
 They fhall be of the Lady-Cow :
 The dainty fhell vpon her backe
 Of Crimfon ftrew'd with fpoats of blacke ;
 Which as ſhe holds a ſtately pace,
 Her Leg will wonderfully grace.

Cloris. But then for muſicke of the beſt,
 This muſt be thought on for the Feaſt.

Mertilla. The Nightingale of birds moſt choyce,
 To doe her beſt ſhall ſtraine her voyce ;
 And to this bird to make a Set,
 The Mauis, Merle, and Robinet ;
 The Larke, the Lennet, and the Thrush,
 That make a Quier of euery Buſh.
 But for ſtill muſicke, we will keepe
 The Wren, and Titmouſe, which to ſleepe
 Shall ſing the *Bride*, when ſhee's alone
 The reſt into their chambers gone.
 And like thoſe vpon Ropes that walke
 On Goffimer, from ſtaulke to ſtaulke,
 The tripping Fayry tricks ſhall play
 The cūening of the wedding day.

Clara.

Claia. But for the *Bride-bed*, what were fit,
That hath not beene talk'd of yet.

Cloris. Of leaues of *Roses* white and red,
Shall be the Couering of her bed :
The Curtaines, *Valence*, *Tester*, all,
Shall be the flower *Imperiall*,
And for the *Fringe*, it all along
With azure *Harebels* shall be hung :
Of *Lillies* shall the *Pillowes* be,
With downe stufte of the *Butterflee*.

Mertilla. Thus farre we handfomely haue gone,
Now for our *Prothalamion*
Or *Marriage* song of all the rest,
A thing that much must grace our feast.
Let vs practise then to sing it,
Ere we before th' assembly bring it :
We in *Dialogues* must doe it,
Then my dainty *Girls* set to it.

Claia. This day must *Tita* married be,
Come *Nymphs* this nuptiall let vs see.

Mertilla. But is it certaine that ye say,
Will she wed the noble *Faye*?

Cloris. Sprinckle the dainty flowers with dewes,
Such as the Gods at Banquets vse :
Let Hearbs and Weeds turne all to *Roses*,
And make proud the posts with posies :
Shute your sweets into the ayre,
Charge the morning to be fayre.

Claia : } For our *Tita* is this day,
Mertilla. } To be married to a *Faye*.

Claia.

Claia. *By whom then shall our Bride be led
To the Temple to be wed.*

Mertilla. *Onely by your selfe and I,
Who that roomth should else supply?*

Cloris. *Come bright Girles, come altogether,
And bring all your offrings hither,
Ye most braue and Buxome Beuye,
All your goodly graces Leuye,
Come in Maiestie and state
Our Brydall here to celebrate.*

Mertilla. } *For our Tita is this day,*
Claia. } *Married to a noble Faye.*

Claia. *Whose lot wilt be the way to strow,
On which to Church our Bride must goe?*

Mertilla. *That I thinke as fittest of all,
To liuely Lelipa will fall.*

Cloris. *Summon all the sweets that are,
To this nuptiall to repayre ;
Till with their throngs themselues they smother,
Strongly styfing one another ;
And at last they all consume,
And vanish in one rich perfume.*

Mertilla : } *For our Tita is this day,*
Claia. } *Married to a noble Faye.*

Mertilla. *By whom must Tita married be,
'Tis fit we all to that should see?*

Claia. *The Priest he purposely doth come,
Th' Arch Flamyne of Elizium.*

Cloris.

Cloris. *With Tapers let the Temples shine,
Sing to Himen, Hymnes diuine :
Load the Altars till there rise
Clouds from the burnt sacrifice ;
With your Sensors sling aloofe
Their smels, till they ascend the Roofe.*

Mertilla. } *For our Tita is this day,*
Claia. } *Married to a noble Fay.*

Mertilla. *But comming backe when she is wed,
Who breakes the Cake about her head.*

Claia. *That shall Mertilla, for shee's tallest,
And our Tita is the smallest.*

Cloris. *Violins, strike vp aloud,
Ply the Gitterne, scowre the Crowd,
Let the nimble hand belabour
The whisteling Pipe, and drumbling Taber :
To the full the Bagpipe racke,
Till the swelling leather cracke.*

Mertilla. } *For our Tita is this day,*
Claia. } *Married to a noble Fay.*

Claia. *But when to dyne she takes her seate
What shall be our Tita's meate ?*

Mertilla. *The Gods this Feast, as to begin,
Haue sent of their Ambrosia in.*

Cloris. *Then serue we vp the strawes rich berry,
The Respas, and Elizian Cherry :
The virgin honey from the flowers
In Hibla, wrought in Flora's Bowers :
Full Bowles of Nectar, and no Girle
Carouse but in dissolued Pearle.*

L

Mertilla.

Mertilla. } *For our Tita is this day,*
 Claia. } *Married to a noble Fay.*

Claia. *But when night comes, and she must goe
 To Bed, deare Nymphes what must we doe?*

Mertilla. *In the Posset must be brought,
 And Poynts be from the Bridegroome caught.*

Cloris. *In Maskes, in Dances, and delight,
 And reare Banquets spend the night:
 Then about the Roome we ramble,
 Scatter Nuts, and for them scramble:
 Ouer Stooles, and Tables tumble,
 Neuer thinke of noyse nor rumble.*

Mertilla. } *For our Tita is this day,*
 Claia. } *Married to a noble Fay.*

The

The ninth Nimphall.

MUSES and
NIMPHS.

*The Muses spend their lofty layes,
Vpon Apollo and his prayse ;
The Nimphs with Gems his Alter build,
This Nimphall is with Phœbus fild.*

A Temple of exceeding state,
The Nimphes and Muses rearing,
Which they to *Phœbus* dedicate,
Elizium euer^rcheering :
These Muses, and those Nimphes contend
This Phane to *Phœbus* offering,
Which side the other should transcend,
These praise, those prizes proffering,
And at this long appointed day,
Each one their largeffe bringing,
Those nine faire Sisters led the way
Thus to *Apollo* finging.

The Muses. *Thou youthfull God that guid'st the howres,
The Muses thus implore thee,
By all those Names due to thy powers,
By which we still adore thee.*
Sol, Tytan, Delius, Cynthius, *styles,*
*Much reuerence that haue wonne thee,
Deriu'd from Mountaines as from Iles
Where worship first was done thee.*
*Rich Delos brought thee forth diuine,
Thy Mother thither driuen,*

L 2

At

*At Delphos thy most sacred shrine,
 Thy Oracles were giuen.
 In thy swift course from East to West,
 They minutes misse to finde thee,
 That bear'st the morning on thy breast,
 And leau'st the night behinde thee.
 Vp to Olimpus top so steepe,
 Thy startling Courfers currying ;
 Thence downe to Neptunes vastly deepe,
 Thy flaming Charriot hurrying.
 Eos, Ethon, Phlegon, Pirois, proud,
 Their lightning Maynes aduancing :
 Breathing forth fire on euery cloud
 Vpon their Iourney prancing.
 Whose sparkling hoofes, with gold for speed
 Are shod, to scape all dangers,
 Where they vpon Ambrosia feed,
 In their celestially Mangers.
 Bright Colatina, that of hills
 Is Goddesse, and hath keeping
 Her Nymphes, the cleere Oreades wils
 T'attend thee from thy sleeping.
 Great * Demogorgon feeles thy might,
 His Mynes about him heating :
 Who through his bosome dart'st thy light,
 Within the Center sweating.
 If thou but touch thy golden Lyre,
 Thou Minos mou'st to heare thee :
 The Rockes feele in themselves a fire,
 And rise vp to come neere thee.
 'Tis thou that Physicke didst deuise
 Hcarbs by their natures calling :
 Of which some opening at thy Rise,
 And closing at thy falling.
 Fayre Hyacinth thy most lou'd Lad,
 That with the sledge thou slucst ;*

The hor-
 fes draw-
 ing the
 Chariot of
 the Sunne.

The
 Moun-
 taines first
 saluting
 the Sunne
 at his ri-
 sing.
 * Supposed
 the God
 of earth.
 One of
 the Iudges
 of hell.

Hath

*Hath in a flower the life he had,
 Whose root thou still renewest,
 Thy Daphne thy beloved Tree,
 That scornes thy Fathers Thunder,
 And thy deare Clitia yet we see,
 Not time from thee can sunder ;
 From thy bright Bow that Arrow flew
 (Snatcht from thy golden Quiuer)
 Which thou fell Serpent Python slew,
 Renowning thee for euer.
 The Aëtian and the Pythian Games
 Denis'd were to praise thee,
 With all th' Apolinary names
 That th' Ancients thought could raise thee.
 A Shryne vpon this Mountaine hie,
 To thee we'll haue crected,
 Which thou the God of Poesie
 Must care to haue protected :
 With thy lou'd Cinthus that shall share,
 With all his shady Bowers,
 Nor Licia's Cragus shall compare
 With this, for thee, of ours.*

A Nymph
 lou'd of
Apollo, and
 by him
 changed
 into a
 flower.

Playes or
 Games in
 honor of
Apollo.

Thus hauing fung, the Nimphish Crue
 Thrust in amongst them thronging,
 Desiring they might haue the due
 That was to them belonging.
 Quoth they, ye Muses, as diuine,
 Are in his glories graced,
 But it is we must build the Shryne
 Wherein they must be placed ;
 Which of those precious Gemmes we'll make
 That Nature can affoord vs,
 Which from that plenty we will take,
 Wherewith we here haue stor'd vs :
 O glorious *Phæbus* most diuine,
 Thine Altars then we hallow.

L 3

And

And with those stones we build a Shryne
To thee our wife *Apollo*.

The Nymphes. *No Gem, from Rocks, Seas, running streames,*
(*Their numbers let vs muster*)
But hath from thy most powerfull beames
The Vertue and the Lustre ;
The Diamond, the king of Gemmes,
The first is to be placed,
That glory is of Diadems,
Them gracing, by them graced :
In whom thy power the most is seene,
The raging fire refelling :
The Emerauld then, most deeply greene,
For beauty most excelling,
Resisting poyson often prou'd
By those about that beare it.
The cheerfull Ruby then, much lou'd,
That doth reuiue the spirit,
Whose kinde to large extensure growne
The colour so enflamed,
Is that admired mighty stone
The Carbunckle that's named,
Which from it such a flaming light
And radiency eiecteth,
That in the very dark'st of night
The eye to it directeth.
The yellow Iacynth, strengthening Sense,
Of which who hath the keeping,
No Thunder hurts nor Pestilence,
And much prouoketh sleeping :
The Chrysolite, that doth resist
Thirst, proued, neuer failing,
The purple colored Amethyst,
'Gainst strength of wine prevailing ;
The verdant gay greene Smaragdus,

Most

Most foueraigne ouer passion :
The Sardonix, approu'd by vs
To master Incantation.
Then that celestiall colored stone
The Saphyre, heauenly wholly,
Which worne, there wearinesse is none,
And cureth melancholly :
The Lazulus, whose pleasant blew
With golden vaines is graced ;
The Iaspis, of so various hew,
Amongst our other placed ;
The Onix, from the Ancients brought,
Of wondrous Estimation,
Shall in amongst the rest be wrought
Our sacred Shryne to fashion ;
The Topas, we'll stick here and there,
And sea-greene colored Berill,
And Turkeffe, which who haps to beare
Is often kept from perill.
The Selenite, of Cynthia's light,
So nam'd, with her still ranging,
Which as she wanes or waxeth bright
Its colours so are changing.
With Opalls, more then any one,
We'll deck thine Altar fuller,
For that of euery precious stone,
It doth reteine some colour.
With bunches of Pearle Paragon
Thine Altar vnderpropping,
Whose base is the Cornelian,
Strong bleeding often stopping :
With th' Agot, very oft that is
Cut strangely in the Quarry,
As Nature ment to show in this,
How she her selfe can varry :

With

(80)

*With worlds of Gems from Mines and Seas
Elizium well might store vs,
But we content our felues with these
That readiest lye before vs :
And thus O Phœbus most diuine
Thine Altars still we hallow,
And to thy Godhead reare this Shryne,
Our onely wise Apollo.*

The

The tenth Nimphall.

N A I I S
C L A I A
C O R B I L V S
S A T Y R E.

*A Satyre on Elizium lights,
Whose ugly shape the Nymphes affrights,
Yet when they heare his iust complaint,
They make him an Elizian Saint.*

Corbilus.

What; breathles Nymphs? bright Virgins let me know
What suddaine cause constraines ye to this haste?
What haue ye seene that should affright ye so?
What might it be from which ye flye so fast?
I see your faces full of pallid feare,
As though some perill followed on your flight;
Take breath a while, and quickly let me heare
Into what danger ye haue lately light.

Naijs. Neuer were poore distressed Gerles so glad,
As when kinde, loued *Corbilus* we saw,
When our much haste vs so much weakned had,
That scarcely we our wearied breathes could draw.

In this next Groue vnder an aged Tree,
So fell a monfter lying there we found,
As till this day, our eyes did neuer see,
Nor euer came on the Elizian ground.
Halfe man, halfe Goat, he seem'd to vs in show,
His vpper parts our humane shape doth beare,

M

But

But he's a very perfect Goat below,
His crooked Cambrils arm'd with hoofe and hayre.

Claia. Through his leane Chops a chattering he doth make
Which stirres his staring beastly driueled Beard,
And his sharpe hornes he seem'd at vs to shake,
Canst thou then blame vs though we were afeard.

Corbilus. Surely it seemes some Satyre this should be,
Come and goe back and guide me to the place,
Be not affraid, ye are safe enough with me,
Silly and harmeleffe be their Siluan Race.

Claia. How *Corbilus* ; a Satyre doe you say ?
How should he ouer high *Parnassus* hit ?
Since to these Fields ther's none can finde the way,
But onely those the Muses will permit.

Corbilus. Tis true ; but oft, the sacred Sisters grace
The silly Satyre, by whose plainesse, they
Are taught the worlds enormities to trace,
By beastly mens abhominable way ;
Befyde he may be banisht his owne home
By this base time, or be so much distrest,
That he the craggy by-clift Hill hath clome
To finde out these more pleafant Fields of rest.

Naijs. Yonder he sits, and seemes himselfe to bow
At our approach, what doth our presence awe him ?
Me thinks he seemes not halfe so vgly now,
As at the first, when I and *Claia* saw him.

Corbilus. Tis an old Satyre, Nymph, I now discerne,
Sadly he sits, as he were sick or lame,
His lookes would say, that we may easily learne,
How, and from whence, he to *Elizium* came.

Satyre,

Satyre, these Fields, how cam'st thou first to finde?
 What Fate first shew'd thee this most happy shore?
 When neuer any of thy Siluan kinde
 Set foot on the Elizian earth before?

Satyre. O neuer aske, how I came to this place,
 What cannot strong necessity finde out?
 Rather bemoane my miserable case,
 Constrain'd to wander the wide world about.
 With wild *Silvanus* and his woody crue,
 In Forrests I, at liberty and free,
 Liu'd in such pleasure as the world ne'r know,
 Nor any rightly can conceiue but we.
 This iocund life we may a day enioy'd,
 Till this last age, those beastly men forth brought,
 That all those great and goodly Woods destroy'd,
 Whose growth their Grandfyes, with such sufferance fought,
 That faire *Felicia* which was but of late,
 Earth's Paradice, that neuer had her Peere,
 Stands now in that most lamentable state,
 That not a Siluan will inhabit there;
 Where in the soft and most delicious shade,
 In heat of Summer we were wont to play,
 When the long day too short for vs we made
 The flyding houres so flyly stole away;
 By *Cynthia's* light, and on the pleasant Lawne,
 The wanton Fayry we were wont to chafe,
 Which to the nimble clouen-footed Fawne,
 Vpon the plaine durst boldly bid the bafe.
 The sportiue Nymphes, with shouts and laughter shooke
 The Hills and Valleyes in their wanton play,
 Waking the Ecchoes, their last words that tooke,
 Till at the last, they lowder were then they.
 The lofty hie Wood, and the lower spring,
 Sheltring the Deare, in many a suddaine shower;
 Where Quires of Birds, oft wonted were to sing,
 The flaming furnace wholly doth deuoure;

Once faire *Felicia*, but now quite defac'd,
 Those Braueries gone wherein she did abound,
 With dainty Groues, when she was highly grac'd
 With goodly Oake, Afhe, Elme, and Beeches croun'd:
 But that from heauen their iudgement blinded is,
 In humane Reason it could neuer be,
 But that they might haue cleerly seene by this,
 Those plagues their next posterity shall see.
 The little Infant in the mothers Lap
 For want of fire shall be so fore distrest,
 That whilst it drawes the lanke and empty Pap,
 The tender lips shall freeze vnto the breast;
 The quaking Cattle which their Warmstall want,
 And with bleake winters Northerne winde opprest,
 Their Browse and Stouer waxing thin and scant,
 The hungry Crowes shall with their Caryon feast,
 Men wanting Timber wherewith they should build,
 And not a Forrest in *Felicia* found,
 Shall be enforc'd vpon the open Field,
 To dig them Caues for houses in the ground:
 The Land thus rob'd, of all her rich Attire,
 Naked and bare her selfe to heauen doth show,
 Begging from thence that *Ioue* would dart his fire
 Vpon those wretches that disrob'd her so;
 This beastly Brood by no meanes may abide
 The name of their braue Ancestors to heare,
 By whom their fordid flauery is descry'd,
 So vnlike them as though not theirs they were,
 Nor yet they sence, nor vnderstanding haue,
 Of those braue Muses that their Country song,
 But with false Lips ignobly doe depraue
 The right and honour that to them belong;
 This cruell kinde thus Viper-like deuoure
 That fruitfull foyle which them too fully fed;
 The earth doth curse the Age, and euery houre
 Againe, that it these viprous monsters bred.
 I seeing the plagues that shortly are to come

Vpon

Vpon this people cleerely them forfooke :
 And thus am light into Elizium,
 To whose straite search I wholly me betooke.

Naijs. Poore filly creature, come along with vs,
 Thou shalt be free of the Elizian fields :
 Be not difmaid, nor inly griued thus,
 This place content in all abundance yeelds.
 We to the cheerefull prefence will thee bring,
 Of *Ioues* deare Daughters, where in shades they sit,
 Where thou shalt heare those sacred Sisters sing,
 Most heauenly Hymnes, the strength and life of wit :

Claiia. Where to the Delphian God vpon their Lyres
 His Priests seeme rauisht in his height of praise :
 Whilst he is crowning his harmonious Quiers,
 With circling Garlands of immortall Bayes.

Corbilus. Here liue in blisse, till thou shalt see those slaues,
 Who thus set vertue and desert at nought :
 Some sacrific'd vpon their Grandfires graues,
 And some like beasts in markets sold and bought.
 Of fooles and madmen leaue thou then the care,
 That haue no vnderstanding of their state :
 For whom high heauen doth so iust plagues prepare,
 That they to pittie shall conuert thy hate.
 And to Elizium be thou welcome then,
 Vntill those bafe Felicians thou shalt heare,
 By that vile nation captiued againe,
 That many a glorious age their captiues were.

TO the Right Noble, Religious, and
 Truly vertuous Lady, *Mary*,
 Countesse of *Dorset*; worthy of all
 Titles and Attributes, that were euer
 giuen to the most Renowned of her
 Sexe: and of me most deseruedly to be
 honoured. To her Fame and Memory
 I consecrate these my diuine Poems,
 with all the wishes of a gratefull heart;
 for the preseruation of her, and her
 Children, the Succeeding Hopes of the
 Ancient and Noble Family of the
Sackuiles.

Her Seruant,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

N O A H S F L O O D.

ETernall and all-working God, which waſt
Before the world, whoſe frame by thee was caſt,
And beautifi'd with beamefull lampes aboue,
By thy great wifedome ſet how they ſhould moue
To guide the ſeaſons, equally to all,
Which come and goe as they doe riſe and fall.

My mighty Maker, O doe thou infuſe
Such life and ſpirit into my labouring Muſe,
That I may ſing (what but from *Noah* thou hid'ſt)
The greateſt thing that euer yet thou didſt
Since the Creation ; that the world may ſee
The Muſe is heavenly, deriu'd from thee.

O let thy glorious Angell which ſince kept
That gorgeous *Eden*, where once *Adam* ſlept ;
When tempting *Eue* was taken from his ſide,
Let him great God not onely be my guide,
But with his fiery Faucheon ſtill be nie,
To keepe affliction farre from me, that I
With a free ſoule thy wondrous workes may ſhow,
Then like that Deluge ſhall my numbers flow,
Telling the ſtate wherein the earth then ſtood,
The Gyant race, the vniuerſall flood.

The fruitfull earth being luſty then and ſtrong,
Like to a Woman, fit for loue, and young,
Brought forth her creatures mighty, not a thing
Iſſu'd from her, but a continuall ſpring

*A loue
Muſe.*

N

Had

Had to increafe it, and to make it flourish,
 For in her felfe ſhe had that power to nourifh
 Her Procreation, that her children then
 Were at the instant of their birth, halfe men.
 Men then begot ſo ſoone, and got ſo long,
 That ſcarcely one a thouſand men among,
 But he ten thouſand in his time might ſee,
 That from his loynes deriu'd their Pedegree.
 The full-womb'd Women, very hardly went
 Out their nine months abundant nature lent
 Their fruit ſuch thriving, as that once waxt quicke,
 The large-limb'd mother, neither faint nor ſicke,
 Haſted her houre by her abundant health,
 Nature ſo plaid the vnthrif with her wealth,
 So prodigally lauifhing her ſtore
 Vpon the teeming earth, then waſting more
 Then it had need of: not the ſmalleſt weed
 Knowne in that firſt age, but the naturall ſeed
 Made it a Plant, to theſe now ſince the Flood,
 So that each Garden look'd then like a Wood:
 Beſide, in Med'cen, ſimples had that power,
 That none need then the Planetary houre
 To helpe their working, they ſo iuycefull were.
 The Winter and the Spring time of the yeare
 Seem'd all one ſeaſon: that moſt ſtately tree
 Of *Lebanus*, which many times we ſee
 Mention'd for taleneſſe in the holy Writ,
 Whoſe tops the clouds oft in their wandring hit,
 Were ſhrubs to thoſe then on the earth that grew;
 Nor the moſt ſturdy ſtorme that euer blew
 Their big-growne bodies, to the earth ere ſhooke,
 Their mighty Rootes, ſo certaine faſtening tooke;
 Couer'd with graſſe, more ſoft then any ſilke,
 The Trees dropt honey, & the Springs guſht milke:
 The Flower-ſleec't Meadow, & the gorgeous groue,
 Which ſhould ſmell ſweeteſt in their brauery, ſtroue;
 No little ſhrub, but it ſome Gum let fall,

*The fruit-
 fulneſſe and
 brauery of
 the earth
 before the
 Flood.*

To

To make the cleere Ayre aromaticall :
 Whilst to the little Birds melodious straines,
 The trembling Riuers tript along the Plaines.
 Shades seru'd for houfes, neither Heate nor Cold
 Troubl'd the yong, nor yet annoy'd the old :
 The batning earth all plenty did afford,
 And without tilling (of her owne accord)
 That liuing idly without taking paine
 (Like to the first) made euery man a *Caine*.
 Seauen hundred yeeres, a mans age scarcely then,
 Of mighty size so were these long-liu'd men :
 The flesh of Lyons, and of Bulls they tore,
 Whose skins those Gyants for their garments wore.
 Yet not tearm'd Gyants onely, for that they
 Excel'd men since, in bignesse euery way :
 Nor that they were so puissant of their hand,
 But that the Race wherewith the earth was man'd,
 So wrathfull, proud, and tyranous were then,
 Not dreading God, nor yet respecting men ;
 For they knew neither Magistrate, nor law,
 Nor could conceiue ought that their wils could awe ;
 For which waxt proud, & haughty in their thought,
 They set th'eternall liuing God at naught :
 Mankinde increafing greatly euery day,
 Their finnes increafe in numbers more then they ;
 Seauen Ages had past *Adam*, when men prone
 To tyranny, and no man knew his owne :
 His sensuall will then followed, and his lust,
 His onely law, in those times to be iust
 Was to be wicked ; God so quite forgot,
 As what was damn'd, that in that age was not.
 With one anothers flesh themselues they fil'd,
 And drunke the blood of those whom they had kil'd.
 They dar'd to doe, what none should dare to name,
 They neuer heard of such a thing as shame.
 Man mixt with man, and Daughter, Sister, Mother,
 Were to these wicked men as any other.

Josephus.

Berosus
 cited by
Pirerius.

To rip their womens wombes, they would not stick,
 When they perceiu'd once they were waxed quicke.
 Feeding on that, from their own loynes that fprong,
 Such wickedneffe these Monsters was among:
 That they vs'd Beasts, digressing from all kinde:
 That the Almighty pondring in his minde
 Their beastlineffe, (from his intent) began
 T' repent himselfe that he created man.
 Their sinnes ascending the Almightyes seate,
 Th'eternall Throane with horror seeme to threat.
 Still daring God, a warre with them to make,
 And of his power, no knowledge seem'd to take.
 So that he vow'd, the world he would destroy,
 Which he reuealed onely to iust *Noy*.
 For but that man, none worthy was to know,
 Nor he the manner to none else would shew.
 For since with starres, he first high heauen enchaft,
 And *Adam* first in Paradise had plac't.
 Amongst all those inhabiting the ground,
 He not a man so iust as *Noe* had found.
 For which he gaue him charge an Arke to build,
 And by those workemen which were deepliest skild
 In Architecture, to begin the frame,
 And thus th'Almighty taught iust *Noe* the fame.
 Three hundred cubits the full length to be,
 Fifty the bredth, the height (least of the three)
 Full thirty cubits: onely with one light,
 A cubit broad, and iust so much in hight:
 And in three Stories bad him to diuide
 The inner Roome, and in the Vessels side
 To place a doore; commanding *Noe* to take
 Great care thereof: and this his Arke to make
 Of Gopher wood, which some will needly haue
 To be the Pine-tree, and commandment gaue
 That the large plancks whereof it was compos'd,
 When they by art should curiously be clos'd;

*The structure
 of
 the Arke.*

Should

Should with Bitumen both within and out
 Be deeply pitcht, the Veffell round about,
 So strong a Glue as could not off be worne,
 The rage of Winds, and Waters that doth scorne ;
 Like to a Chest or Coffe it was fram'd,
 For which an Arke most fitly it was nam'd ;
 Not like a Ship, for that a Ship below,
 Is ridg'd and narrow, vpward but doth grow
 Wider and wider : but this mighty Barque,
 Built by iust *Noah*, this vniuerfall Arke,
 Held one true breadth 'ith' bottome as aboue,
 That when this Frame vpon the Flood should moue,
 On the false waters it should float secure,
 As it did first the falling shower endure ;
 And clofe aboue, so to beare out the weather
 For forty dayes when it should raine together.

A hundred yeares the Arke in building was,
 So long the time ere he could bring to passe
 This worke intended ; all which time iust *Noy*
 Cry'd, that th' Almighty would the world destroy,
 And as this good man vsed many a day
 To walke abroad, his building to suruay,
 These cruell Giants comming in to see,
 (In their thoughts wondring what this worke should be)
 He with erected hands to them doth cry,

*Either repent ye, or ye all must dye,
 Your blasphemies, your beastlinesse, your wrongs,
 Are heard to heauen, and with a thousand tongues,
 Shout in the eares of the Almighty Lord ;
 So that your sinnes no leasure him afford
 To thinke on mercy, they so thickly throng,
 That when he would your punishment prolong,
 Their horror hailes him on, that from remorse
 In his owne nature, you doe him inforce,
 Nay, wrest plagues from him, vpon humane kinde
 Who else to mercy, wholly is inclinde.
 From Seth which God to Eva gaue in lew*

Noah
 thretning
 Gods
 vengeance
 vpon the
 world :
 with his
 sermon of
 repen-
 tance.

*Of her sonne Abel whom his brother slue,
 That cursed Cain, how hath th' Almighty blest,
 The seed of Adam though he so transgressed,
 In Enos by whose godlinesse men came,
 At first to call on the Almightyes name,
 And Enoch, whose integritie was such,
 In whom the Lord delighted was so much,
 As in his yeers he suffered no decay,
 But God to Heauen tooke bodyly away ;
 With long life blessing all that goodly Stem,
 From the first man downe to Mathusalem,
 Now from the loynes of Lamech sendeth me,
 (Vnworthy his Ambassadour to be)
 To tell ye yet, if ye at last repent,
 He will lay by his wrathfull punishment,
 That God who was so mercifull before,
 To our forfathers, likewise hath in store,
 Mercy for vs their Nephues, if we fall
 With teares before him, and he will recall,
 His wrath sent out already, therefore flye
 To him for mercy, yet the threatning Skie
 Pauses, ere it the Deluge downe will poure,
 For euery teare you shed, he'll stop a shower ;
 Yet of th' Almighty mercy you may winne,
 He'll leaue to punish, if you leaue to sinne ;
 That God eternall, which old Adam cast
 Out of the earthly heauen, where he had plac'd,
 That first-made man for his forbidden deed,
 From thence for euer banishing his seed,
 For vs his sinfull children doth prouide,
 And with abundance hath vs still supplyd,
 And can his blessings who respects you thus,
 Make you most wicked, most rebellious :
 Still is your stubborne obstinacy such ?
 Haue ye no mercy, and your God so much ?
 Your God, said I, O wherefore said I so ?
 Your words deny him, and your works say no ;*

*O see the day, doth but too fast approach,
 Wherein heauens maker meanes to set abroach
 That world of water, which shall ouer-flow
 Those mighty Mountaines whereon now you goe,
 The Droppied Clouds, see, your destruction threat,
 The Sunne and Moone both in their course are set
 To warre by water, and doe all they can
 To bring destruction vpon finfull man,
 And euery thing shall suffer for your sake,
 For the whole earth shall be but one whole Lake ;
 Oh cry for mercy, leaue your wicked wayes,
 And God from time shall separate those dayes
 Of vengeance comming, and he shall disperse
 These Clouds now threatning the whole vniuerse,
 And saue the world, which else he will destroy.*

But this good man, this terror-preaching Noy,
 The Beares, and Tigers, might haue taught awell,
 They laught to heare this godly man to tell
 That God would drowne the world, they thought him mad,
 For their great maker they forgotten had,
 They knew none such, th'Almighty God say they,
 What might he be? and when shall be the day
 Thou talk'ft of to vs? can'ft thou thinke that we
 Can but suppose that such a thing can be?
 What can he doe that we cannot defeate?
 Whose Brawny Fists, to very dust can beate
 The solid'ft Rock, and with our breasts can beare
 The strong'ft Streame backward, dost thou thinke to feare
 Vs with these Dreames of Deluges? to make
 Vs our owne wayes and courses to forsake?
 Let vs but see that God that dares to stand
 To what thou speak'ft, that with his furious hand,
 Dare say he'll drowne vs, and we will defye
 Him to his teeth: and if he keepe the Skye,
 We'll dare him thence, and if he then come downe,
 And challenge vs that he the world will drowne,
 We'll follow him vntill his threats he flints,

Or

Or we will batter his blew houle with flynts.

The Arke is finisht, and the Lord is wrath,
 To ayd iust *Noah*, and he prouided hath
 His blessed Angells, bidding them to bring,
 The Male and Female, of each liuing thing
 Into the Arke, by whom he had decreed
 T'renue the world, and by their fruitfull seed
 To fill it as before, and is precise
 For food for men, and for his sacrifice,
 That seauen iust payres, of Birds, and Beasts that were
 Made cleane by him, should happily repayre
 To the great Arke, the other made vncleane,
 Of male and female onely should come twaine :
 Which by the Angels euery where were fought,
 And thither by their ministry were brought.
 When *Noah* lets ope the Arke and doth begin
 To take his Fraught, his mighty Lading in
 And now the Beasts are walking from the wood,
 Aswell of Ravine, as that chew the Cud,
 The King of Beasts his fury doth suppress,
 And to the Arke leads downe the Lionesse,
 The Bull for his beloued mate doth low,
 And to the Arke brings on the faire ey'd Cow ;
 The stately Courser for his Mare doth nay,
 And t'wards the new Arke guideth her the way ;
 The wreath'd-horn'd Ram his safety doth pursue,
 And to the Arke vsers his gentle Ewe ;
 The brisly Boare, who with his snowt vp plow'd
 The spacious Plaines, and with his grunting lowd,
 Rais'd ratling Ecchoes all the Woods about,
 Leaues his dark Den, and hauing sented out
Noah's new-built Arke, in with his Sow doth come,
 And stye themselues vp in a little roome :
 The Hart with his deare Hind, the Buck and Doe,
 Leauing their wildnesse, bring the tripping Roe
 Along with them : and from the Mountaine steepe,
 The clambring Goat, and Cony, vs'd to keepe

Amongst

Amongst the Cleues, together get, and they
 To this great Arke finde out the ready way ;
 Th'vnweildy Elke, whose skin is of much prooffe,
 Throngs with the rest t'attaine this wooden rooffe ;
 The Vnicorne leaues off his pride, and cloffe
 The fets him downe by the Rhinoceros :
 The Elephant there comming to imbarque,
 And as he softly getteth vp the Ark,
 Feeling by his great weight, his body funck,
 Holds by his huge Tooth, and his nervy Trunk ;
 The croock-backt Camel climing to the deck,
 Drawes vp himfelfe with his long finewy neck ;
 The spotted Panther whose delicious scent,
 Oft causeth beasts his harbor to frequent,
 But hauing got them once into his power,
 Sucketh their blood, and doth their flesh deuoure,
 His cruelty hath quickly cast aside,
 And waxing courteous, doth become their guide,
 And brings into this vniverfall Shop
 The Ounce, the Tigar, and the Antilop,
 By the grim Woolfe, the poore Sheepe safely lay,
 And was his care, which lately was his pray ;
 The Affe vpon the Lyon leant his head,
 And to the Cat the Moufe for succour fled ;
 The filly Hare doth cast aside her feare,
 And formes her felfe fast by the vgly Beare,
 At whom the watchfull Dog did neuer barke,
 When he espyde him clambring vp the Arke :
 The Fox got in, his subtilties hath left,
 And as afhamed of his former theft,
 Sadly fits there, as though he did repent,
 And in the Arke became an innocent :
 The fine-furd Ermin, Martern, and the Cat
 That voydeth Ciuet, there together fat
 By the shrewd Muncky, Babian, and the Ape,
 With the Hienna, much their like in shape,
 Which by their kinde, are euer doing ill,

O

Yet,

Yet in the *Arke*, sit ciuilly and still ;
 The skipping *Squerrill* of the *Forrest* free,
 That leapt so nimbly betwixt tree and tree,
 It felse into the *Arke* then nimbly cast,
As 'twere a Ship-boy come to clime the *Maft*.
 The *Porcupine* into the *Arke* doth make,
 Nor his sharpe quils though angry once doth shake ;
 The sharpe-fang'd *Beauer*, whose wyde gaping *Iaw*
 Cutteth downe *Plants* as it were with a *Saw*,
 Whose body poyfed, wayeth such a masse,
As though his *Bowels* were of *Lead* or *Brasse*,
 His cruell *Chaps* though breathlesse he doth close,
As with the rest into the *Arke* he goes.
 Th'vneuen-leg'd *Badger* (whose eye-pleasing skin,
 The *Cafe* to many a curious thing hath bin,
 Since that great flood) his fortresses forfakes
 Wrought in the earth, and though but halting, makes
 Vp to the *Arke* ; the *Otter* then that keepes
 In the wild *Riuers*, in their *Bancks* and *Sleeps*,
 And feeds on *Fish*, which vnder water still,
 He with his keld feet, and keene teeth doth kill ;
 The other two into the *Arke* doth follow,
 Though his ill shape doth cause him but to wallow ;
 The *Tortoyse* and the *Hedghog* both so slow,
As in their motion scarce discern'd to goe,
 Good footmen growne, contrary to their kinde,
 Left from the rest they should be left behinde ;
 The rooting *Mole* as to foretell the flood,
 Comes out of th'earth, and clambers vp the wood ;
 The little *Dormouse* leaues her leaden sleepe,
 And with the *Mole* vp to the *Arke* doth creepe,
 With many other, which were common then,
 Their kinde decayd, but now vnknowne to men,
 For there was none, that *Adam* ere did name,
 But to the *Arke* from euery quarter came ;
 By two and two the male and female beaft,
 From th'swifts to th' slowest, from greatest to the least,
 And

And as within the strong pale of a Parke,
So were they altogether in the *Arke*.

And as our God the *Beasts* had giuen in charge
To take the *Arke*, themselues so to imbarde,
He bids the Fowle, the Eagle in his flight,
Cleauing the thin *Ayre*, on the deck doth light ;
Nor are his eyes so piercing to controule
His lowly subiects the farre lesser Fowle,
But the *Almighty* who all Creatures fram'd,
And them by *Adam* in the Garden nam'd,
Had giuen courage, fast by him to sit,
Nor at his sharpe sight are amaz'd one whit ;
The Swanne by his great maker taught this good,
T'auoyd the fury of the falling flood,
His Boat-like breast, his wings rais'd for his sayle,
And Ore-like feet, him nothing to auayle
Against the Raine which likely was to fall,
Each drop so great, that like a ponderous Mall,
Might sinke him vnder water, and might drowne
Him in the Deluge, with the Crane comes downe,
Whose voyce the Trumper is, that throw the *Ayre*
Doth summon all the other to repayre
To the new *Arke* : when with his mooned traine,
The strutting Peacock yawling 'gainst the raine,
Flutters into the *Arke*, by his shrill cry,
Telling the rest the *Tempest* to be ny ;
The Iron-eating *Estridge*, whose bare *Thyes*
Refembling mans, fearing the lowring Skyes,
Walkes to the great Boat ; when the crowned Cock,
That to the Village lately was the Clock,
Comes to rooste by him, with his Hen, foreshewing
The shower should quickly fall, that then was brewing ;
The swift wing'd Swallow feeding as it flies,
With the fleet Martlet thrilling throw the Skyes,
As at their pastime sportiuly they were,
Feeling th'vnusuall moisture of the *Aer*,
Their feathers flag, into the *Arke* they come,

*The Storke
used to
build vpon
houses, lea-
ueth euer
one behinde
him for the
owner.*

As to some Rock or building, the owne home ;
 The ayry Larke his *Haleluiah* fung,
 Finding a slackneffe seaze vpon his tong,
 By the much moisture, and the Welkin darke,
 Drops with his female downe into the *Arke* ;
 The foaring Kyte there scantled his large wings,
 And to the *Arke* the houering Castrill brings ;
 The Rauen comes, and croking, in doth call
 The caryon Crow, and she againe doth brall,
 Foretelling raine ; by these there likewise fat
 The carefull Storke, since *Adam* wondred at
 For thankfulnessse, to those where he doth breed,
 That his ag'd Parents naturally doth feed,
 In filiall duty as instructing man :
 By them there fate the louing Pellican,
 Whose yong ones poyfned by the Serpents sting,
 With her owne blood to life againe doth bring :
 The constant Turtle vp her lodging tooke
 By these good Birds ; and in a little nooke
 The Nightingale with her melodious tongue
 Sadly there sits, as she had neuer fung ;
 The Merle and Mauis on the higheft spray,
 Who with their musick, wak't the early day,
 From the proud Cedars, to the *Arke* come downe,
 As though forewarn'd, that God the world would drowne,
 The prating Parret comes to them aboard,
 And is not heard to counterfeit a word ;
 The Falcon and the Doue sit there together,
 And th'one of them doth prune the others feather ;
 The Goshalke and the Feasant there doe twin,
 And in the *Arke* are pearcht vpon one pin,
 The Partridge on the Sparhalk there doth tend,
 Who entertaines her as a louing friend ;
 The rauenous Vulture feesles the small Birds fit
 Vpon his back, and is not mou'd a whit ;
 Amongst the thickest of these feuerall fowle
 With open eyes still fate the broad-fac'd Owle ;

And

And not a small bird as they wonted were,
 Either perfume or wondred at her there.
 No waylesse defart, Heath, nor Fen, nor More,
 But in by couples, sent some of their store ;
 The Ospray, and the Cormorant forbear
 To fish, and thither with the rest repayre :
 The Hearon leaues watching at the Riwers brim,
 And brings the Snyte and Plouer in with him.
 There came the Halcyon, whom the Sea obeyes,
 When she her nest vpon the water layes :
 The Goofe which doth for watchfulnesse excell,
 Came for the rest, to be the Sentinell.
 The charitable Robinet in came,
 Whose nature taught the others to be tame :
 All feathered things yet euer knowne to men,
 From the huge Rucke, vnto the little Wren ;
 From Forrests, Fields, from Riwers, and from Pons,
 All that haue webs, or clouen-footed ones ;
 To the Grand Arke, together friendly came,
 Whose feuerall species were too long to name.

*The mighty
 Indian
 Bird.*

The Beasts and Birds thus by the Angels brought,
 Noe found his Arke not fully yet was fraught,
 To shut it vp for as he did begin,
 He still saw Serpents, and their like come in ;
 The Salamander to the Arke retyers,
 To flye the Floud, it doth forsake the fiers :
 The strange Camelion, comes t'augment the crue,
 Yet in the Arke doth neuer change her hue :
 To these poore silly few of harmelesse things,
 So were there Serpents, with their teeth and stings
 Hurtfull to man, yet will th'Almighty haue,
 That Noe their feed vpon the earth should faue :
 The watchfull Dragon comes the Arke to keepe,
 But lul'd with murmure, gently fals to sleepe :
 The cruell Scorpion comes to clime the pyle,
 And meeting with the greedy Crocodyle,
 Into the Arke together meekely goe,

*Creeping
 things in the
 sixth of Gen.
 the 20. verse.*

*The Aspicke
hath a kell
of skin
which co-
uereth his
teeth untill
it be angry.*

** A Serpent
of an incre-
dible big-
nesse.*

And like kinde mates themfelues they there bestow :
The Dart and Dipfas, to the Arke com'n in,
Infold each other as they were a twinne.
The Cockatrice there kils not with his sight,
But in his obieſt ioyes, and in the Light ;
The deadly killing Aspicke when he feeth,
This world of creatures, sheaths his poyſoned teeth,
And with the Adder, and the ſpeckled Snake,
Them to a corner harmleſſly betake.
The Liſard ſhuts vp his ſharpe-ſighted eyes,
Amongſt theſe Serpents, and there ſadly lyes.
The ſmall-ey'd ſlowe-worme held of many blinde,
Yet this great Arke it quickly out could finde,
And as the Arke it was about to clime,
Out of its teeth ſhutes the inuenom'd ſlime.
Theſe viler Creatures on the earth that creepe,
And with their bellies the cold dewes doe ſweepe.
All theſe baſe groueling, and ground-licking fute,
From the large* Boas, to the little Neute ;
As well as Birds, or the foure-footed beaſts,
Came to the Arke their Hoſtry as *Noes* gueſts.
Thus fully furniſht, *Noe* need not to carke
For ſtowidge, for prouiſion for the Arke :
For that wiſe God, who firſt direction gaue,
How he the ſtructure of the Arke would haue :
And for his ſeruant could prouide this fraught,
Which thither he miraculoſly brought :
And did the food for euery thing puruaye,
Taught him on loſts it orderly to laye :
On fleſh ſome feed, as others fiſh doe eate,
Various the kinde, ſo various was the meate :
Some on fine graſſe, as ſome on groſſer weeds,
As ſome on fruits, ſo other ſome on feeds,
To ſerue for food for one whole yeare for all,
Vntill the Floud, which preſently ſhould fall
On the whole world, his hand againe ſhould drayne,
Which under water ſhould that while remaine.

Th'Almighty

Th'Almighty meafur'd the proportion fuch,
 As fhould not be too little, nor too much :
 For he that breath to euery thing did giue,
 Could not that God them likewife make to liue,
 But with a little ; and therewith to thriue,
 Who at his pleafure all things can contriue.

Now fome there be, too curious at this day,
 That from their reason dare not fticke to fay,
 The Floud a thing fictitious is, and vaine,
 Nor that the Arke could poffibly containe
 Thofe fundry creatures, from whose being came
 All liuing things man poffibly could name.
 I fay it was not, and I thus oppofe
 Them by my reason, ftrong enough for thofe,
 My inftance is a mighty Argofie,
 That in it beares, befide th'Artillery,
 Of fourefcore pieces of a mighty Boare,
 A thoufand fouldiers (many times and more)
 Befides the fayles, and armes for euery one,
 Cordage, and Anchors, and prouifion :
 The large-fpred Sayles, the Mafts both big and tall,
 Of all which *Noah's* Arke had no need at all :
 Within the fame eight perfons onely were,
 If fuch a fhip, can fuch a burthen beare :
 What might the Arke doe, which doth fo excell
 That Ship, as that fhip doth a Cockle fhell ;
 Being fo capacious for this mighty load,
 So long, fo high, and euery where fo broad ;
 Befide three lofts iuft of one perfect ftrength,
 And bearing out proportionably in length :
 So fitly built, that being thus imploy'd,
 There was not one ynch in the Arke was voyd,
 Befide I'll charge their reason to allow
 The Cubits doubled to what they are now,
 We are but Pigmeyes, (euen our talleft men)
 To the huge Gyants that were liuing then :
 For but th'Almighty, which (to this intent),

Ordain'd

Ordain'd the *Arke*, knew it sufficient,
 He in his wifedome (had he thought it meet)
 Could haue bid *Noah* to haue built a Fleet,
 And many Creatures on the earth since growne
 Before the floud that were to *Noah* vnknowne :
 For though the Mule begotten on the Mare,
 By the dull *Affe* (is said) doth neuer payre ;
 Yet fundry others, naturally haue mixt,
 And those that haue beene gotten them betwixt
 Others begot, on others from their kinde.
 In fundry Clymats, fundry beasts we finde,
 That what they were, are nothing now the same,
 From one selfe straine, though at the first they came ;
 But by the soyle they often altred be,
 In shape and colour as we daily see.

The opinions of the best naturalists that haue written.

** The names of the women were Tira, Pandora, Noella and Noegla : as some of the most ancient write, but Epiphanius will haue Noes wives name to be Barthenon.*

Now *Noahs* three sonnes all busie that had bin
 To place these creatures as they still came in :
Scm, Ham, and Iapheth, with their * Wifes assign'd,
 To be the Parents of all humane kinde :
 Seeing the *Arke* thus plentifully stor'd :
 The wondrous worke of the Almighty Lord,
 Behold their father looking euery houre,
 For this all drowning earth-destroying showre,
 When *Noe* their faith thus lastly to awake,
 To his lou'd Wife, and their sixe children spake.

*The mighty hand of God doe you not see,
 In these his creatures, that so well agree :
 Which were they not, thus mastred by his power,
 Vs silly eight would greedily deuoure :
 And with their hoofes and pawes, to splinters rend
 This onely Arke, in which God doth intend
 We from the Floud that remnant shall remaine,
 T'restore the world, in aged Adams straine :
 Yce seauen, with sad astonishment then see
 The wondrous things the Lord hath wrought for me.
 What haue I done, so gracious in his sight,
 Frailc wretched man, but that I iustly might*

Haue

*Haue with the earths abhominable brood,
 Bin ouer-whelm'd, and buried in the Floud:
 But in his iudgement, that he hath decreed,
 That from my loynes by your successefull seed,
 The earth shall be replenished agen,
 And the Almighty be at peace with men.
 A hundred yeares are past (as well you know)
 Since the Almighty God, his power to show
 Taught me the Modell of this mighty frame,
 And it the Arke commanded me to name.
 Be strong in faith, for now the time is nye,
 That from the conduits of the lofty skie,
 The Floud shall fall, that in short time shall beare
 This Arke we are in vp into the ayre,
 Where it shall floate, and further in the end,
 Shall fiftene cubits the high'st hils transcend.
 Then bid the goodly fruitfull earth adue,
 For the next time it shall be secne of you,
 It with an ill complexion shall appeare,
 The weight of water shall haue chang'd her cheere.
 Be not affrighted, when ye heare the rore
 Of the wide Waters when they charge the shore,
 Nor be dismayd at all, when you shall feele
 Th' unweeldy Arke from waue to waue to reele:
 Nor at the shreekes of those that swimming by
 On Trees and Rafters, shall for succour cry,
 O ye most lou'd of God, O take vs in,
 For we are guilty, and confesse our sinne.*

Thus whilst he spake, the skyes grew thicke and darke,
 And a blacke cloud hung houering o're the Arke.
*Venus and Mars, God puts this worke vpon
 Iupiter and Saturne in coniunction
 I'th tayle of Cancer, inundations thret.
 Luna disposed generally to wet,
 The Hiades and Pliades put too
 Their helpes; Orion doth what he can doe.
 No starre so small, but some one drop let downe,*

God
 makes the
 Starres his
 instru-
 ments to
 punish the
 wicked.

P

And

And all confpire the wicked world to drowne ;
On the wide heauen there was not any signe,
To watry *Pifces* but it doth incline.

Now some will aske, when th'*Almighty* God, (but *Noy*
And his) by waters did the world destroy ;
Whether those seauen then in *Arke* were good,
And iust as he, (reſerued from the Floud)
Or that th'*Almighty* for his onely ſake,
Did on the other ſuch compaſſion take :
'Tis doubtleſſe *Noe*, being one ſo cleerely iust,
That God did with his ſecret iudgements truſt
From the whole world ; one that ſo long had knowne
That liuing Lord, would likewiſe teach his owne
To know him too, who by this meane might be,
As well within the Couenant as he.

*A deſcrip-
tion of the
Tempeſt, at
the falling
of the De-
luge.*

By this the Sunne had ſuckt vp the vaſte deepe,
And in groſſe clouds like Ceſternes did it keepe :
The Starres and ſignes by Gods great wiſedome ſet,
By their coniunctions waters to beget,
Had wrought their vtmoſt, and euen now began
Th' *Almighties* iuſtice vpon ſinfull man :
From euery ſeuerall quarter of the ſkye,
The Thunder rores, and the fierce Lightnings flye
One at another, and together daſh,
Vole on vole, flaſh comes after flaſh :
Heauens lights looke ſad, as they would melt away,
The night is com'n i'th morning of the day :
The Card'nall Windes he makes at once to blow,
Whoſe blaſts to buffets with ſuch fury goe,
That they themſelues into the Center ſhot
Into the bowels of the earth and got,
Being condens'd and ſtrongly ſtifned there,
In ſuch ſtrange manner multiply'd the ayre,
Which turn'd to water, and increaſt the ſprings
To that abundance, that the earth forth brings
Water to drowne her ſelfe, ſhould heauen deny,
With one ſmall drop the Deluge to ſupply,

*Water is
but ayre
condenſ'd.*

That

That through her pores, the soft and spongy earth,
 As in a dropfie, or vnkindely birth,
 A Woman, fwolne, fends from her fluxiue wombe
 Her woosie fprings, that there was scarcely roome
 For the waste waters which came in so fast,
 As though the earth her entrailes vp would cast.
 But these seem'd yet, but easily let goe,
 And from some Sluce came softly in, and flow,
 Till Gods great hand so squee's'd the boysterous clouds,
 That from the spouts of heauens embatteld shrouds,
 Euen like a Floud-gate pluckt vp by the height,
 Came the wilde raine, with such a pondrous weight,
 As that the fiercenefse of the hurrying floud,
 Remou'd huge Rockes, and ram'd them into mud :
 Preffing the ground, with that impetuous power,
 As the first shooke of this drowning shower,
 Furrow'd the earths late plumpe and cheerefull face
 Like an old Woman, that in little space
 With ryueld cheekes, and with beard blubberd eyes,
 She wistly look'd vpon the troubled skyes.
 Vp to some Mountaine as the people make,
 Driuing their Cattell till the shower should flake :
 The Floud oretakes them, and away doth sweepe
 Great heards of Neate, and mighty flockes of Sheepe.
 Downe through a valley as one streame doth come,
 Whose roaring strikes the neighbouring Eccho dumbe :
 Another meetes it, and whilst there they striue,
 Which of them two the other backe should driue ;
 Their dreadfull currents they together dash,
 So that their waues like furious Tydes doe wash
 The head of some neere hill, which falleth downe
 For very feare, as it, it selfe would downe.
 Some backe their Beasts so hoping to swimme out,
 But by the Floud, incompass'd about
 Are ouerwhelm'd, some clamber vp to Towers,
 But these and them, the deluge foone deuoures :
 Some to the top of Pynes and Cedars get,

*The Roe
Deere the
swiftest
Beast
knowne.*

Thinking themselves they safely there should set :
 But the rude Floud that ouer all doth sway,
 Quickly comes vp, and carrieth them away.
 The Roes much swiftnesse, doth no more auail,
 Nor helpe him now, then if he were a Snayle :
 The swift-wing'd Swallow, and the slow-wing'd Owle,
 The fleetest Bird, and the most flagging Fowle,
 Are at one passe, the Floud so high hath gone,
 There was no ground to set a foot vpon :
 Those Fowle that followed moystnesse, now it flye,
 And leaue the wet Land, to finde out the dry :
 But by the mighty tempest beaten downe,
 On the blancke water they doe lye and drowne :
 The strong-built Tower is quickly ouerborne,
 The o're-growne Oake out of the earth is torne :
 The subtile shower the earth hath softned so,
 And with the waues, the trees toft to and fro ;
 That the rootes loosen, and the tops downe fway,
 So that the whole Forrests quickly swimme away.
 Th' offended heauen had shut vp all her lights,
 The Sunne nor Moone make neither daies nor nights :
 The waters so exceedingly abound
 That in short time the Sea it selfe is drownd.
 That by the freshnesse of the falling raine,
Neptune no more his saltnesse doth retaine :
 So that those scaly creatures vs'd to keepe,
 The mighty wafts of the immeasured deepe :
 Finding the generall and their naturall bracke,
 The taste and colour euery were to lacke ;
 Forfake those Seas wherein they swamme before,
 Strangely oppressed with their watry store.
 The crooked Dolphin on those Mountaines playes,
 Whereas before that time, not many daies
 The Goate was grazing ; and the mighty Whale,
 Vpon a Rocke out of his way doth fall :
 From whence before one eas'ly might haue seene,
 The wandring clouds farre vnder to haue beene.

The

The Grampus, and the Whirlpoole, as they roue,
 Lighting by chance vpon a lofty Groue
 Vnder this world of waters, are so much
 Pleas'd with their wombes each tender branch to touch,
 That they leaue flyme vpon the curled Sprayes,
 On which the *Birds* fung their harmonious Layes.
As huge as Hills still waues are wallowing in,
 Which from the world so wondrously doe winne,
 That the tall Mountaines which on tipto flood,
As though they scorn'd the force of any flood,
 No eye of heauen of their proud tops could see
 One foot, from this great inundation free.
As in the Chaos ere the frame was fix'd
 The *Ayre* and water were so strongly mix'd,
 And such a Bulke of Grofeneffe doe compose,
As in those thick Clouds which the Globe inclose,
 Th'all-working Spirit were yet againe to wade,
 And heauen and earth againe were to be made.
 Meane while this great and vniuerfall *Arke*,
 Like one by night were groping in the darke,
 Now by one *Billow*, then another rockt,
 Within whose boards all liuing things were lockt ;
 Yet *Noah* his safety not at all doth feare,
 For still the *Angels* his blest Barge doe steere :
 But now the Shower continued had so long,
 The inundation waxt so wondrous strong,
 That fiteene Cubits caus'd the *Arke* to moue
 The higheft part of any Hill aboue :
 And the groffe earth so violently binds,
 That in their Coasts it had inclos'd the winds ;
 So that the whole wide surface of the flood,
As in the full height of the tyde it stood,
 Was then as fleeke and euen as the Seas
 In the most still and calmeft Halcyon dayes :
 The *Birds*, the *Beasts* and *Serpents* safe on board,
 With admiration looke vpon thir Lord,
 The righteous *Noah* : and with submissiue feare,

*A simily of
 the grofneffe
 of the De-
 luge.*

P 3

Tremble

Tremble his graue and awfull voyce to heare,
 When to his Houshold (during their aboard)
 He preacht the power of the Almighty God.

Noah
preaching
faith to
his family.

Deare wife and children, quoth this godly Noy,
Since the Almighty vow'd he would destroy
The wicked world, a hundred yeares are past,
And see, he hath performed it at last ;
In vs poore few, the world consists alone,
And besides vs, there not remaineth one,
But from our seed, the emptied earth agen,
Must be repeopled with the race of men ;
Then since thus farre his couenant is true
Build ye your faith, on that which shall ensue:
Such is our God, who thus did vs imbarque
(As his select) to saue vs by the Arke,
And only he whose Angels guard our Boat,
Knowes ouer what strange Region now we float,
Or we from hence that very place can sound,
From which the Arke was lifted first from ground:
He that can span the world, and with a grip,
Out of the bowels of the clouds could rip
This masse of waters, whose abundant birth,
Almost to heauen thus drowneth vp the earth ;
He can remoue this Round if he shall please,
And with these waters can sup vp the Seas,
Can cause the Starres out of their Splicars to fall,
And on the winds can tosse this earthy Ball,
He can wrest drops from the Sunnes radiant beames,
And can force fire from the most liquid streames,
He curls the waues with whirlwinds, and doth make
The solid Center fearfully to shake,
He can stirre vp the Elements to warres,
And at his pleasure can compose their Iarres,
The Sands serue not his wondrous workes to count,
Yet doth his mercy all his workes surmount,
His Rule and Power eternally endures,
He was your Fathers God, he's mine, he's yours,

In

*In him deare wife and children put your trust,
He onely is Almighty, onely iust.*

But on the earth the waters were so strong,
And now the flood continued had so long,
That the let yeare foreslow'd about to bring
The Summer, Autumne, Winter, and the Spring,
The Gyryng Planets with their starry traine,
Downe to the South had funck, and rose againe
Vp towards the North, whilst the terrestriall Globe
Had bin involued in this watry Robe,
During which season euery twinckling light
In their still motion, at this monstrous sight,
By their complection a distraction shew'd,
Looking like Embers that through ashes glow'd.
When righteous *Noah* remembreth at the last,
The time prefix'd to be approaching fast,
After a hundred fifty dayes were gone,
Which to their period then were drawing on,
The flood should somewhat slack, God promist so,
On which relying, the iust godly *Noe*,
To try if then but one poore foot of ground,
Free from the flood might any where be found,
Lets forth a Rauē, which straight cuts the Skye,
And wondrous proud his reftyed wings to try,
In a large circle girdeth in the Ayre,
First to the East, then to the South, doth beare,
Followes the Sunne, then towards his going forth,
And then runnes vp into the ryfing North,
Thence climes the clouds to proue if his sharpe eye
From that proud pitch could possibly descry
Of some tall Rock-crown'd Mountaine, a small stone
A minuts space to set his foot vpon,
But finding his long labour but in vaine,
Returneth wearied to the Arke againe,
By which *Noah* knew he longer yet must stay,
For the whole earth still vnder water lay.

Seauen dayes he rests, but yet he would not cease,

(For

*The reuo-
lution of
the yeare by
a short Pe-
riphrasis.*

(For that he knew the flood must needs decreafe)
 But as the Raven late, he next sends out
 The damaske coloured Dove, his nimble Scout,
 Which thrills the thin Ayre, and his pyneons plyes,
 That like to lightning, glyding through the Skyes,
 His fundry coloured feathers by the Sunne,
 As his swift shadow on the Lake doth runne,
 Caufeth a twinckling both at hand and farre,
 Like that we call the shooting of a Starre ;
 But finding yet that labour lost had bin,
 Comes back to *Noah*, who gently takes him in.

Noah rests awhile, but meaning still to proue
 A second search, againe sends out the Dove,
 After other feauen, some better newes to bring,
 Which by the strength of his vnwearied wing
 Findes out at last, a place for his aboad,
 When the glad Bird staves all the day abroad,
 And wondrous proud that he a place had found,
 Who of a long time had not toucht the ground,
 Drawes in his head, and thrusteth out his breast,
 Spreadeth his tayle, and swelleth vp his crest,
 And turning round and round with Cuttry cooe,
 As when the female Pigeon and he woove ;
 Bathing himselfe, which long he had not done,
 And dryes his feathers in the welcome Sunne,
 Pruning his plumage, clensing euery quill,
 And going back, he beareth in his bill
 An Oliue leafe, by which *Noah* vnderstood
 The great decreafe and waning of the flood :
 For that on Mountaines Oliues seldome grow,
 But in flat Valleys and in places low ;
 Neuer such comfort came to mortall man,
 Neuer such ioy was since the world began,
 As in the Arke, when *Noah* and his behold
 The Oliue leafe, which certainly them told,
 The flood decreas'd, and they such comfort take,
 That with their mirth, the Birds and Beasts they make
 Sportiue,

Sportiue, which fend forth such a hollow noyfe
 As said they were partakers of their ioyes.
 The Lion roares, but quickly doth forbcare,
 Left he thereby the lesser Beasts should feare,
 The Bull doth bellow, and the Horſe doth nay,
 The Stag, the Buck, and ſhaghayrd Goat doe bray,
 The Boare doth grunt, the Woolfe doth howle, the Ram
 Doth bleate, which yet ſo faintly from him came,
 As though for very ioy he ſeem'd to weepe,
 The Ape and Muncky ſuch a chattering keepe
 With their thin lips, which they ſo well expreſt,
 As they would ſay, we hope to be releaſt ;
 The ſilly Aſſe ſet open ſuch a throat,
 That all the Arke reſounded with the note ;
 The watchfull Dog doth play, and ſkip, and barke,
 And leaps vpon his Maſters in the Arke,
 The Rauen cokes, the caryon Crow doth ſquall,
 The Pye doth chatter, and the Partridge call,
 The iocund Cock crowes as he claps his wings,
 The Merle doth whiſtle, and the Mauis ſings,
 The Nightingale ſtraines her melodious throat,
 Which of the ſmall Birds being heard to roat,
 They ſoone ſet to her, each a part doth take,
 As by their muſick vp a Quire to make,
 The Parrat lately ſad, then talks and ieerer,
 And counterfeiteth euery ſound he heares,
 The purblind Owle which heareth all this doo,
 T'exprefſe her gladneſſe, cryes Too whit too whoo.
 No Beſt nor Bird was in the Arke with *Noy*,
 But in their kinde expreſt ſome ſigne of ioy ;
 When that iuſt man who did himſelfe apply
 Still, to his deare and godly family,
 Thus to them ſpake (and with erected hands
 The like obedience from the reſt demands)

*The worlds foundation is not halfe ſo ſure
 As is Gods promiſe, nor is heauen ſo pure*

Q

As

*As is his word, to me most sinfull man ;
 To take the Arke who when I first began
 Sayd on the hundred and the fiftieth day,
 I should perceiue the Deluge to decay,
 And 'tis most certaine, as you well may know
 Which this poore Pidgeon by this leafe doth show.
 He that so long could make the waters stand
 About the earth, see how his powerfull hand
 Thrusts them before it, and so fast doth driue
 The Big swolne Billowes, that they seeme to strue
 Which shall fly fastest on that secret path,
 Whence first they came, to execute his wrath,
 The Sunne which melted euery Cloud to Raine,
 He makes it now to sup it vp againe:
 The wind by which he brought it on before
 In their declining driues it o'r and o'r,
 The tongs of Angells serue not to expresse,
 Neither his mercy, nor his mightinesse,
 Be ioyfull then in our greate God (sayth he)
 For we the Parents of Mankind shall be
 From vs poore few, (his pleasure that attend)
 Shall all the Nations of the earth descend ;*

When righteous Noy desirous still to heare,
 In what estate th'unweeldy waters were,
 Sends forth the Doue as he had done before,
 But it found drie land and came backe no more,
 Whereby this man precisely vnderstood,
 The greate decreafe of this world-drowning flood :
 Thus as the Arke is floating on the mayne,
 As when the flood rose, in the fall againe,
 With Currents still encountred euery where
 Forward and backward which it still doe beare,
 As the streame straytneth, by the rising Cleues
 Of the tall Mountaines, 'twixt which oft it driues,
 Vntill at length by Gods Almighty hand,
 It on the hills of *Ararat doth land.
 When those within it felt the Arke to strike,

*Mountains
 of a won-
 drous
 height,
 either
 within, or
 bordering
 upon Ar-
 menia.*

On

On the firme ground, was euer comfort like
 To theirs, which felt it fixed there to stay,
 And found the waters went so fast away ;
 That *Noah* set vp the couering of the Arke,
 That those which long had sitten in the darke,
 Might be saluted with the cheerfull light,
 (O since the world, was euer such a sight !)
 That creeping things aswell as Bird or Beast,
 Their seuerall comforts fundry wayes exprest ?
 His wife and children then ascend to see
 What place it was so happy that should be
 For th'Arke to rest on, where they saw a Plaine,
 A Mountaines top which seemed to containe,
 On which they might discern within their ken,
 The carkasses of Birds, of Beasts, and men,
 Choak'd by the Deluge, when *Noah* spake them thus,

*Behold th'Almighties mercy shew'd to vs,
 That thorow the waues our way not onely wrought,
 But to these Mountaines safely hath vs brought,
 Whose dainty tops all earthly pleasures crowne
 And one the Greene-sward sets vs safely downe.
 Had our most gracious God not beene our guide
 The Arke had fallne vpon some Mountaine side,
 And with a Rush remouing of our freight
 Might well haue turnd it backward with the waight
 Or by these Billows lastly ouer borne
 Or on some Rocke her ribbs might haue bin torne.
 But see except these heere, each liuing thing
 That crept, or went, or kept the Aire with wing,
 Lye heere before vs to manure the Land,
 Such is the power of Gods all workeing hand.*

In the six hundred yeere of that iust man
 The second month, the feuteenth day began,
 That horrid Deluge when Heauens windows were
 At once all opened, then did first appeare
 Th'Allmightys wrath, when for full forty days
 There raynd from Heauen not showers but mighty feas,

*In May ac-
 cording to
 the Exposi-
 tors,*

*Part of Sep-
tember and
part of
October.*

*In the same
moneth the
flood began,
& ceas'd:
which
made vp
one yeare.*

A hundred fifty dayes that so prevayld,
 About the Mountaines till the great Arke sayld,
 In the seauenth moneth, vpon the seauenteenth day,
 Like a Ship salne into a quyet Bay,
 It on the Hills of *Ararat* doth light :
 But *Noah* deny'd yet to discharge the Freight.
 For that the Mountaines cleerely were not seene,
 Till the first day of the tenth mon'th, when Greene
 Smyld on the blew Skyes, when the earth began
 To looke vp cheerly, yet the waters ran
 Still throw the Valleyes, till the mon'th againe
 In which before it first began to rayne ;
 Of which, the seauen and twentieth day expyr'd,
 Quite from the earth the waters were retyr'd:
 When the almighty God bad *Noah* to fet
 Open the Arke, at liberty to let
 The Beasts, the Birds, and creeping things, which came
 Like as when first they went into the same,
 Each male comes downe, his female by his side,
 As 'twere the Bridgroome bringing out his Bride,
 Till th'Arke was emptied, and that mighty load,
 For a whole yeare that there had bin bestow'd,
 (Since first that forty-dayes still-falling raine
 That drown'd the world, was then dry'd vp againe)
 Which with much gladnesse doe salute the ground,
 The lighter sort some caper, and some bound,
 The heauier creatures tumble them, as glad
 That they such ease by their enlargement had,
 The creeping things together fall to play,
 Ioy'd beyond measure, for this happy day,
 The Birds let from this Cage, doe mount the Skye,
 To shew, they yet had not forgot to flye,
 And sporting them vpon the ayry plaine,
 Yet to their master *Noah* they stoope againe,
 To leaue his presence, and doe still forbear,
 Till they from him of their releafe might heare,
 The Beasts each other wooe, the Birds they bill,

As

As they would say to *Noe*, they ment to fill
 The roomthy earth, then altogether voyd,
 And make, what late the deluge had destroyd.
 When Righteous *Noye*, who euer had regard
 To serue his God, immediately prepar'd
 To sacrifice, and of the cleaneft Beasts
 That in the Arke this while had bin his guefts,
 He seafeth, (yet obedient to his will)
 And of them, he for sacrifice doth kill :
 Which he and his religiously attend,
 And with the smoake their vowes and thanks ascend,
 Which pleas'd th'Almighty, that he promis'd then,
 Neuer by flood to drowne the world agen.
 And that mankinde his couenant might know,
 He in the clouds left the celestiall Bow.

*When to these liuing things quoth righteous Noe,
 Now take you all free liberty to goe,
 And euery way doe you your selues disperse,
 Till you haue fild this globy vniuerse
 With your increase, let euery soyle be yours,
 He that hath sau'd yee, faithfully assures
 Your propagation : and deare wife quoth he,
 And you my children, let your trust still be
 In your preseruer, and on him relye,
 Whose promise is that we shall multiply,
 Till in our dayes, of nations we shall heare
 From vs poore few in th'Arke that lately were.*

To make a new world, thus works euery one,
 The Deluge ceafeth, and the old is gone.

To this Poem.

S^EE how ingrate forgetfulnesse
 Circles vs round with dangers, (blesse,
 That all the Saints whom God doth highly
 To vs are strangers :
 Now Heau'n into our soules inspires
 No true cœlestiall motions :
 Lufts ardent flame hath dimm'd the holy fires
 Of our deuotions.
 While 'gainst blasphemers gen'rall fight
 Our painefull Author striueth,
 And happy spirits which liue in heauenly light
 On earth reuiueth.
 Thou Patriarke great, who with milde looks
 His lab'ring *Muse* beholdest : (bookes
 Reach him those leaues where thou in sacred
 All truth vnfoldest :
 And guide (like *Israel*) Poets hands
 From *Aegypt*, from vaine Stories,
 Onely to sing of the faire promis'd lands,
 And all their glories.

JOHN BEAUMONT.

Ad Michalem Draytonem.

D*Vm reluctantem* Pharium IEHOVAE
 Drayton, & fractum canis, & rubentes
Diuidis fluctus, equites reduc̃ta et
obruis vnda:

Instruis quanto monumenta nifu ?
Quam sacra nomen tibi crescit æde ?
Pyramis cedit peritura: cedit
totaq; Memphis.

Cedit, & quicquid posuere reges
Molibus fisci nimium superbis.
O facer vatis labor! a rapaci
tempore tutus.

BEALE SAPPERTON.

To M. Michael Drayton.

THy noble *Muse* already hath beene spred (climes,
 Through *Europe* and the Sun-scorch'd Southerne
 That Ile where *Saturnes* royall Sonne was bred,
 Hath beene enricht with thy immortall rimes :
 Euen to the burnt line haue thy poems flowne,
 And gain'd high fame in the declining West,
 And o're that cold Sea shall thy name be blowne,
 That Icie mountaines rowleth on her brest :
 Her soaring hence so farre made me admire,
 Whether at length thy worthy *Muse* would flie,
 Borne through the tender ayre with wings of fire,
 Able to lift her to the starrie skie :

This work resolu'd my doubts, when th'earths repleate
 With her faire fruit, in Heau'n shee'le take her feate.

THOMAS ANDREVVE.

Ex arduis æternitas.

MOSES HIS BIRTH AND MIRACLES.

THE FIRST BOOKE.

¶ The Argument.

*This Canto our attracted Muse
The Prophets glorious birth pursues,
The various changes of his fate,
From humbleness to high estate,
His beautie, more than mortall shape,
From Egypt how he doth escape,
By his faire bearing in his flight,
Obtaines the louely Midianite,
Where God vnto the Hebrew spake,
Appearing from the burning brake,
And backe doth him to Egypt send,
That mighty things doth there intend.*

Girt in bright flames, rapt from celestially fire,
That our vnwearied faculties refine,
By zeale tranſported boldly we aspire
To ſing a ſubieſt gloriously diuine :
Him that of mortals onely had the grace,
(On whom the Spirit did in ſuch power deſcend)

R

To

To talke with God face oppofite to face,
Euen as a man with his familiar friend.

Mufe I inuoke the vtmoft of thy might,
That with an armed and aufpitious wing,
Thou be obfequious in his doubtleffe right
'Gainft the vile Atheifts vituperious ftिंग :
Where thou that gate induftrioufly mai'ft flie,
Which Nature ftriues but fainedly to goe,
Borne by a power fo eminent and hie,
As in his courfe leaues reafon farre below,
To fhew how Poefie (fimplie hath her praife)
That from full *Ioue* takes her celeftiall birth,
And quicke as fire, her glorious felfe can raife
Aboue this bafe abhominable earth.

O if that *Time* haue happily referu'd,
(Besides that facred and canonicke writ,
What once in Slates and Barkes of trees was keru'd)
Things that our *Mufes* grauitie may fit,
Vnclafpe the worlds great Register to mee,
That fmoakie ruft hath very neere defac'd,
That I in thofe dim Characters may fee,
From common eyes that hath afide beene caft,
And thou Translator of that faithfull Mufe
This A L L S creation that diuinely fong,
From Courtly *French* (no trauaile do'ft refufe)
To make him Mafter of thy *Genuin* tong,
Saluft to thee and *Siluefter* thy friend,
Comes my high Poem peaceably and chafte,
Your hallow'd labours humbly to attend
That wrackfull *Time* fhall not haue power to wafte.

A gallant Hebrew (in the height of life)
Amram a Leuit honourably bred,
Of the fame off-fpring wan a beauteous wife,
And no leffe vertuous, goodly *Iacobed* :
So fitly pair'd that (without all oftent)
Euen of the wife it hardly could be fayd

Which

Which of the two was moſt preheminent,
 Or he more honour'd, or ſhe more obayd,
 In both was found that liueliehood and meetnes,
 By which affection any way was mou'd :
 In him that ſhape, in her there was that ſweetnes,
 Might make him lik'd or her to be belou'd :
 As this commixtion, fo their married mind
 Their good corrected, or their ill releu'd,
 As truly louing as diſcreetly kinde,
 Mutuallie ioy'd, as mutuallie greeu'd :
 Their nuptiall bed by abſtinence maintain'd,
 Yet ſtill gaue fewell to Loues ſacred fire,
 And when fruition plentifully gain'd,
 Yet were they chaſte in fulnes of deſire.

Now grieued *Iſrael* many a wofull day,
 That at their vile ſeruilitie repin'd,
 Preſs'd with the burdens of rude boiſtrous clay,
 By ſterne Egyptian tyrannie assign'd :
 Yet ſtill the more the Hebrewes are oppreſt
 Like to Frim ſeed they fructifie the more
 That by th'eternall providence fore-bleſt,
Goſhen giues roomth but ſcantly to their ſtore.
 And the wiſe Midwiues in their naturall neede,
 That the faire males immediatlie ſhould kill,
 Hating ſ'abhord, and Hetheniſh a deede,
 Check his harſh brutenes and rebellious will.
 That ſmall effect perceiuing by the ſame,
 Bids the men-children (greatelie that abound)
 After that day into the world that came,
 Vpon their birth ſhould instantly be drown'd :
 And now the time came had bin long foretold,
 He ſhould be borne vnto the Hebrewes ioy,
 Whoſe puiſſant hand ſuch fatall power ſhould hold,
 As in ſhort time all *Egipt* ſhould deſtroy.
 The execution which more ſtrongly forc'd,
 And euery where ſo generally done,
 As in ſmall time vnnaturally divorc'd,

R 2

Many

Joseph.

Many a deare Mother, and as deare a Sonne.
 Though her chaste bosome that faire Altar were,
 Where Loues pure vowes he dutifully pay'd,
 His Armes to her a Sanctuary deare,
 Yet they so much his tyranny obey'd,
 By free consent to separate their bed,
 Better at all no Children yet to haue,
 Then their deare loue should procreate the dead,
 Vntimely issue for a timelesse graue.
 When in a vision whilst he slept by night,
 God bids him so not *Iacobed* to leaue,
 The man that *Egypt* did so much affright,
 Her pregnant wombe should happily conceaue.
 Soone after finding that she was with child,
 The same conceales by all the meanes she can,
 Left by th'apparance she might be beguild,
 If in the birth it prou'd to be a man.
 The time she goes till her accompt was nie,
 Her swelling belly no conception shoves,
 Nor at the time of her deliury,
 As other women panged in her throwes.
 When lo the faire fruit of that prospering wombe
 Wounds the kinde parents in their prime of ioy,
 Whose birth pronounceth his too timelesse doombe
 Accus'd by Nature, forming it a boy :
 Yet tis so sweet, so amiably faire,
 That their pleas'd eies with rapture it behold,
 The glad-fad parents full of ioy and care
 Faine would referue their Infant if they could,
 And still they tempt the fundrie varying howers,
 Hopes and despaire together strangely mixt,
 Distasting sweets with many cordiall fowers,
 Opposed interchangeably betwixt.
 If ought it ayl'd or hapleslie it cride,
 Vnheard of any that she might it keepe,
 With one short breath she did intreat and chide,
 And in a moment she did sing and weepe.

Three

Three lab'ring months them flatterer-like beguilde,
 And danger still redoubling as it lasts,
 Suspecting most the safety of the Childe,
 Thus the kinde Mother carefully forecasts :
 (For at three moneths a scrutinie was held,
 And searchers then sent euery where about,
 That in that time if any were conceal'd,
 They should make prooffe and straitly bring them out :)
 To *Pharoes* will she awfully must bow,
 And therefore hastens to abridge these feares,
 And to the flood determines it shall goe,
 Yet ere it went shee'll drowne it with her teares.
 This afternoone Loue bids a little stay,
 And yet these pauses doe but lengthen sorrow,
 But for one night although she make delay,
 She vowes to goe vnto his death to morrow.
 The morning comes, it is too early yet,
 The day so fast not hast'ning on his date,
 The gloomy Euening murther best doth fit,
 The Euening come, and then it is too late.
 Her pretty Infant lying on her lap
 With his sweet eyes her threatning rage beguiles,
 For yet he playes, and dallies with his pap,
 To mock her sorrowes with his am'rous smiles,
 And laugh'd, and chuck'd : and spred the pretty hands,
 When her full heart was at the point to breake,
 (This little Creature yet not vnderstands
 The wofull language mothers teares did speake.)
 Wherewith surpriz'd, and with a parents loue,
 From his faire eyes she doth fresh courage take,
 And Natures lawes allowing, doth reprove
 The fraile Edicts that mortall Princes make.
 It shall not die, she'll keepe her child vnknowne,
 And come the worst in spight of *Pharoes* rage,
 As it is hers, she will dispose her owne,
 And if't must, it't die at riper age.
 And thus reuoluing of her frailties care,

A thousand strange thoughts throng her troubled minde,
 Sounding the dangers deeply what they are,
 Betwixt the lawes of cruelty and kinde.
But it must die, and better yet to part,
Since preordain'd to this disastrous fate,
His want will fit the neerer to the heart
In riper and more flourishing estate.
The perfect husband whose impressuë soule,
Tooke true proportion of each pensiue throw,
Yet had such power his passion to controule,
As not the same immediately to shew.
With carriage full of comelineesse and grace,
As griefe not felt nor sorrow seem'd to lacke,
Courage and feare so temp'red in his face,
*Thus his beloued *Iacob* bespake.*
 Deare heart be patient, stay these timelesse teares,
 Death of thy Son shall neuer quite bereaue thee,
 My soule with thine, that equall burthen beares,
As what he takes, my Loue againe shall giue thee :
*For *Israels* sinne if *Israels* seed must suffer,*
And we of meere necessity must leaue him,
 Please yet to grace me with this gentle offer,
 Giue him to me by whom thou didst conceyue him.
 So though thou with so deare a iewell part,
 This yet remayneth lastly to releue thee,
 Thou hast impos'd this hindrance on my heart,
 Anothers losse shall need the lesse to grieue thee,
 Nor are we Hebrewes abieſt by our name,
 Though thus in *Egypt* hatefully despised,
 That we that blessing fruitlesly should clayme
 Once in that holy Couenant comprised,
 It is not fit Mortality should know
 What his eternall prouidence decreed,
 That vnto *Abraham* ratifi'd the vowe
 In happy *Sara* and her hallowed seed.
 Nor shall the wrong to godly *Ioseph* done
 In his remembrance euer be enrould,

By *Jacobs* sighes for his lost little sonne
 A Captiu'd slaue to the Egyptians sold :
 Reason sets limmets to the longest grieve,
 Sorrow scarce past when comfort is returning,
 He sends affliction that can lend releefe,
 Best that is pleas'd with measure in our mourning.

Lost in her selfe, her spirits are so distracted,
 All hopes dissolv'd might fortifie her further,
 Her minde seemes now of misery compacted,
 That must consent vnto so deere a murder.
 Of slime and twigs she makes a simple shread
 (The poore last duty to her child she owes
 This pretty martyr, this yet liuing dead)
 Wherein she doth his little corps enclose :
 And meanes to beare it presently away,
 And in some water secretly bestow it,
 But yet a while bethinkes her selfe to stay,
 Some little kindnesse she doeth further owe it :
 Nor will she in this cruelty perseuer,
 That by her meanes his timelesse blood be spilt,
 If of her owne she doth her selfe deliuer,
 Let others hands be nocent of the guilt :
 Yet if she keepe it from the ruthlesse flood
 That is by *Pharo's* tyranny assign'd it,
 What bootes that wretched miserable good,
 If so dispos'd where none doe come to finde it,
 For better yet the Homicide should kill it,
 Or by some beast in peeces to be rent,
 Than lingring famine cruelly should spill it,
 That it endure a double languishment :
 And neighbouring neere to the *Egyptian* Court,
 She knowes a place that neere the riuer side
 Was oft frequented by the worthier sort,
 For now the spring was newly in her pride.
 Thither she hastes but with a paynfull speed
 The neereft way she possibly could get,
 And by the cleere brimme mongst the flags and reede,

Her

Her little Coffin carefully she fet :
 Her little Girle (the Mother following neere)
 As of her Brother that her leaue would take,
 Which the sad woman vnexpecting there,
 Yet it to helpe her kindly thus bespake :
 (Quoth she) sweet *Miriam* secretly attend,
 And for his death see who approacheth hether,
 That once for all assured of his end,
 His dayes and mine be consummate together,
 It is some comfort to a wretch to die
 (If there be comfort in the way of death)
 To haue some friend or kinde alliance by,
 To be officious at the parting breath :
 Thus she departs, oft stayes, oft turneth backe,
 Looking about lest any one espi'd her,
 Faine would she leaue, that leauing she doth lacke,
 That in this sort so strangely doth diuide her.
 Vnto what Dame (participating kinde)
 My verse her sad perplexitie shall showe,
 That in a softned and relenting minde
 Findes not a true touch of that Mothers woe.
 Yet all this while full quietly it slept,
 (Poore little Brat incapable of care)
 Which by that powerfull prouidence is kept,
 Who doth this childe for better daies prepare.
 See here an abiect vtterly forlorne,
 Left to destruction as a violent prey,
 Whom man might iudge accursed to be borne,
 To darke obliuion moulded vp in clay,
 That man of might in after times should bee
 (The bounds of fraile mortality that brake)
 Which that Almighty gloriously should see,
 When he in thunder on mount *Sinai* spake.
 Now *Pharaoh's* Daughter *Termuth* young & faire,
 With such choyce Maydens as she fauour'd most,
 Needes would abroad to take the gentle ayre,
 Whilst the rich yeere his braueries seem'd to boast :

Softly

Softly ſhe walkes downe to the ſecret flood,
 Through the calme ſhades moſt peaceable & quiet,
 In the coole ſtreames to check the pampred blood,
 Stir'd with ſtrong youth and their delicious diet ;
 Such as the Princeſſe, ſuch the day addreſſed,
 As though prouided equally to paire her,
 Either in other fortunately bleſſed
 She by the day, the day by her made fairer,
 Both in the height and fulneſſe of their pleaſure,
 As to them both ſome future good diuining,
 Holding a ſteadie and accompliſh'd meaſure,
 This in her perfect cleareneſſe, that in ſhining.
 The very ayre to emulate her meekeneſſe,
 Stroue to be bright and peaceable as ſhe,
 That it grew iealous of that fodaine ſleekeneſſe,
 Fearing it oſter otherwiſe might be :
 And if the fleet winde by ſome rigorous gale
 Seem'd to be mou'd, and patiently to chide her,
 It was as angry with her lawnie vaile,
 That from his fight it enuiouſly ſhould hide her :
 And now approching to the flow'rie meade
 Where the rich Summer curiouſly had dight her,
 Which ſeem'd in all her iollitie arayde,
 With Natures coſt and pleaſures to delight her :
 See this moſt bleſſed, this vnusuall hap,
 She the ſmall basket ſooner ſhould eſpie,
 That the Childe wak'd, and miſſing of his pap,
 As for her ſuccour inſtantly did cry ;
 Forth of the flagges ſhe cauſ'd it to be taken,
 Calling her Maids this Orphanet to ſee,
 Much did ſhe ioy an Innocent forſaken
 By her from perill priuiledg'd might be :
 This moſt ſweet Princeſſe pittifull and milde,
 Soone on her knee vnſwathes it as her owne,
 Found for a man, ſo beautifull a Childe,
 Might for an Hebrew eaſily be knowne :
 Noting the care in dreſſing it beſtow'd,

S

Each

Each thing that fitted gentleneffe to weare,
 Iudg'd the sad parents this lost Infant ow'd,
 Were as invulgar as their fruit was faire,
 (Saith she) my minde not any way suggests
 An vnchaste wombe these lineaments hath bred,
 For thy faire brow apparently contests
 The currant stampe of a cleane nuptiall bed :
 She nam'd it *Moyfes*, which in time might tell
 (For names doe many mysteries expound)
 When it was young the chance that it befell,
 How by the water strangely it was found,
 Calling Melch women that Egyptians were,
 Once to the teat his lips he would not lay,
 As though offended with their sullied leare,
 Seeming as still to turne his head away.

The little Girle that neere at hand did lurke,
 (Thinking this while she tarried but too long)
 Finding these things so happily to worke,
 Kindely being crafty, wife as she was yong,
 Madame (saith she) wilt please you I prouide
 A Nurse to breed the Infant you did finde,
 There in an Hebrew dwelling here beside,
 I know can doe it fitly to your minde :
 For a right Hebrew if the Infant be,
 (As well produce you instances I can,
 And by this Childe as partly you may see,)
 It will not sucke of an *Egyptian*.
 The courteous Princeesse offered now so faire,
 That which before she earnestly desir'd,
 That of her foundling had a speciall care,
 The Girle to fetch her instantly requir'd.
 Away the Girle goes, doth her Mother tell
 What fauor God had to her brother showne,
 And what else in this accident befell,
 That she might now be Nurse vnto her owne.
 Little it bootes to bid the Wench to ply her,
 Nor the kinde Mother hearken to her sonne,

Nor

Nor to prouoke her to the place to hie her,
 Which seem'd not now on earthly feete to runne :
 Slow to her selfe yet hasting as she flew,
 (So fast affection forward did her beare)
 As though forewafted with the breath she drew.
 Borne by the force of nature and of feare,
 Little the time, and little is the way,
 And for her businesse eithers speede doth craue,
 Yet in her haste bethinkes her what to say,
 And how her selfe in prefence to behaue,
 Slack shee'l not seeme left to anothers trust
 Her hopefull charge were happily directed,
 Nor yet too forward shew her selfe she must,
 Left her sweet fraud thereby might be suspected,
 Com'n she doth bow her humbly to the ground,
 And euery ioynt incessantly doth tremble,
 Gladnesse and feare each other so confound,
 So hard a thing for Mothers to diffemble.
 Saith this sweet *Termuth*, well I like thy beautie,
 Nurse me this Childe (if it thy state behouue)
 Although a Prince ile not enforce thy dutie,
 But pay thy labour, and reward thy loue :
 Though euen as Gods is *Pharaohs* high command,
 And as strong Nature so precise and strict,
 There rests that power yet in a Princess hand,
 To free one Hebrew from this strong edict :
 That shall in rich abilliments be dight,
 Deck'd in the Iems that admirabl't shine,
 Wearing our owne roabe gracious in our sight,
 Free in our Court, and nourished for mine :
 Loue him deare Hebrew as he were thine owne,
 Good Nurse be carefull of my little Boy,
 In this to vs thy kindenesse may be showne,
 Some Mothers griefe, is now a Maydens ioy.

This while all mute, the poore astonish'd Mother,
 With admiration as transpearced stood,
 One bursting ioy doth so confound another.

Passion so powerfull in her rauish'd blood.
 Whisp'ring some soft words which deliuered were,
 As rather seem'd her silence to impart,
 And being inforc'd from bashfulnesse and feare,
 Came as true tokens of a gracefull heart.
 Thus she departs her husband to content,
 With this deare present backe to him she brought,
 Making the time short, telling each euent,
 In all shapcs ioy presented to her thought.
 Yet still his manly modesty was such
 (That his affections strongly so controlde,)
 As if ioy seem'd his manly heart to touch,
 It was her ioy and gladnesse to behold :
 When all reioyc'd vnmou'd thereat the whiles,
 In his graue face such constancie appeares,
 As now scarce shewing comfort in his smiles,
 Nor then reuealing sorrow in his teares :
 Yet oft beheld it with that stedfast eye,
 Which though itsdain'd the pleasdnesse to confesse,
 More in his lookes in fulnesse there did lie,
 Than all their words could any way expresse.

Iosephus.
Vet. Come-
ser.

In time the Princeesse playing with the Childe,
 In whom she seem'd her chiefe delight to take,
 With whom she oft the wearie time beguil'd,
 That as her owne did of this Hebrew make :
 It so fell out as *Pharaoh* was in place,
 Seeing his daughter in the Childe to ioy,
 To please the Princeesse, and to doe it grace,
 Himselfe vouchsafes to entertaine the Boy :
 Whose shape and beautie when he did behold
 With much content his Princely eye that sed,
 Giuing to please it, any thing it would,
 Set his rich Crowne vpon the Infants head,
 Which this weake Childe regarding not at all
 (As such a Babie carelesly is meete)
 Vnto the ground the Diadem let fall
 Spurning it from him with neglectfull feete.

Which

Which as the Priests beheld this ominous thing
 (That else had past vnnoted as a toy.)
 As from their skill report vnto the King,
 This was the man that *Egypt* should destroy.
 Tolde by the *Magi* that were learn'd and wise,
 Which might full well the iealous King enflame,
 Said by th'*Egyptian* ancient prophecies
 That might giue credite easlier to the same.
 She as discreete as she was chaste and faire,
 With Princely gesture and with count'nance milde
 By things that hurtfull and most dangerous were
 Showes to the King the weakenesse of the Childe :
 Hot burning coales doth to his mouth present,
 Which he to handle simply doth not sticke,
 This little foole, this retchlesse Innocent
 The burning gleed with his soft tongue doth licke :
 Which though in *Pharaoh* her desire it wrought,
 His babish imbecilitie to see,
 To the Childes speech impediment it brought,
 From which he after neuer could be free.

The Childe grew vp, when in his manly face
 Beautie was seene in an vnusuall cheere,
 Such mixtures sweet of comelineffe and grace
 Likely apparell'd in complexion cleere.
 The part of earth contends with that of heauen,
 Both in their proper puritie excelling,
 To whether more preheminance was giuen,
 Which should excell the dweller or the dwelling.
 Mens vsuall stature he did farre exceede,
 And euery part proportioned so well,
 The more the eye vpon his shape did feede,
 The more it long'd vpon the fame to dwell :
 Each ioynt fuch perfect Harmonie did beare,
 That curious iudgement taking any lim
 Searching might misse to match it any where,
 Nature so fail'd in parallelling him :
 His haire bright yellow, on an arched brow

Sate all the beauties kinde could euer frame,
 And did them there so orderly bestow,
 As such a feate of maiestie became.
 As time made perfect each exterior part,
 So still his honour with his yeeres encreas'd,
 That he fate Lord in many a tender heart,
 With such high fauours his faire youth was blefs'd.

So fell it out that *Æthiop* warre began,
 Inuading *Egypt* with their armed powers,
 And taking spoiles, the Country ouer-ran
 To where as *Memphis* vaunts her climbing Towers,
 Wherefore they with their Oracles conferre
 About th'euent, which doe this anfwere make,
 That if they would tranfport this ciuill warre,
 They to their Captaine must an Hebrew take,
 And for faire *Moyfes* happily was growne
 Of so great towardnesse and especiall hope,
 Him they doe choofe as absoluteft knowne
 To leade their power against the *Æthiope*.
 Which they of *Termuth* hardly can obtaine,
 Though on their *Altars* by their Gods they vowe
 Him to deliuer safe to her againe,
 (Once the warre ended) safe as he was now.
 Who for the way the *Armie* was to passe,
 That by th'*Egyptians* onely was intended,
 Most part by water, more proluxious was
 Than present perill any whit commended :
 To intercept the *Æthiopians* wrought
 A way farre nearer who their Legions led,
 Which till that time impassible was thought,
 Such store of Serpents in that place was bred :
 Deuis'd by Birds this danger to eschew,
 Whereof in *Egypt* be exceeding store,
 The *Storke*, and *Ibis*, which he wifely knew,
 All kindes of Serpents naturally abhore.
 Which he in Baskets of *Ægyptian* reede,
 Borne with his caridge safely doth conuay,

And

And where incampeth fets them forth to feede,
 Which driue the Serpents presently away.
 Thus them preuenting by this subtill courfe,
 That all their succour sodainly bereft,
 When *Æthiop* flies before th'*Egyptian* force,
 Shut vp in *Saba* their laft refuge left.
 Which whilst with ftrait fiedge they beleagred long,
 The Kings faire Daughter haps him to behold,
 And became fettered with affection ftrong,
 Which in fhort time could hardly be controlde,
Tarbis that kindled this rebellious rage,
 That they to *Egypt* tributorie were,
 When the olde King decrepit now with age,
 She in his ftead the foueraigntie did beare.
 Vp to his *Tower* where fhe the Camp might fee,
 To looke her new Loue euery day fhe went,
 And when he hap'ned from the field to be,
 She thought her bleft beholding but his *Tent*,
 And oftentimes doth modeftly inuay
 'Gainft him the Citie walled firft about,
 That the ftrong fite fhould churlifhly denay
 Him to come in, or her for paffing out,
 Had the gates beene but foftned as her breaft
 (That to behold her loued enemie ftands)
 He had ere this of *Saba* beene poffeft,
 And therein planted the *Egyptian* bands :
 Oft from a place as fecretly fhe might
 (That from her Pallace look'd vnto his *Tent*)
 When he came forth appearing in his fight,
 Shewing by fignes the loue to him fhe ment.
 For in what armes it pleas'd him to be dight,
 After the Hebrew or th'*Egyptian* guife :
 He was the braueft, the moft goodly wight
 That euer graced *Æthiop* with his eyes.
 And finding meanes to parley from a place,
 By night, her paffion doth to him difcouer,
 To yeeld the Citie if he would embrace

Comefter.

Her

Her a true Princeſſe, as a faithfull Louer.
 The feature of ſo delicate a Dame,
 Motiues ſufficient to his youth had beene,
 But to be Lord of Kingdomes by the fame,
 And of ſo great and obſolute a Queene,
 Soone gently ſtole him from himſelfe away,
 That doth to him ſuch rarities partake,
 Off'ring ſo rich, ſo excellent a prey,
 Louing the treaſon for the Traytors ſake.

But whilſt he liued in this glorious vaine,
Israel his conſcience oftentimes doth moue,
 That all this while in *Egypt* did remaine
 Vertue and grace o'recomming youth and loue.
 And though God knowes vnwilling to depart,
 From ſo high Empire wherein now he ſtood,
 And her that fate ſo neere vnto his heart,
 Such power hath *Israel* in his happie blood,
 By ſkill to quit him forcibly he wrought,
 As he was learn'd and traded in the ſtarres,
 Both by the Hebrewes, and th'*Egyptians* taught,
 That were the firſt, the beſt Aſtronomers,
 Two ſundry figures makes, whereof the one
 Cauſe them that weare it all things paſt forget,
 As th'other of all accidents foregone
 The memory as eagerly doth whet.
 Which he inſculped in two likely ſtones,
 For rareneſſe of inualuable price,
 And cunningly contriu'd them for the nones
 In likely rings of excellent deuife :
 That of obliuion giuing to his Queene,
 Which ſoone made ſhow the violent effect
 Forgot him ſtraight as he had neuer beene,
 And did her former kindeneſſes neglect.
 The other (that doth memorie aſſiſt)
 Him with the loue of *Israel* doth enflame,
 Departing thence not how the Princeſſe wiſt,
 In peace he leaues her as in warre he came.

Comeſter
ex Vet.
Script.

But

But all the pleasures of th'*Egyptian* Court,
 Had not such power vpon his springing yeeres,
 As had the sad and tragicall report
 Of the rude burdens captiu'd *Israel* beares,
 Nor what regards he to be grac'd of Kings?
 Or flatred greatnes idely to awaite?
 Or what respects he the negotiating
 Matters comorting Emperie and State?
 The bondage and seruilitie that lay
 On buried *Israel* (sunke in ordurous slime)
 His greeued spirit downe heauily doth way,
 That to leane care oft leant the prosperous time
 A wreched Hebrew hap'ned to behold
 Bruf'd with sad burdens without all remorse
 By an *Egyptian* barb'rously controlde,
 Spurning his pin'd and miserable corse
 Which he beholding vexed as he stood,
 His faire veines swelling with impatient fire,
 Pittie and rage so wrestled in his blood
 To get free passage to conceaued ire,
 Rescuing the man th'*Egyptian* doth resist:
 (Which from his vile hands forcibly he tooke)
 And by a strong blowe with his valiant fist,
 His hatefull breath out of his nostrils strooke,
 Which through his courage boldly dare auerre,
 In the proud power of his Emperious hand,
 Yet from high honour deigneth to interre,
 The wretched carkasse in the smouldring sand.
 Which then suppos'd in secret to be wrought,
 Yet still hath Enue such a iealous eye,
 As soorth the same incontinent it fought,
 And to the King deliuered by and by,
 Which soone gaue vent to *Pharo's* couered wrath,
 Which till this instant reason did confine,
 Opening a strait way, and apparant path
 Vnto that greate and terrible designe:
 Most for his safaty forcing his retreat

T

When

When now affliction euery day did breed,
 And when reuengfull tyrannie did threate
 The greateſt horrou to the Hebrew feed.
 To *Midian* now his Pilgrimage he tooke,
Midian earthes onely Paradice for pleaſures,
 Where many a ſoft Rill, many a ſliding Brooke,
 Through the ſweet vallies trip in wanton meaſures,
 Whereas the curl'd Groues and the flowrie fields,
 To his free ſoule ſo peaceable and quiet
 More true delight and choiſe contentment yeelds,
 Than *Egipts* braueries and luxurious diet :
 And wandring long he hap'ned on a Well,
 Which he by pathes frequented might eſpie,
 Bordred with trees where pleaſure ſeem'd to dwell,
 Where to repoſe him, eaſ'ly downe doth lie :
 Where the ſoft windes did mutually embrace,
 In the coole Arbours Nature there had made,
 Fanning their ſweet breath gently in his face
 Through the calme cincture of the am'rous ſhade.
 Till now it nigh'd the noone-ſtead of the day,
 When ſcorching heat the gadding Heardſ do grieue.
 When Shepheards now and Heardſmen euery way,
 Their thirſting Cattell to the Fountaine driue :
 Amongſt the reſt ſeuē Shepheardeſſes went
 Along the way for watring of their Sheepe,
 Whoſe eyes him ſeemed ſuch reflection ſent,
 As made the Flocks euen white that they did keepe :
 Girles that ſo goodly and delightfull were,
 The fields were freſh and fragrant in their viewe,
 Winter was as the Spring time of the yeere,
 The graffe ſo proud that in their footſteps grewe :
 Daughters they were vnto a holy man,
 (And worthy too of ſuch a Sire to be)
Iethro the Prieſt of fertile *Midian*,
 Few found ſo iuſt, ſo righteous men as he.
 But ſee the rude Swaine, the vntutour'd ſlaue,
 Without reſpect or reu'rence to their kinde,
Away

Away their faire flocks from the water draue,
 Such is the nature of the barb'rous Hinde.
 The Maides (perceauing where a stranger fat)
 Of whom those Clownes so basely did esteerne,
 Were in his presence discontent thereat,
 Whom hee perhaps improuident might deeme.
 Which he perceauing kindly doth entreate,
 Reproues the Rusticks for that off'red wrong,
 Auerring it an iniurie too great,
 To such (of right) all kindeneffe did belong.
 But finding well his Oratorie faile,
 His fifts about him frankly he bestowes,
 That where perswasion could not let preuaile,
 He yet compelleth quickly by his blowes.
 Entreates the Dam'fels their aboade to make.
 (With Courtly semblance and a manly grace,)
 At their faire pleasures quietly to take,
 What might be had by freedome of the place.
 Whose beautie, shape, and courage they admire,
 Exceeding these, the honour of his minde,
 For what in mortall could their hearts desire,
 That in this man they did not richly finde ?
 Returning fooner then their vsuall hower,
 All that had hapned to their Fathers tould,
 That such a man relieu'd them by his power,
 As one all ciuill curtesie that could :
 VVho full of bountie hospitably meeke
 Of his behauiour greatly pleaf'd to heare,
 Forthwith commands his seruants him to seeke,
 To honour him by whom his honour'd were :
 Gently receiues him to his goodly seat,
 Feasts him his friends and families among,
 And him with all those offices entreat,
 That to his place and vertues might belong.
 Whilst in the beauty of those goodly Dames,
 Wherein wise Nature her owne skill admires,
 He feeds those secret and impiercing flames,

Nurs'd in fresh youth, and gotten in desires :
 Wonne with this man this princely Priest to dwell,
 For greater hire then bounty could deuise,
 For her whose prayse makes praise it selfe excell,
 Fairer then fairnesse, and as wisdomes wife.
 In her, her Sisters feuerally were seene,
 Of euery one she was the rarest part,
 Who in her presence any time had beene,
 Her Angell eye transpierced not his heart.
 For *Zipora* a Shepherds life he leads,
 And in her sight deceiues the subtill howres,
 And for her sake oft robs the flowrie meades,
 With those sweet spoiles t'enrich her rurall bowres.
 Vp to mount *Horeb* with his flocke he tooke,
 The flocke wife *Iethro* willed him to keepe,
 Which well he garded with his Shepherds crooke,
 Goodly the Shepherd, goodly were the Sheepe :
 To feede and folde full warily he knew,
 From Fox and Wolfe his wandring flockes to free,
 The goodli'st flowers that in the meadowes grew
 Were not more fresh and beautifull than hee.
 Gently his fayre flockes lessow'd he along,
 Through the Frim pastures freely at his leasure,
 Now on the hills, the vallies then among,
 Which seeme themselues to offer to his pleasure.
 Whilst featherd *Silvans* from each blooming spray,
 With murm'ring waters wiftly as they creepe,
 Make him such musicke (to abridge the way,)

As fits a Shepherd company to keepe.
 When loe that great and fearefull God of might
 To that faire Hebrew strangely doth appeare,
 In a bush burning visible and bright
 Yet vnconsuming as no fire there were :
 With hayre erected and vpturned eyes,
 Whilst he with great astonishment admires,
 Loe that eternall Rector of the skies,
 Thus breathes to *Moyfes* from those quickning fires,

Shake

Shake off thy Sandals (faith the thund'ring God)
 With humbled feet my wondrous power to see.
 For that the soyle where thou hast boldly trod,
 Is most select and hallowed vnto me :
 The righteous *Abraham* for his God me knew,
Isaac and *Jacob* trusted in mine Name,
 And did beleue my Couenant was true,
 Which to their feed shall propagate the fame :
 My folke that long in *Egypt* had bene hard,
 Whose cries haue entred heauens eternall gate,
 Our zealous mercy openly hath heard,
 Kneeling in teares at our eternall State.
 And am come downe, them in the Land to see,
 Where streames of milke through batfull Valleys flow,
 And luscious hony dropping from the tree,
 Load the full flow'rs that in the shadowes grow :
 By thee my power am purposed to trie,
 That from rough bondage shalt the Hebrewes bring,
 Bearing that great and fearfull Embassie
 To that Monarchall and Emperious King.
 And on this Mountaine (standing in thy sight,)
 When thou returnest from that conquered Land,
 Thou hallow'd Altars vnto me shalt light,
 This for a token certainly shall stand.

O who am I ! this wondring man replies,
 A wretched mortall that I should be sent,
 And stand so cleere in thine eternall eyes,
 To doe a worke of such astonishment :
 And trembling now with a transfixed heart,
 Humbling himfelfe before the Lord (quoth hee)
 Who shall I tell the Hebrewes that thou art,
 That giu'st this large commission vnto me ?
 Say (quoth the Spirit from that impetuous flame)
 Vnto the Hebrewes asking thee of this,
 That 'twas, I AM : which onely is my Name,
 God of their Fathers, so my Title is :
 Diuert thy course to *Goshen* then againe,

T 3

And

And to divulge it constantly be bold,
 And their glad eares attractiue ly retaine,
 With what at *Sinay Abrahams* God hath told :
 And tell great *Pharo*, that the Hebrewes God
 Commands from *Egypt* that he set you free,
 Three iournies thence in Defarts farre abroad,
 To offer hallow'd sacrifice to mee.
 But he refusing to dismisse you so,
 On that proud King Ile execute such force
 As neuer yet came from the Sling, the Bow,
 The keen edg'd Curt'lax, or the puissant Horse ;
 But if th'afflicted miserable sort
 To idle incredulity inclin'd,
 Shall not (quoth *Moyfes*) credit my report,
 That thou to me hast so great power assign'd.
 Cast downe (saith God) thy Wand vnto the ground,
 Which hee obeying fearefully, beholde
 The same a Serpent sodainly was found,
 It selfe contorting into many a folde.
 With such amazement *Moyfes* doth surprize
 With colde convulsions shrinking euery vaine,
 That his affrighted and vplifted eyes
 Euen shot with horror, sinke into his braine.
 But being encourag'd by the Lord to take
 The vgly taile into his trembling hand,
 As from a dreame he sudainely doth wake,
 When at the instant it became a wand.
 By the same hand into his bosome shut,
 Whose eyes his withered leprosie abhor'd,
 When forth he drewe it secondly be'ng put,
 Vnto the former puritie restor'd.
 These signes he giues this sad admiring man,
 Which he the weake incredulous should showc,
 When this fraile mortall freshly now began
 To forge new causes, why vnfit to goe ?
Egypt accusing to haue done him wrong,
 Scantling that bountie Nature had bestow'd,

Which

Which had welnere depriu'd him of his tong,
 Which to this office chiefly had beene ow'd.
 When he whose wisdom Nature must obey,
 In whose resistance reason weakely failes,
 To whom all humane instances giue way,
 Gainst whom not subtile Argument preuailes
 Thus doth reproue this idle vaine excuse,
 Who made the mouth ? who th'eie ? or who the eare ?
 Or who depriues those organs of their vse ?
 That thou thy imbecillitie should'ft feare ?
 Thy brother *Aaron* commeth vnto thee,
 Which as thy Speaker purpofely I bring,
 To whom thy selfe euen as a God shalt bee,
 And he interpret to th'*Egyptian* King.
 That when he at thy miracles shall wonder,
 And wan with feare shall tremble at thy rod,
 To feele his power that fwayes the dreadfull thunder,
 That is a iealous and a fearefull God.
 Then shall mine owne selfe purchase me renowne,
 And win me honour by my glorious deede
 On all the *Pharo's* on th'*Egyptian* throne,
 That this proud mortall euer shall succeede.

THE

THE SECOND BOOKE.

¶ The Argument.

*Moyſes doth his meſſage bring,
 Acts miracles before the King,
 With him the Magi doe contend,
 Which he doth conquer in the end,
 When by the extenſure of the wand,
 He brings ten plagues upon the Land,
 And in deſpight of Pharo's pride,
 From Goſhen doth the Hebrewes guide.*

VHen now from *Midian Moſes* forward fet,
 With whom his wife & faire retinew went,
 Where on his way him happily hath met
 His brother *Aron* to the Lords intent,

And to the Hebrewes in th'impatient hand,
 Of mighty *Egypt* all his power implies,
 And as the Lord expreſſy did command,
 Acteth his wonders in their pleaſed eyes.
 Thoſe myracles mortality beholds
 With an aſtoniſh'd and diſtracted looke,
 The minde that ſo amazedly enfolds,
 That euery ſenſe the faculty forſooke.
 The little Infant with abundant ioy,
 To mans eſtate immediatly is ſprung,
 And though the old man could not back turne boy,
 Caſts halfe his yeeres ſo much becomming yong,
 Whilſt mirth in fulneſſe meaſureth euery eye,
 Each breaſt is heap'd vp with exceſſe of pleaſure,
 Rearing their ſpred hands to the glorious Skie,
 Gladly imbracing the *Almighties* leaſure.

Theſe

These Hebrewes entring the Egyptian Court,
 Their great Commission publicly proclaime,
 Which there repulsed as a slight report,
 Doth soone denounce defiance to the same.
 Where now these men their miracles commend,
 By which their power precisely might be tride,
 And *Pharo* for his Sorcerers doth fend,
 By them the Hebrewes only to deride.
 Where Heauen must now apparantly transcend
 Th'infernall powers Emperiously to thwart,
 And the bright perfect Deitie contend
 With abstruse Magicke and fallacious Art.
 Neuer was so miraculous a strife
 Where admiration euer so abounded,
 Where wonders were so prodigally rise,
 That to behold it Nature stood confounded.
 Casting his rod a Serpent that became,
 Which he suppos'd with maruaile them might strike,
 When euery Priest assaying in the same,
 By his black skill did instantly the like :
 Which *Pharo's* breast with arrogance doth fill,
 Aboue the high Gods to exalt his power,
 When by his might (t'amate their weaker skill)
 The Hebrewes rod doth all the rods deuoure :
 Which deed of wonder slightly he reiects,
 His froward Spirit insatiably elate,
 Which after caus'd those violent effects
 That fate on *Egypt* with the power of Fate.
 When he whose wisdom ere the world did fare,
 From whom not counsell can her secrets hide,
 Forewarneth *Moses* early to prepare
 T'accoft the proud King by the riuers side.

*What heauenly rapture doth enrich my braine,
 And through my blood extrauagantly flowes,
 That doth transport me to that endlesse maine,
 Whereas th' Almighty his high glories shoues ?
 That holy heat into my Spirit infuse,*

V

Where-

*Wherewith thou woul'st thy Prophets to inspire,
And lend that power to our delightfull Muse,
As dwelt in sounds of that sweet Hebruaek Lyre.
A taske vnusuall I must now assay,
Striuing through perill to support this masse,
No former foot did euer tract a way,
Where I propose vnto my selfe to passe.*

*The 1.
Plague.*

When *Moses* meeting the Egyptian King,
Vrgeth a fresh the Israelites departing,
And him by *Aaron* stoutly menacing,
To try the temper of his stubborne heart.
When loe the Torrent the fleet hurrying flood
So cleere and perfect Christalline at hand,
As a black lake or fetled marish stood
At th'extensure of the Hebrewes wand.
Where Segs, ranck Bulrush, and the sharpned Reed
That with the fluxure of the waue is led,
Might be discern'd vnnaturally to bleed,
Dying their fresh greene to a fullied red :
Like issuing vlcers euery little Spring,
That being ripened voyd the filthy core,
Their lothsome slime and matter vomiting
Into the Riuers they enrich'd before :
What in her banks hath batning *Nilus* bred,
Serpent, or Fish, or strange deformed thing
That on her bosome she not beareth dead,
Where they were borne them lastly burying ?
That Bird and Beast incontinently fly
From the detested and contagious stinke,
And rather choose by cruell thirst to dye,
Then once to taste of this contaminate drinke,
And vsfull Cisternes delicatly fild,
With which rich *Egypt* wondrously abounds,
Looking as Bowles receiuing what was spild
From mortall and immedicable wounds.
That the faint earth euen poys'ned now remains,
In her owne selfe so grievously deiected,
Horrid pollution traouailing her vaines.

The

The spongy foyle, that digging deepe and long
 To foke cleere liquor from her plenteous pores,
 This bloody iffue breaketh out among,
 As sickly menſtrues or inueterate fores :
 Seuen dayes continuing in this flux of blood,
 Sadly fits *Egypt* a full weeke of woe,
 Shame taints the brow of euery ſtew and flood,
 Bluſhing, the world her filthineſſe to ſhow.
 Yet ſdaines proud *Pharo Iſrael* thus to free,
 Nor this dire plague his hardned heart can tame,
 Which he ſuppos'd but fallaces to bee,
 When his Magitians likewiſe did the ſame.

When he againe that glorious Rod extends
 'Gainſt him that Heauen denieth thus to dare.
 On *Egypt* ſoone a ſecond plague that ſends,
 Which he till now ſeem'd partially to ſpare
 The foyle, that late the owner did enrich
 Him his faire Heards and goodly flocks to feed,
 Lies now a leyſtall a or common ditch,
 Where in their Todder loathly Paddocks breed.
 Where as the vp-land montanous and hie
 To them that ſadly doe behold it ſhowes,
 As though in labour with this filthy frie,
 Stirring with paine in the parturious throwes :
 People from windowes looking to the ground,
 At this ſtupendious ſpectacle amazed,
 See but their ſorrow euery where abound,
 That moſt abhorring whereon moſt they gazed.
 Their Troughes and Ouens Toadſtooles now become,
 That Huſwifes wont ſo carefully to keepe,
 Theſe loathſome creatures taking vp the roome,
 And croking, there continually doe creepe.
 And as great *Pharo* on his Throne is ſet,
 From thence affrighted with this odious thing,
 Which crawling vp into the ſame doth get
 And him depoſing ſitteth as a King.
 The wearied man his ſpirits that to reſreſh
 Gets to his bed to free him from his feare,

Scarce

Scarce laid but feesles them at his naked flesh,
 So small the succour that remaineth there.
 No Court so close to which the speckled Toad
 By some small cranny creepes not by and by,
 No Tower so strong nor naturall abroad,
 To which for safety any one might fly :
Egypt now hates the world her so should call,
 Of her owne selfe so grievously asham'd,
 And so contemned in the eyes of all,
 As but in scorne she scarcely once is nam'd.
 When this prophane King with a wounded heart
 (His *Magi* though these miracles could doe)
 Sees in his foule one greater then their Art,
 Aboue all power, that put a hand thereto :
 But as these plagues and sad afflictions ceas'd
 At the iust prayer of this milde godlike man,
 So *Pharoes* pride and stubbornesse encreas'd,
 And his lewd course this head-strong Mortall ran.
 Which might haue surelier setled in his minde,
 (At his request which *Moses* quickly flew,
 Leauing a stench so pestilent behinde)
 As might preferue old sorowes freshly new.
But stay my Muse in height of all this speed,
Somewhat plucks back to quench this sacred heat,
And many perils doth to vs areed
In that whereof we seriously entreat.
Lest too concise iniuriously we wrong
Things that such state and fearfulnessse impart,
Or led by zeale irregularly long,
Infringe the curious liberties of Art,
We that calumnious Critick may eschew,
That blasteth all things with his poysoned breath,
Detracling what laboriously we doe,
Onely with that which he but idely saith.
O bc our guide whose glories now we preach,
That aboue Bookes must steere vs in our Fate,
For neuer Ethnick to this day did teach,

(In

(*In this*) whose method we might imitate.

When now these men of miracle proceed,
 And by extending of that wondrous wand,
 As that resistlesse prouidence decreed,
 Thereby brings Lyce on the distemp' red Land :
 All struck with Lyce so numberlesse they lie,
 The dust growne quick in euery place doth creepe,
 The sands their want doe secondly supply,
 As they at length would suffocate the Deepe :
 That th'atoms that in the beames appeare,
 As they the Sunne through cranies shining see,
 The forme of those detested things doe beare,
 So miserable the *Egyptians* bee :
 Who rak'd the brands that passed Euening burn'd,
 (As is the vse the Mornings fire to keepe)
 To these foule vermine findes the ashes turn'd,
 Couering the Harth, so thick thereon they creepe :
 Now Prince and pefant equally are drest,
 The costliest silkes and courtest rags alike,
 The worst goes now companion with the best,
 The hand of God so generally doth strike.
 The Kings Pauillion and the Captiues pad
 Are now in choice indifferent vnto either,
 Great, small, faire, foule, rich, poore, the good and bad
 Doe suffer in this pestilence together,
 In vaine to cleanse, in vaine to purge, and pick,
 When euery Moath that with the breath doth rife,
 Forthwith appeareth venemously quick,
 Although so small scarce taken by the eyes.
 By which his wisdome strongly doth preuaile,
 VVhen this selfe-wife, this ouerweening man,
 Euen in the least, the flightest thing doth faile,
 The very beggar absolutely can,
 VVhen now these VVizards with transfix'd hearts
 To make his glory by the same the more,
 Confesse a Godhead shining through their Arts.
 VVhich by their Magicks they deni'd before.

The 3
Plague.

Yet this proud *Pharo* as oppugning fate,
 Still doth resist that Maiestie so hie,
 And to himselfe doth yet appropriate
 A supream power his Godhead to deny.
 When from his wilfull stubborneffe doth grow
 That great amazement to all eares and eyes,
 When now the Lord by *Aarons* Rod will shew
 His mighty power euen in the wretched't Flies,
 Varying his vengeance in as many kindes,
 As *Pharo* doth his obstinacies vary,
 Suting his plagues so fitly with their mindes,
 As though their sinne his punishments did cary.
 In Summer time as in an Euening faire,
 The Gnats are heard in a tumultuous sound
 On tops of hils, so troubled is the ayre
 To the disturbance of the wondring ground.
 The skies are darkned as they yet doe houer
 In so grosse clouds congested in their flight,
 That the whole Land with multitudes they couer,
 Stopping the streames as generally the light.
 O cruell Land, might these not yet thee moue?
 Art thou alone so destitute of feare?
 Or dost thou meane thy vtmost to approue
 How many plagues thou able art to beare?
 Three haue forethreatned thy destruction fure,
 And now the fourth is following on as fast,
 Dost thou suppose thy pride can still endure?
 Or that his vengeance longer cannot last?
 These are as weake and worthlesse as the rest,
 Thou much infeeble, and his strength is more,
 Fitly prepar'd thee sadly to infest
 Thy finnes so many, by their equall store.
 This wretched creature man might well suppose
 To be the least that he had need to feare,
 Amongst the rest is terrifi'd with those
 With which before none euer troubled were.
 As we behold a swarming cast of Bees

In

In a wolne clufter to fome branch to cleaue
 Thus doe they hang in bunches on the trees,
 Preffing each plant, and loading eu'ry greaue.
 The houfes couered with thefe muft'ring Flies,
 And the faire windowes that for light were made,
 Eclips'd with horror, feeming to their eyes
 Like the dimme twilight, or fome ominous fhade.
 For humane food what *Egypt* had in ftore,
 The creatures feed on, till they burfting die,
 And what in this vnhappy Land was more,
 Their loathfome bodies laftly putrifie.

O goodly *Gofhen* where the Hebrewes reft,
 How deare thy children in th'Almighties fight,
 That for their fakes thou onely fhould'ft be bleft,
 When all thefe plagues on the *Egyptians* light?
 What promis'd people refted thee within,
 To whom no perill euer might aspire,
 For whose deare fake fome watchfull Cherubin
 Stood to defend thee arm'd in glorious fire?
 Thou art that holy Sanctuary made,
 Where all th'afflicted caft afide their feare,
 Whose priuiledges euer to inuade,
 The Heauens command their horrors to forbear.
 But fince mans pride and infolence is fuch,
 Nor by thefe plagues his will to paffe could bring,
 Now with a fharp and wounding hand will touch
 The dearer body of each living thing:
 To other ends his courfes to direct.
 By all great meanes his glory to aduance,
 Altreth the caufe by altring the effect,
 To worke by wonder their deliuerance.

As *Aaron* grafping afhes in his hand,
 Which fcarcely caft into an open aire,
 But brings a murraine ouer all the Land,
 With fcabs and botches fuch as neuer were
 What chews the cud, or hoofe or horne allotted,
 Wild in the fields, or tamed by the yoke,

*The 5
 Plague.*

With

VVith this contagious pestilence is rotted,
 So vniuerfall's the Almightyes stroke.
 The goodly Horfe of hot and fiery straine
 In his high courage hardly brook'd his food,
 That Ditch or Mound not lately could containe,
 On the firme ground so scornfully that stood,
 Crest-falne hangs downe his hardly manag'd head,
 Lies where but late disdainfully he trod,
 His quick eye fixed heauily and dead,
 Stirres not when prick'd with the impulsive goad.
 The Swine which Nature secretly doth teach,
 Onely by fasting sicknesse to cure,
 Now but in vaine is to it selfe a Leech,
 VVhose suddaine end infallibly is sure.
 VVhere frugall Shepheards reckoning wooll and lamb
 Or who by Heards hop'd happily to winne,
 Now sees the young-one perish with the damme,
 Nor dare his hard hand touch the poys'ned skinne.
 Those fertile pastures quickly ouer-spread
 VVith their dead Cattell, where the birds of prey
 Gorg'd on the garbidge (wofully bestead)
 Pois'ned fall downe as they would fly away.
 And hungry dogs the tainted flesh refrain'd,
 VVhereon their Master gormondiz'd of late,
 VVhat Nature for mans appetite ordain'd,
 The creature that's most rauenous doth hate.
 Thus all that breathes and kindly hath encrease,
 Suffer for him that proudly did offend,
 Yet in this manner here it shall not cease,
 In Beasts begun, in wretched man to end.
 To whom it further violently can,
 Not by th'Almighty limited to flake,
 As Beast is plagued for rebellious man,
 Man in some measure must his paine partake.
 Those dainty breasts that open'd lately were,
 VVhich with rich vaines so curiously did flow,
 VVith Biles and Blaines most loathsome doe appeare,
 VVhich

*The 6
 Plague.*

Which now the Dam'zell not desires to show,
 Features disfigur'd onely now the faire
 (All are deformed) most ill-fauour'd be,
 Where beautie was most exquisite and rare,
 There the least blemish easili't you might see.
 For costly garments fashon'd with deuice
 To forme each choise part curious eyes to please,
 The sicke mans Gowne is onely now in price
 To giue their bloch'd and blistred bodies ease,
 It is in vaine the Surgeons hand to proue,
 Or helpe of Physicke to asswage the smart,
 For why the power that ruleth from aboue
 Crosseth all meanes of industrie and Art.

Egypt is now an Hospitall forlorne,
 Where onely Cripples and diseased are,
 How many Children to the world are borne,
 So many Lazars thither still repaire.
 When those proud *Magi* as oppos'd to Fate,
 That durst high Heau'n in eu'ry thing to dare,
 Now in most vile and miserable state
 As the mean'st Caitiue equally doe fare.
 Thus stands that man so eminent alone,
 Arm'd with his power that gouerneth the skie,
 Now when the Wizards lastly ouerthrowne,
 Groueling in fores before his feete doe lie,
 Not one is found vnpunished escapes
 So much to doe his hungry wrath to feede,
 Which still appeareth in as many shapcs
 As *Pharaoh* doth in tyrannies proceede.
 Euen as some graue wise Magistrate to finde
 Out some vile treason, or some odious crime
 That beareth euery circumstance in minde,
 Of place, of manner, instance, and of time :
 That the suspected strongly doth arest,
 And by all meanes inuention can deuise
 By hopes or torture out of him to wrest
 The ground, the purpose, and confederacies,

*A similitude
 Gods in-
 justice.*

X

Now

Now slack his paine, now doth the same augment,
 Yet in his strait hand doth containe him still,
 Proportioning his allotted punishment
 As hee's remou'd or pliant to his will.
 But yet hath *Egypt* somewhat left to vaunt,
 What's now remaining, may her pride repaire,
 But lest she should perhaps be arrogant,
 Till she be humbled he will neuer spare.
 These plagues seeme yet but nourished beneath,
 And euen with man terrestrially to moue,
 Now Heauen his furie violently shall breath,
 Rebellious *Egypt* scourging from aboue.

The 7.
Plague.

Winter let loose in his robustious kinde
 Wildly runnes rauing through the airie plaines,
 As though his time of liberty assign'd
 Roughly now shakes off his impris'ning chaines.
 The windes set fire in one anothers face,
 And mingled flames fight furiously together,
 Through the mild Heauen that one the other chase,
 Now flying thence and then returning thether.
 No light but lightning ceaselesly to burne
 Swifter than thought from place to place to passe,
 And being gone doth sodainly returne
 Ere you could say precisely that it was.
 In one selfe moment darkeness and the light
 Instantly borne, as instantly they die,
 And euery minute is a day and night
 That breakes and sets in twinkling of an eye.
 Mountaine and valley suffer one selfe ire,
 The stately Tower and lowly coate alike,
 The shrub and Cedar this impartiall fire
 In one like order generally doth strike,
 On flesh and plant this subtile lightning praies,
 As through the pores it passage fitly findes,
 In the full wombe the tender burthen slaies,
 Piercing the stiffe trunk through the spongie rindes
 Throughout this great and vniuersall Ball

The

The wrath of Heauen outrageously is throwne,
 As the lights quickning and Celestiall,
 Had put themſelues together into one.
 This yet continuing the big-bellied clouds,
 With heate and moiſture in their fulneſſe brake,
 And the ſterne Thunder from the ayrie ſhrouds
 To the ſad world in feare and horreur ſpake.
 The blacke ſtorme bellowes and the yerning vault,
 Full charg'd with furie as ſome ſignall giuen,
 Preparing their artillirie t' aſſault,
 Shoot their ſterne vollies in the face of Heauen.
 The bolts new wing'd with fork'd Æthereall fire,
 Through the vaſt Region euery where doe roue,
 Goring the earth in their impetuous ire,
 Pierce the proud'ſt building, rend the thickeſt Groue.
 When the breeme Haile as riſing in degrees
 Like ruffled arrowes through the aire doth ſing,
 Beating the leaues and branches from the trees,
 Forcing an Autumne earlier than the Spring.
 The Birds late ſhrouded in their ſafe repaire,
 Where they were wont from Winters wrath to reſt,
 Left by the tempeſt to the open aire
 Shot with cold bullets through the trembling breſt.
 Whilſt cattell graſing on the batfull ground,
 Finding no ſhelter from the ſhowre to hide
 In ponds and ditches willingly are drown'd,
 That this ſharpe ſtorme no longer can abide :
 Windowes are ſhiuered to forgotten duſt,
 The ſlates fall ſhatt'ed from the rooſe aboue,
 Where any thing findes harbour from this guſt,
 Now euen as death it feareth to remoue.
 The rude and moſt impenitrable rocke
 Since the foundation of the world was laid,
 Neuer before ſtir'd with tempeſtuous ſhocke,
 Melts with this ſtorme as ſenſibly afraid.
 Neuer yet with ſo violent a hand,
 A brow contracted and ſo full of feare,

God scourg'd the pride of a rebellious Land,
 Since into Kingdomes Nations gathered were.
 But he what Mortall was there euer knowne,
 So many strange afflictions did abide
 On whom so many miseries were throwne,
 Whom Heauen so oft and angerly did chide?
 Who but relenting *Moyfes* doth relieue?
 Taking off that which oft on him doth light,
 Whom God so oft doth punish and forgiue,
 Thereby to proue his mercy and his might.
 So that eternall prouidence could frame
 The meane whereby his glory should be tride,
 That as he please, miraculously can tame
 Mans sensuall wayes, his transitorie pride.
 But *Pharaoh* bent to his rebellious will,
 His hate to *Israel* instantly renues,
 Continuing Author of his proper ill,
 When now the plague of Grahhoppers ensues.

*The 8.
 Plague.*

Long ere they fell, on'th face of Heauen they hong,
 In so vast clouds as couered all the skies,
 Colouring the Sun-beames piercing through their throng,
 With strange distraction to beholding eyes.
 This idle creature that is said to sing
 In wanton Sommer, and in *Winter* poore,
 Praising the Emmets painefull labouring,
 Now eates the labourer and the heaped store:
 No blade of grasse remaineth to be seene,
 Weed, hearb, nor flower, to which the Spring giues birth,
 Yet eu'ry path euen barren hills are greene,
 With those that eate the greenenesse from the earth.
 What is most sweet, what most extreameely fowre,
 The loathsome Hemlock as the verdurous Rose,
 These filthy Locusts equally deuoure,
 So doe the Heauens of euery thing dispoſe.
 The trees all barcklesse nakedly are left
 Like people stript of things that they did weare,
 By the enforcement of disaſtrous theft,

Stan-

Standing as frighted with erected haire.
 Thus doth the Lord her nakednesse discouer,
 Thereby to proue her stoutnesse to reclaime,
 That when nor feare, nor punishment could moue her,
 She might at length be tempred with her shame.
 Difrob'd of all her ornament she stands,
 Wherein rich Nature whilome did her dight,
 That the sad verges of the neighbouring lands
 Seeme with much sorrow wondring at the sight.
 But *Egypt* is so impudent and vile,
 No blush is seene that pittie might compell,
 That from all eyes to couer her awhile,
 The Lord in darkenesse leaueth her to dwell.

Ouer the great and vniuerfall face
 Are drawne the Curtaines of the horrid night,
 As it would be continually in place,
 That from the world had banished the light.
 As to the sight, so likewise to the tuch
 Th'appropriate obiect equally is dealt,
 Darkenesse is now so palpable and much,
 That as 't is seene, so easily is felt.
 Who now it hap'd to trauell by the way,
 Or in the field did chance abroad to rome,
 Loosing himfelfe then wandred as a stray,
 Nor findes his hostrie, nor returneth home.
 The Cocke the Country horologe that rings,
 The cheerefull warning to the Sunnes awake,
 Missing the dawning scantles in his wings,
 And to his Roost doth sadly him betake.
 One to his neighbour in the darke doth call,
 When the thicke vapour so the aire doth smother,
 Making the voyce so hideous there withall,
 That one's asfeard to goe vnto the other.
 The little Infant for the Mother shreekes,
 Then lyes it downe astonished with feare,
 Who for her Childe whilst in the darke she seekes,
 Treads on the Babe that she doth holde so deare.

*The 9.
 Plague.*

X 3

Darkc-

Darkenesse so long vpon the Land doth dwell,
 Whilst men amaz'd, the houres are stolne away,
 Erring in time that now there's none can tell,
 Which should be night, and which should be the day.
 Three doubled nights the proud *Egyptian* lyes
 With hunger, thirst, and wearinesse opprest,
 Onely relieued by his miseries,
 By feare enforced to forget the rest.
 Those lights and fires they laboured to defend
 With the foule dampe that ouer all doth flowe
 Such an eclipsed fullidnesse doth send,
 That darkenesse farre more terrible doth shew :
 When this perplexed and astonish'd King
 'Twixt rage and feare distracted in his minde,
Israel to passe now freely limiting,
 Onely their cattell to be staid behinde.
 Commanding *Mosyes* to depart his sight,
 And from that time to see his face no more,
 Which this milde man doth willingly aquite
 That he well knew would come to passe before.
 That for the Droues the *Israelites* should leaue,
 Forbid by *Pharaoh* to be borne away :
Israel shall *Egypt* of her store bereaue,
 To beare it with her as a violent prey :
 So wrought her God in the *Egyptians* thought,
 As he is onely prouident and wise,
 That he to passe for his choise people brought,
 More than mans wisedome euer might deuise.
 Touching their soft breasts with a wounding loue
 Of those who yet they enuiously admir'd,
 Which doth the happy *Iacobites* behoue,
 To compasse what they instantly requir'd,
 That euery Hebrew borrowed of a friend,
 Some speciall Iewell fainedly to vse,
 Euery *Egyptian* willing is to lend,
 Nor being ask'd can possibly refuse.
 Now Closets, Chefts, and Cabinets are fought

For

For the rich Iem, the raritie, or thing,
 And they the happiest of the rest are thought,
 That the high't priz'd officiously could bring.
 Rings, chaines, and bracelets, iewels for the eare,
 The perfect glorious, and most lustrous stone,
 The Carcanet so much requested there,
 The Pearle most orient, and a Paragon.
 What thing so choice that curious Art could frame,
 Luxurious *Egypt* had not for her pride ?
 And what so rare an *Israelite* could name,
 That he but asking was thereof denide ?

When God doth now the Passeouer command,
 Whose name that sacred mysterie doth tell.
 That he pass'd o'r them with a sparefull hand,
 When all the first-borne of th'*Egyptians* fell,
 Which should to their posteritie be taught,
 That might for euer memorize this deede,
 The searefull wonders he in *Egypt* wrought,
 For *Abrahams* off-spring *Sarahs* promis'd seede.
 A Lambe vnblemish'd, or a spotlesse Kid,
 That from the dam had wained out a yeere,
 Which he without deformitie did bid,
 Held to himfelfe a sacrifice so deere.
 Rosted and eaten with vnleau'ned bread,
 And with sowe hearbs such viands as became,
 Meate for the Eu'ning, that prohibited
 The Morne ensuing partner of the fame.
 Girding their loynes, shooes fastned to their feete,
 Staues in their hands, and passing it to take,
 In manner as to trauailers is meete,
 A voyage forth immediately to make.
 Whose bloud being put vpon the vtmost posts,
 Whereby his chofen *Israelites* he knew,
 That night so dreadfull, when the Lord of Hosts
 All the first borne of the *Egyptians* flew.
 Darkeneffe inuades the world, when now forth went
 The spoiling Angell as the Lord did will,

The 10.
 Plague.

And

And where the dore with bloud was not besprent,
 There the first borne he cruelly did kill.
 Night neuer saw so tragicall a deed,
 Thing so replete with heauinesse and sorrow,
 Nor shall the day hereafter euer reade,
 Such a blacke time as the insuing morrow.
 The dawne now breaking, and with open fight
 When euery lab'ring and affrighted eye
 Beholds the slaughter of the passed night,
 The parting plague protracted miserie.
 One to his neighbour hafts his heedlesse feete,
 To bring him home his heaue chance to see,
 And him he goes to by the way doth meete,
 As griued and as miserable as he.
 Who out of dore now hastily doth come,
 Thinking to howle and bellow forth his woe,
 Is for his purpose destitute of roome,
 Each place with sorrow doth so ouerflow.
 People awaked with this sodaine fright,
 Runne forth their dores as naked as they be,
 Forget the day, and bearing candle light
 To helpe the Sunne their miseries to see.
 Who lost his first borne ere this plague begun,
 Is now most happy in this time of woe,
 Who mourn'd his eld'ft a daughter or a sonne,
 Is now exempt from what the rest must doe.
 To one that faines poore comfort to his friend
 His Childe was young and neede the lesse be car'd,
 Replies if his had liu'd the others end.
 Withall his heart he could him well haue spar'd.
 No eye can lend a mourning friend one teare,
 So busie is the gen'rall heart of moane,
 So strange confusion fits in euery eare,
 As wanteth power to entertaine his owne.
 Imparted woe (the heaue hearts reliefe)
 When it hath done the vtmost that it may,
 Outright is murth'ed with a second grieve,

To

To see one mute tell more than it can say.
 The greatest blessing that the heart could giue,
 The ioy of Children in the married state,
 To see his curse the parent now doth liue,
 And none be happy but th' infortunate.
 Whilst some for buriall of their Children stay,
 Others passe by with theirs vpon the Beere,
 Which from the Church meet Mourners by the way,
 Others they finde that yet are burying there.

*Afflicted London, in fixe hundred three,
 When God thy sinne so grievously did strike,
 And from th'infection that did spring from thee,
 The spacious Ile was patient of the like.
 That sickly season, when I vnderooke
 This composition faintly to supply,
 When thy affliction seru'd me for a booke,
 Whereby to modell Egypts miserie,
 When pallid horror did possesse thy streete,
 Nor knew thy Children refuge where to haue,
 Death them so soone in euery place did meete,
 Vnpeopling houses to possesse the graue.*

When wofull *Egypt* with a wounded heart
 So many plagues that suffered for their stay,
 Now on their knees entreate them to depart,
 And euen impatient of their long delay.
 Sixe hundred thousand *Israelites* depart,
 Besides the Nations that they thence releas'd,
 And Hebrew Babes the ioy of many a heart,
 That *Saraks* happie promises had bleff'd.
 After foure hundred thirtie yeeres expir'd,
 (Measuring by minutes many a wofull houre)
 That day they came they thence againe depart,
 By his eternall prouidence and power.
 With all the iewels *Egypt* could afford
 With them away that wisely they did beare,
 Th'*Egyptians* aske not to haue backe restor'd,
 All then so busie at their burials were :

Y

And

Comeſter And *Iofeph's* bones precifely thence conuay,
 13. Exod. Whoſe Tombe by *Nyl's* oft Inundations drown'd,
 (Yet the deceaſed ſtraitlie to obay)
 By *Moyſes* was miraculoſly found.
 Tetragram- Who did in gold that powerfull word ingraue,
 maton. By which th'Almighty fully is expreſt,
 Which bare the mettall floting on the waue,
 Till o'r his Coffin laſtly it did reſt.
 As by a ſheepe that ſhew'd them to the fame,
 To make them mindfull of the reuerent dead,
 Which Beaſt thence-forth they called by *Iofeph's* name,
 And when they went from *Egypt* with them led.
 But that he thus did finde his burying place,
 As we tradition wiſely may ſuſpect,
 We onely this as Hiſtorie embrace,
 But elſe in faith as fabulous neglect.

The

THE THIRD BOOKE.

¶ The Argument.

*God drownes th' Egyptians in his ire,
 Doth march before his host in fire,
 From the hard rocks strikes gushing springs,
 Raines Quailes and Manna, conquers Kings,
 And fearefull plagues on them doth trie,
 For murm'ring and idolatrie:
 Vnto the promis'd Land them brought,
 When it they fortie yeeres had sought;
 Balaam to blesse them he doth send,
 Their good successe, milde Moyses end.*

THose which at home scorn'd *Pharaoh* and his force,
 And whose departure he did humbly pray,
 He now pursues with his *Egyptian* horse
 And warlike foote to spoile them on the way.
 Where his choice people strongly to protect,
 The onely God of Emperie and might,
 Before his host his standard doth erect,
 A glorious pillar in a field of light,
 Which he by day in fable doth vnfolde,
 To dare the Sonne his Ardour to forbear,
 By night conuerts it into flaming golde,
 Away the coldnesse of the same to feare.
 Not by *Philistia* he his force will leade,
 Though the farre nearer and the happier way,
 His men of warre a glorious march shall tread
 On the vast bowels of the bloudie Sea.
 And sends the windes as Currers forth before

Y 2

To

To make them way from *Pharaohs* power to flie,
 And to conuay them to a safer shore,
 Such is his might that can make *Oceans* drie.
 Which by the stroke of that commanding wand,
 Shouldred the rough seas forcibly together,
 Raifed as Rampiers by that glorious hand,
 (Twixt which they march) that did condu&ct them thither.
 The furly waues their Rulers will obay'd
 By him made vp in this confused maffe,
 Like as an Ambush secretly were laid,
 To set on *Pharaoh* as his power should paffe.
 Which foone with wombes infatiably wide,
 Loos'd from their late bounds by th'Almighties power,
 Come raging in, enclosing euery side,
 And the *Egyptians* instantly deuoure.
 The Sling, the stiffe Bow, and the sharpned Launce,
 Floting confus'dly on the waters rude,
 They which these weapons lately did aduance,
 Perish in sight of them that they pursude.
 Clashing of Armour, and the rumorous sound
 Of the sterne billowes in contention flood,
 Which to the shores doe euery way rebound,
 As doth affright the Monsters of the flood.
 Death is discern'd triumphantly in Armes
 On the rough Seas his slaughtery to keepe,
 And his colde felfe in breath of mortals warmes,
 Vpon the dimpled bosome of the deepe.
 There might you see a Checkquer'd Ensigne swim
 About the bodie of the enui'd dead,
 Serue for a hearfe or couerture to him,
 Ere while did waft it proudly 'bout his head.
 The warlike Chariot turn'd vpon the backe
 With the dead horses in their traces tide,
 Drags their fat carkasse through the fomie bracke
 That drew it late vndauntedly in pride.
 There floats the bard Steed with his Rider drown'd,
 Whose

Whose foot in his caparison is cast,
 Who late with sharpe spurs did his Courser wound,
 Himselfe now ridden with his strangled breast.
 The waters conquer (without helpe of hand)
 For them to take for which they neuer toile,
 And like a Quarrie cast them on the land,
 As thofe they flew they left to them to spoile.
In eightie eight at Douer that had beene,
To view that Nauie (like a mighty wood)
Whose sailes swept Heauen, might eas'lie there haue seene,
How puissant Pharaoh perish'd in the floud.
What for a conquest strictly they did keepe,
Into the channell presently was pour'd
Castilian riches scattered on the deepe,
That Spaines long hopes had sodainly deuour'd.
Th'afflicted English rang'd along the Strand
To waite what would this threatening power betide,
Now when the Lord with a victorious hand
In his high iustice scourg'd th'Iberian pride.
 Hence three dayes march to Mara leades them on,
 Where Surs wilde Defarts as the Armie past
 Seemed as from their presence to haue flowne,
 The mountaines stood so miserably agast.
 Where for with drought they hardly are bested,
 And the foule waters bitter as the gall,
 That they should through this wildernesse be led
 To thankelesse murm'ring presently they fall.
 God pointeth *Moyse* to a precious tree,
 Whose medc'nall branches cast into the lake,
 Of that rare vertue he approu'd to be,
 The waters sweet and delicate to make.
 Not that his hand stands any way in neede
 Of mediate meanes his purposes to bring,
 But that in state his wisedome will proceede
 To shew his power in euery little thing.
 Nor *Metaphysickes* fully him confine,
 All measuring so immeasurably great,

That doth in Nature euery caufe combine,
 This A L L in him fo amply hath reate.
 Which might haue learn'd them in this helpeleffe cafe,
 With tribulations willingly to meete,
 When men with patience troubles doe embrace,
 How oftentimes it makes affliction sweete.
 And his free bountie fully now they found,
 As they from *Mara* for mount *Sina* made,
 Pitching in *Elim* in that plenteous ground
 Of pleafant fountaines and delicious shade.
 But as at *Sur*, fo they againe at *Sin*,
 Before of thirft, of hunger now complaine,
 Wifhing they might in *Egypt* ftill haue bin,
 Where neuer famine all their time did raigne.

When clouds of Quailles from the *Arabian* fhore
 Vpon the Campe immediately are sent,
 Which came fo long and in fuch maru'lous ftore,
 That with their flight they fmother'd euery Tent :
 This glads the Eu'ning, each vnto his reft,
 With foules euen fated with thefe dainty Cates,
 And the great goodneffe of the Lord confeft,
 That in like meafure each participates.
 The morne ftrewes *Manna* all about the hoft
 (The meate of Angels mortals to refrefh,
 Candyng the frefh graffe, as the Winters froft,
 Neuer fuch bread vnto fo dainty flefh.
 O *Israel* pampred with this heauenly food,
 Which elfe to Nations earthly he denies,
 To raife thy fpirits, to rectifie thy blood
 With thefe fo rare celeftiall purities.
 Then the fat flefh-pots they fo much defire,
 Whereon in *Egypt* gluttoning they fed,
 When they came hungry home from carrying mire,
 Which onely dulneffe, and groffe humours bred.
 Yet in the sweetneffe and th' abundant ftore,
 His power not fo conclufiuely exprefst,
 But who tooke moft not capable of more

Then

Then in his *Gomer* he that gathered leaft.
 By night corrupting, each day gath'ring new,
 But for the Sabbath what they did prouide,
 That day descended not that heauenly dewe,
 That as that day was onely fanctifide.
 Thence through those Defarts defolate and drie,
 They reach to *Raph'dem* where as they should paffe,
 There was not found a fountaine farre nor nie,
 Such want of water euery where there was.
 Thither the Lord by *Moyfes* did them bring,
 His force the faithleffe *Iraelites* might know,
 For euen in the impossiblest thing,
 He most delights his wondrous might to shew.
 Farre worfe than *Mara* in this fruitleffe foile,
 For there were waters (bitter though they were)
 But here are none, though fought with ne're such toile,
 That they from murm'ring longer not forbear.
 Commanding *Moyfes* he should take the Rod,
 Wherewith in *Egypt* he such wonders wrought,
 For that most wise, that secret-seeing God
 Saw there were some thus reasoned in their thought.
 The misterie of that miraculous wand
 He did to plagues and fearefull things imply,
 That *Aaron* yet ne're tooke it in his hand,
 When worke of mercy was atchieu'd thereby.
 Therefore bids *Moyfes* to this high intent,
 The same to vse, they visibly might see,
 That this which erst had beene the instrument
 Of iustice, so of clemencie to be.
 Which with a blow, the Cleeues in sunder crackt,
 As with an earthquake violently rent,
 Whence came so strong and rough a Cataract,
 That in the stones wore gutters as it went.
 The Springs spout forth such plenty, that withall
 Downe the slope sides it violently swept,
 So diuers wayes, so various in the fall,
 Through euery cranny the cleare water crept.

In

In Pailes, Kits, Dishes, Bafons, Pinboukes, Bowles,
 Their scorched bofomes merrily they baste,
 Vntill this very howre their thirstie foules
 Neuer touch'd water of so sweet a taste.
 Scarcelie suffic'd but in the very neck
 Of this, 'tis bruted by the watchfull post,
 That the neere-bordring enuious *Amaleck*.
 Was marching towards them with a mighty host,
 When he forth *Iofua* from the rest doth draw,
 A man selected, of courageous spirit,
 Which *Moyfes* with propheticke eye foresaw,
 Should be the man, his roome that should inherit.
 Commanding him to muster out of hand,
 And draw his forces presently to head,
 Against that proud *Amalakite* to stand,
 Which in the field a puissant Armie led.
 Whilst on rocke *Horeb*, with erected hand,
 Bearing the Rod vp to the glorious skie,
 'Twixt *Hur* and *Aaron*, *Amrams* sonne doth stand,
 Whilst both the hosts for victorie doe trie.
 When blades are brandish'd and the fight begun,
 Warres thundring horror trumpets doe proclaime,
 With the reflection of the radiant Sunne,
 Seemes to beholders as a generall flame.
 Much courage and dexteritie that day
 On either part sufficiently is showne,
 And on the earth full many a Souldier lay,
 Thrusting through danger to make good his owne.
 Here men might see how many a strenuous guide
 Striue to make his enemy to bleed,
 Now the fierce vaward, then the rereward plide,
 As he perceiueth the Battalians neede.
 They fight the full day, he the Rod vpheld,
 But when his strength by long continuing failes,
 Where as before the *Israelites* had queld,
 The aduerse proud *Amalakite* preuailes.
 Whilst the two Hebrewes proud of harmes,

Seeing

Setting graue *Moses* downe vpon a stone,
 And by their force support his wearied armes,
 Vntill the foe was lastly ouerthrowne.

Iethro the iust to whom report had told,
 Th'atchieueement wrought by his renowned sonne,
 That all the world did tributary hold,
 By deeds in *Egypt* God by him had done :
 This good old man to consummate their ioyes
 In happy houre his sonne is come to see,
 Bringing his wife and his two little Boyes,
Moses sent back in *Midian* safe to bee.
 Which by this time two proper Youthes are growne,
 Bred by their Grandfire with exceeding care,
 In all the host there hardly could be showne,
 That with those Boyes for beauty could compare.
 Such mirth and feasting as for them was seene,
 For this graue Father and this goodly Dame,
 Vnto this day in *Israel* had not beene,
 Since to kinde *Ioseph* righteous *Iacob* came.
 The day mild *Moses* scarcely can suffice,
 To tell this man the troubles they had past,
 The wonders God had acted in their eyes,
 Since they in *Midian* kindly parted last.
Iethro that mark'd the paines that *Moses* tooke
 In rising early, and in resting late,
 That did himselfe into all causes looke,
 And in his person censure each debate :
 This Princely Priest a man exceeding wise,
 And long experienc'd in this great affaire,
 (For at that time few States or Monarchies
 Whose gouernment he could not well declare)
 Reproues good *Moses* in this zealous deed :
 (Quoth he) me thinks thou dost not well in this,
 The course wherein I see thou dost proceed
 Trouble to thee and to the people is.
 Appoint out Iudges, and inferiour Courts,
 Twixt the *Plebeians* and thy selfe to bee,

Z

From

From them receiue those matters by report,
 Speake thou to God and let them speake to thee,
 In things important be thou still in place,
 In lesser causes leauing them to deale,
 So may you both your quietnes embrace
 By an exact and perfect Common-weale.

Now when to *Sina* they approched neare,
 God calls vp *Moyfes* to the mount aboue,
 And all the rest commaundeth to forbear,
 Nor from the bounds assign'd them to remoue.
 For who those limits loosely did exceede,
 (Which were by *Mofes* mark'd them out beneath)
 The Lord had irreuocably decreed
 With darts or stones should surely die the death.
 Where as the people in a wondrous fright
 (With hearts transfix'd euen with frozen blood)
 Beheld their Leader openly in fight
 Passe to the Lord, where he in glory stood.
 Thunder and Lightning led him downe the ayre,
 Trumpets celestially founding as he came,
 Which struck the people with astounding feare,
 Himselfe inuested in a splendorous flame.
Sina before him fearfully doth shake,
 Couered all ouer in a smouldring smoake, .
 As ready the foundation to forsake,
 On the dread presence of the Lord to looke.
 Ereft your spirits and lend attentiu eare
 To marke at *Sina* what to you is said,
 Weake *Mofes* now you shall not simply heare,
 The sonne of *Anram* and of *Iacobed*.
 But he that *Adam* did imparadise,
 And lent him comfort in his proper blood,
 And saued *Noah*, that did the *Arke* deuise,
 When the old world else perisht in the flood,
 To righteous *Abraham*, *Canaan* franckly lent.
 Aud brought forth *Isaak* so extreemly late,
Iacob so faire and many children sent,

And

And rais'd chafte *Ioseph* to so high estate.
 He whose iust hand plagu'd *Egypt* for your sake,
 That *Pharaohs* power so scornefully did mock,
 Way for his people through the Sea did make,
 Gaue food from Heauen, and water from the Rock.
 Whilst *Moses* now in this cloud-couered hill,
 Full forty dayes his pure abode did make,
 Whilst that great God in his almighty will,
 With him of all his Ordinances brake.
 The Decalogue from which Religion tooke
 The being : sinne and righteoufnesse began
 The different knowledge : and the certaine booke
 Of testimony betwixt God and man.
 The Ceremoniall as Iudicious lawes,
 From his high wisdome that receiu'd their ground,
 Not to be altred in the smallest clause,
 But as their Maker wondrously profound.
 The composition of that sacred Phane,
 Which as a Symbol curiously did shew,
 What all his six dayes workmanship containe,
 Whose perfect modell his owne finger drew.
 Whose absence thence gaue leaseure to their lust,
 Oppugning *Aaron*, Idols them to frame,
 And by their power still strengthen this disgust,
 In him denouncing the Almightyes name.
 A gold-made God how durst you euer name,
 For him so long had led you from the Skie,
 In sight of *Sina* crowned with a flame,
 His glory thence residing in your eye ?
 Such things might melt mortality to fee,
 That euen the very Elements did fright,
 He that in *Egypt* had perform'd for thee,
 What made the world amazed at his might.
 Thy soule transpierced ne'r before thou felt'st,
 But like a Quarry 't euen claue thy breast.
 Comming from *Sina* when as thou beheld'st
 Th'electd *Israel* kneeling to a Beast.

Him fence forfooke, his sinewes strengthlesse are,
 He came so much amazed there-withall,
 The stony Tables slip'd him vnaware,
 That with their owne weight brake them in the fall.
 Downe this proud lump ambitiously he flung
 Into base dust dissoluing it with fire,
 That since they for variety did long,
 They should thereby euen surset their desire.
 And sent the minerall through their hatefull throats,
 Whence late those horrid blasphemies did flie
 On bestiall figures when they fell to doate
 In prostitution to idolatrie.
 Now when this potion that they lately tooke,
 This Chymick medicine (their deserued fare)
 Vpon their beards, and on their bosome stooke,
 He doth their slaughter presently prepare.
 What's he himselfe to *Leuie* could allie
 Before this Calfe not sinfully did fall,
 Girds not his broad blade to his sinewie thie,
 When he heares *Moyfes* vnto Armes to call ?
 Killing not him appointed he should slay,
 Though they had slep'd in eythers armes before,
 Though in one wombe they at one burthen lay.
 Yea when this dead, though that could be no more ?
 You whom not *Egypt's* tyranie could wound,
 Nor Seas, nor Rockes could any thing denie,
 That till this day no terrour might astound
 On the sharpe points of your owne swords to die ?
 When *Moyfes* now those Tables to renew
 Of that essentiall Deitie doth merit,
 (Which from his hands he dissolutely threw
 In the deepe anguish of his greewed spirit.
 When forty dayes without all nat'rall food)
 He on mount *Sina* fixed his abode,
 Retayning strength and ferucur in his blood,
 Rap'd with the prefence of that glorious God.
 Who in his high estate whilst he passed by

In

In the cleft rocke that holy man did hide,
 Left he should perish by his radiant eye,
 When *Moyfes* seeing but his glorious side
 Celestiall brightnesse ceazed on his face,
 That did the wondring *Israelites* amaze,
 When he returned from that souereigne place,
 His browes encircled with splendidious rayes.
 That their weake sight beholding of the same,
 He after couer'd from the common eyes,
 Left when for answer vnto him they came,
 The lusting people should idolatrize.

Might we those mustred *Israelites* admire
 From plaines of *Sina* mighty *Moyfes* led,
 Or else to view that opulence desire,
 To that rich Arke so freely offered.
 The meruailous modell of that rarest peece
 Th'ingraunings, caruings, and embroderies tell,
 The cunning worke and excellent deuce
 Of neat *Aholiab*, and *Bezaliell*.

But we our *Moyfes* seriously pursue,
 And our strong nerues to his high praise applie,
 That through this maze shall guide vs as a Clue,
 And may his vertues absolutely trie.
 Whose charge being weary of their mighty Armes,
 And much offended they had march'd so long,
 As oft disturbed with their sterne Alarmes,
 Suppose by *Moyfes* to haue suffered wrong.
 When with the luggage such as lagd behinde,
 And that were set the Cariages to keepe,
 Gainst *God* and *Moyfes* greeuously repinde,
 Wanting a little sustinance and sleepe.
 Who with their murm'ring moued in his ire,
 That they so soone his prouidence mistrust,
 Downe from his full hand flung that forcefull fire,
 Which in a moment brus'd their bones to dust.
 Other the mutt'ring *Israelites* among
 When now to *Pharan* hauing come so farre

For flesh, fish, fallads, and for fruites doe long,
Manna (they say) is not for men of warre.
 Their glut'nous stomackes loath that heau'nly bread,
 That with full Chargers hunger heere releuees,
 As by the belly when they strongly fed
 On hartie Garlicke and the flesh of Beeues?
 Milde man, what fearefull agony thee vex'd,
 When thou thy God vnkindly didst vpbrayd?
 How greenuously thy suffering soule perplex'd,
 When thou repin'ft the charge on thee was layd?
 With God to reason why he should dispose
 On thee that burthen heauy to sustaine,
 As though he did his purposes enclose
 Within the limits of mans shallow brayne.
 To iudge so many marching every day,
 That all the flesh of Forrest and of flood,
 (When the wilde Defarts scarcely yeeld them way)
 Should them suffice for competence of food.
 That thou shouldst with that hand so full of dread,
 Thy lingring breath should sodainly expire,
 Then that the clamorous multitude should spread,
 These wicked slanders to incite his ire.
 That God to punish whom he still did loue,
 And in compassion of thy frailties feare,
 The spirit he gaue thee lastly should remoue
 To those thy burthen that should after beare.
 O wondrous man! who parallel'd thee euer?
 How large a portion diddest thou inherit?
 That vnto seuentie he should it disseuer,
 Yet all be Prophets only with thy Spirit?
 When loe a Cloud comes failing with the winde
 Vnto these Rebels terrible to see,
 That when they now some fearefull thing diuin'd,
 A flight of Quailes perceiued it to be.
 A full dayes iourney round about the host,
 Two Cubits thicknes ouer all they flowe,
 That when by *Israel* he was tempted most,

His

His glory then most notably to show.
 The greedy people with the very sight
 Are fill'd before they come thereof to taste,
 That with such surfet gluts their appetite
 Their queasie stomacks ready are to cast.
 Those that for Beefe in Gluttonie did call
 Those the high'st God his powerfulness to trie,
 Cloyes with the fowle that from the Heauens doe fall,
 Vntill they stufte their stomackes by the eye.
 But whilst the flesh betwixt their teeth they chew,
 And sucke the fat so delicately sweet,
 (With too much plenty that euen fulsome grew
 That lies so common troden with their feet.)
 That God impartiall and so rightly iust,
 When he had giuen them more then they desire,
 Dulie to punish their insatiate lust,
 Powres downe his plagues consuming as his fire.
 And with a strong hand violently strake
 Their blood, distempred with luxurious diet,
 That soone the fores in groynes and arme-pits brake,
 Thus could the Lord scourge their rebellious riot.
Aron and *Miriam*, all too much it were
 For grieue when *Moyse* ready is to die ;
 But you whom one wombe happily did beare
 Gainst your milde Brother needs must mutinie.
 O vnkinde *Aaron* when thou fondly fram'dst
 That Beast-like Idoll bowing *Israels* knee,
 He then thee beg'd, that thou so basely blam'dst,
 And did diuert the iudgement due to thee.
 Immodest *Miriam* when the hand of might
 Left thee with lothsome leprosie defil'd,
 Contemn'd and abiect in the vilest sight,
 From the great host perpetually exil'd :
 When thou hadst spet the vtmost of thy spight,
 And for thy sinne this plague on thee was throwne,
 He not forfooke thee but in heaue plight
 Kneeling to God obtain'd thee for his owne.

His

His wondrous patience euer was applide
 To thofe on him that caufelefly complaine,
 Who did with comely carelefneffe deride
 What happy men fhould euermore difdaine.

When now the Spials for the promis'd foyle,
 For the twelue Tribes that twelue in number went,
 Hauing difcouered forty dayes with toyle,
 Safely return'd as happily they went :
 Bringing the Figs, Poingranates, and the Grapes,
 Whofe verdurous cluſters that with moiſture ſwell,
 Seeme by the taſte and ſtrangenefſe of the ſhapes,
 The place that bare them faithfully to tell.
 That well expreſſ'd the nature of the earth,
 So full of liquor and ſo wondrous great,
 That from ſuch wiſhed fruitfulneſſe in birth,
 Suck'd the ſweet marrow of a plenteous teat.
 But whiſt they ſtand attentiuely to heare
 The ſundry foyles wherein they late had beene,
 Telling what Giants did inhabit there,
 What Townes of warre that walled they had ſeene.
 Of *Anacks* of ſpring when they come to tell,
 And their huge ſtature when they let them ſee,
 And of their ſhapes ſo terrible and fell,
 Which were ſuppos'd the *Titanois* to bee.
 Their hearts funk downe, and though the fruits they ſaw
 By their rare beauty might allure their eyes,
 Yet this report their coward foules did awe,
 And ſo much daunt the forward enterpriſe,
 That they their God doe vtterly reſuſe,
 Againſt iuſt *Mofes* openly exclame,
 And were in hand a Captaine them to chuſe
 To guide them back to *Gofhen* whence they came.
 Not all the dread of the *Egyptian* dayes,
 What by milde *Mofes* he to paſſe had brought,
 Nor ſeene by him done at the purple Seas,
 On their vile minds a higher temper wrought.
 Whom when of God he beg'd with bloody eyes,

And

And againſt Heauen did obſtinatly ſtrive,
 Obtain'd ſo hardly their immunities,
 Whoſe ſinne ſeem'd greater then he could forgiue.
Caleb and *Iofua* you courageous men,
 When bats and ſtones againſt your breaſts were laid,
 Oppoſe your ſelues againſt the other ten,
 That expedition baſely that diſſwade.

Quoth they to conquer as he did before
 No more than men, what praife his puiſance yeelds,
 But he whoſe force the very Rocks did gore,
 Can with the ſame hand cleaue their brazen ſheelds.
 He that foreſawe that this ſhould be our ſeate,
 And onely knew the goodnes of the ſame,
 Poſſeſſ'd the place with thoſe that were ſo greate
 For vs to keepe it ſafely till we came.
 For which the Lord did vowe that not a man
 At *Sina* muſtred where ſuch numbers were,
 Should liue to come to fruitfull *Canaan*,
 Onely thoſe two ſo well themſelues that beare.
 And for the baſenes of thoſe recreant Spies
 Whoſe melting minds this impious ſlaunder bred,
 And the vile peoples incredulities,
 In that their God ſo ſtrongly promiſed.
 For fortie dayes diſcourie of the Land,
 They fortie yeeres in wildernes ſhall waſt,
 Conſum'd with plagues from his impetuous hand,
 Vntill that age be abſolutely paſt.
 Which ſcarſly ſpoke, but quickly tooke effect,
 For thoſe ſo colde, and cowardly before,
 Hearing the cenſure of their baſe neglect,
 To make his vengeance and their ſinne the more.
 Entering the Land which *Moyſes* them denies,
 Their deſp'rate will no better can afford,
 Offering thoſe liues they did ſo lightly prize
 Vnto the vengeance of the Heath'nish ſword.
 And in the hoſt new factions daylie grewe,
 When *Chores*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram* riſe,

A a

Two

Two hundred men of ſpeciall note that drew,
 Whoſe ſtrength gaue power to their confed'racies.
 But the vaſt earth incontinently claue,
 And on the ſodaine hurried them to hell
 With the ſhrill ſcreame the ſhrieking people gaue,
 The fainting Hoſt into a feauer fell :
 The reſt of the Conſpirators were left
 (From the firſt's fall enforcing their retire,
 Of all the ſuccours of the hoſt bereft)
 Conſum'd to aſhes with Heauens violent fire :
 And thoſe th'abettors of this vile attempt
 That did milde *Moyſes* cruelly purſue,
 From th'others ſinne that could not be exempt,
 Them with the dreadfull peſtilence he flew.
 That had not *Aaron* when all hope was fled
 With holy Incenſe their atonement wrought,
 Thruſting himſelfe twixt th'liuing and the dead,
 All had to ruine vtterly beene brought.
 Where ſourteene thouſand and ſeuē hundred ſanke
 Vnder the burden of their odious ſinne,
 Which now was wax'd f'inſufferably ranke,
 It was high time his vengeance ſhould begin.

When after this ſo terrible a thing,
 Now that triumphant and miraculous wand,
 Brings forth ripe Almonds, ſtrongly witneſſing
 In *Leuies* Tribe the Prieſthood ſtill to ſtand.
 With leaues and bloſſomes brauely it doth flouriſh,
 Some budding, ſome as inſtantly but blowne,
 As when the ſame the naturall rynd did nourish,
 For *Moyſes* ſake ſuch Miracles were ſhowne.
 Forward to *Cadeſh* they their iourney caſt,
 Where the good *Miriam* makes her lateſt houre,
Miriam the faire, the excellent, the chaſt,
Miriam that was of womanhood the flowre,
 Here bids her Brothers louingly adue,
 Who at her parting kiſſe her cloſing eyes,
 Whoſe wondrous loſſe ſufficiently to rue,

More

More is the griefe that teares cannot suffice.
 Moyſt are their eyes, their lips are shrunk with heat,
 Their griefe within, as outward it appeares,
 Their want of water in that place as great,
 As it to them is plentifull of teares.
 They at one instant mutinie and mourne,
 Sorrowes creepe forth confusedly together,
 The teares for her incontinent they turne
 To words gainſt *Moyſes* that did guide them thither.
 Who from the rocke ſtrooke water with the wand,
 That man and beaſt might plenteouſly maintaine,
 But he from rocks that fountaines can command,
 Cannot yet ſtay the fountaines of his braine.
 Much woe for *Miriam* theſe good men did make,
 Whilſt there were two, that might bewaile this one,
 But two departing for their mutuall ſake,
Moyſes remaines to mourne himſelfe alone.
Aaron the ancient'ſt of the Hebrew line,
 Replete with naturall comelineſſe and grace,
 (God-like ſo farre as man might be diuine)
 Endeth his dayes in this predeſt'ned place.
 Which being forewarned to awaite his end,
 And here the fate foretelling him to die,
 That the good houre doth onely now attend,
 Will'd to aſcend the mountaine (being nie.)
 With *Eleazer* his deare Childe he goes,
 Led by milde *Moyſes* as the Lord decreed,
 To his lou'd Sonne his garments to diſpoſe,
 Him in the Prieſthood pointed to ſucceed.
 When turning backe to bid them all adue,
 Who look'd as faſt to bid this Lord farewell,
 Fountaines of late ſo faſt from rockes ne'r flewe,
 As the ſalt drops downe their ſad boſomes fell.
 Not the obdurat'ſt, not the ſtonieſt hearts,
 That in deepe forrow melting here forbear,es,
 Thoſe to whom Nature not thoſe drops imparts,
 Spent what in fighes, the other did in teares.

A a 2

Sated

Sated with fobs, but hungry with his fight,
 Their watry eyes him earnestly pursue,
 When to discerne him they no longer might
 Where their fight ends, their sorrowes doe renew.
 Com'n to the top, to the appointed place.
 His Sonne in all his ornaments inuested,
 Which the good *Aaron* meekely doth embrace,
 And vnto him his offices bequested.
 When they the time no longer could adiourne,
 After embraces and a floud of woes,
 (Which when one ceas'd the other tooke his turne)
 From eithers eyes that on the other flowes
 Now at the last point, at the gaspe of death.
 He whom the whole world hath but such another,
 Giues vp his latest, his most blessed breath,
 In the deare armes of his beloued Brother.
 So wisely worketh that eternall Being
 By the still changes of their varying state,
 (As to the end through the beginging seeing)
 To build the frame of vnauoyded Fate.
 When those giuen vp to their lasciuious wils,
 Themselues in *Midian* wantonneffe that waste,
 Whose fleshly knowledge sip'd those sugred ill,
 Twenty foure thousand slaughtered at the last.
 Of all those that in *Sina* numbred are,
 I'th plaines of *Moab* mustered then againe,
 Wasted by time, fire, pestilence, and warre,
 Those promis'd two and *Moyse* did remaine.
 The time expir'd that they for *Aaron* mourn'd,
 New conquest now, new comfort them doth bring,
 Their former hope successiue return'd,
 That seem'd before so sadly languishing.
 When they the glorious victorie obtaine
 The Plaines of *Horma* scattered all with shields,
 Where *Arad* and his *Cananites* are flaine,
 Not the least fight of many glorious fields.
 With *Schon's* slaughter seconded againe,

And

And *Ogs* great fall of a Giganticke strength,
 Whose bed of iron fast'on'd to containe
 In breadth foure Cubits, doubling it in length :
 The liuing remnant of the mighty race,
 Of big-bon'd *Anack* terrible and dred,
 Which long time batning in that fertile place,
 Grew like the fat foile wherein they were bred.
 Not Poets fictions of the *Phlægrian* fields,
 Whereas the Giants vp to Heauen would clime,
 Heaping on mountaines not such wonder yeelds,
 As did the men that liued in that time.
 And fūe proud Kings fell in their recreant flight,
 Before arm'd *Israel* on the *Midian* plaine,
Zur, *Hur*, and *Eui*, men of wondrous might,
Reba and *Rekem* valiantly slaine.
 And as his strength crush'd mighty Kings to dust,
 And cleft the helmes that thunder prooffe were thought,
 That hand that help'd them, scourg'd their impious lust,
 When his high iudgement to peruert they fought.
 And sent those Serpents (with their fiery stings,)
 With inflammations that their flesh did swell,
 Sharpely to scourge their trustlesse murmurings,
 That still in infidelity did dwell.
 Rare in this creature was his wondrous might,
 That should effect the nature of the fire,
 Yet to recure the forance by the sight,
 Sicknesse might seeme the remedie t' admire.
 Onely by mettall miracles to worke,
 That Serpents shape, the Serpents hurt should heale,
 To shew in him the mysteries that lurke,
 And being so strange, as strangely doth reueale.
 That the forg'd figure of so vile a thing
 Should the disease so presently remoue,
 Onely by th'eye a remedy to bring,
 Deepe searching Magicke leaueth to approue,
 As *Balaams* beast did *Balacks* hast delay,
 And the full purpose of the Prophet brake,

When he beheld the Angell by the way,
 Burst out from beast, and to his Master spake :
 Whose execration able to astound
 The funnie, when he his Sommers height did boast,
 And with a word could instantly confound
 The world, were it a congregated host.
 He whose wise lips could Oracles compile,
 And iudgements irreuocable did passe,
 Should be confounded by the thing most vile,
 By that base creature, the dull worlhllesse Asse,
 Ruling his mouth as with a Riders bit,
 Bidden by *Balaack* to denounce their fall :
 Doth all his dreadfull Minaces acquit,
 Sounding their blessing and their enemies fall.

When this milde man that onely did remaine,
 Of those from *Egipt* that the Lord did bring,
 Which he in Iustice fundry wayes had flaine,
 For their false worship and their murmuring.
 Since he remisse at *Meriba* was prou'd,
 And there his zeale not ardently exprest,
 The Lord did sweare (though him he dearely lou'd)
 He should not come to *Canaan* as the rest.
 And now approaching *Abaris* (the place)
 From whence he might that promis'd Country see,
 (So much the Lord good *Moyfes* pleas'd to grace)
 But there his dayes must consummated be :
 When this great Prophet zealously had blest'd,
 Each feu'rall Tribe with a particular good,
 Whose parting, them with sorrow so oppress'd,
 That shedding teares, their eyes shed drops of blood.
 To *Nebo* seated admirably hie,
 (The Spirit prepares him safely to retire)
 Which thrusts his head into the cloudie skie,
Pisga so proudly thither dare aspire.
Pisga the height of *Abaris*, and this
 The height of *Pisga* ouer all doth stand,
 That as the eye of mighty *Abaris*

Sur-

Suruayeth the imparallelled Land.
 Where goodly *Gilead* vnto him he showes
 As farre as euer he could looke to *Dan*,
 The length and breadth how euery way it goes,
 Till her brow kisse the calme *Mediterran*.
 Where the sweet *South* layes forth her swelling brest,
 With a pleas'd eye he silently furuay'd,
 To that faire Citie whose high Towers doe rest
 Vnder the Palme trees most delicious shade.
 When this meeke man approaching to his death,
 In death eu'n pleas'd faire *Canaan* to behold,
 Whilst he had vse of his expiring breath,
 Thus his last farewell mildly doth enfolde.
Israel (quoth he) deare *Israel*, now adue,
*Moyse*s no more is, that your Leader was,
Iofua and *Caleb* none but onely you,
 Of the last age muft ouer *Jordan* passe.
 Th' *Egyptian* horrors yet t'was I did see,
 And through those strange calamities did wade,
 And *Israels* charge imposed was on mee,
 When they (but then) had scarcely learn'd to dade.
 Forty two iourneyes haue I straitly past
 Since first this glorious Pilgrimage begun,
 In wrath or mercy where as first or last,
 Some wondrous thing hath happily beene done.
 M'immortall Maker that so oft haue seene
 (That God of wonder :) these complaints not boot,
 In yonder fields so delicate and greene,
 That may not fet my miserable foot.
 Thus leaning backe against the rising Clieue,
 Raifing his faint hands to the hopefull skies,
 Meeke as the morning neuer seene to striue,
 Great't of the Prophets the good *Moyse*s dies,
 An hundred twenty hardly passed yeares,
 His naturall vigour no whit did aslage,
 His eye as bright, his body then appeares,
 As in the height and Summer of his age.

Who

Who being diffolu'd the *Angels* did interre
 Neere to *Bethpeor* in the vallied ground,
 But yet so fecret kept his Sepulcher
 That it by mortall neuer should be found.
 Left that his people (if the place were knowne)
 (Seeing by him the miracles were done,
 That euer to Idolatrie were prone,)

Vnto his bones a worshipping should runne.
 One that God grac'd fo many fundry wayes,
 No former age hath mentioned to bee,
Ariued at the period of his dayes
 The future time in *Ifrael* shall not fee.

Dauid

(185)

DAVID AND GOLIAH.

O Vr sacred Muse, of *Israels* Singer sings,
That heavenly Harper, whose harmonious Strings
Expeld that euill Spirit which *Saul* posselt,
And of his torments often him releast;
That Princely Prophet *David*, whose high Layes,
Immortall God, are Trumpets of thy praise,
Thou Lord of hoste be helping then to me,
To sing of him who hath so sung of thee,
What time great *Saul* after so bloody fights,
Return'd a victor of th'*Amalakites*,
(Two hundred and ten thousand men at armes
Vnder his conduct) had reueng'd the harmes
Done to Gods chosen people, when as they
Came back from *Egypt*, troubled on their way :
Saul with their blood had now manur'd the Plaines,
Leading King *Agag* (as a slaue) in chaines :
But for that *Saul* this *Agags* blood had spar'd,
And 'gainst the will of the Almighty dar'd
To saue that man he should haue put to sword,
For disobeying the Almightyes word,
Their larded Fatlings keeping for a prey,
Which he commanded to be made away :
For which the liuing God displeased, swore

B b

To

To holy *Samuel*, *Saul* should raigne no more ;
Samuel Gods Prophet, by whose holy hand
 The Oyle was pour'd (by his diuine command)
 Vpon the head of comely *Saul* when he
 Was chosen ouer *Israel* to be :
 But for that place another God had pointed,
 Which should by *Samuel* likewise be anointed :
 And this was *David* his most deare delight,
 The sonne of *Ishay* the iust *Bethlemite*.
 Meane while this Youth like a poore Shepheard clad,
 (Of whom such care the God of *Israel* had)
 His fathers flock was following day by day
 Vpon a Defart neare at hand that lay ;
 Whose wealthy fleeces and fat bodies he
 From rauinous vermine hourelly vs'd to free,
 His onely armes, his Sling and Sheephooke were,
 Other then those he had not vs'd to beare,
 With these a Wolfe oft comming from the wood,
 Or subtill Fox, that forrag'd for his food,
 He quickly flew : or if a Beare opprest
 With cruell hunger, hapned to molest
 His feeding flocks, he with such bangs him plyde,
 That with the prey euen in his teeth he dyde ;
 Or if a Lion as his faire flock graz'd,
 Hapt to affayle it, he no whit amaz'd
 At his sterne roaring, when his clutches caught
 At this braue Shepheard, but such blowes him raught
 Till by the beard that kingly beast he shooke,
 And from his iawes the trembling Wether tooke ;
 And if it chanc't that sometime from the ayre
 An Eagle stoop'd a Lambe away to beare,
 He with a stone that from his Sling he threw,
 Downe from the clouds would fetch her as she flew.

His curled Treffes on his shoulders hung,
 To which the dewes at Morne and Eue so clung,
 To the beholders that they did appeare
 As nature threded Pearle with euery hayre :

The

The Bees, and Waspes, in wilderneffes wilde
 Hauē with his beauties often bin beguild,
 Roses and Lillies thinking they had seene,
 But finding there they haue deceiued beene,
 Play with his eyes, which them that comfort bring,
 That those two Sunnes would shortly get a spring;
 His Lippes in their pure Corall liueries mock
 A row of Pales cut from a Chrifall Rock,
 Which stood within them, all of equall height.
 From top to toe each limbe so cleane and fraight,
 By euery ioynt of his that one might try,
 Or giue true lawes to perfect Symmetry;
 The vermine (oft) his Sheepe that would surprize
 Became so charm'd with th'splendor of his eyes,
 That they forgot their rauine, and haue layne
 Downe by his flocks, as they would glad and faine
 Keepe them from others, that on them would prey,
 Or tend vpon them, that they should not stray.
 Whether in Cotes he had his flock in hould,
 Or for the Fallowes kept them in the fould,
 He was not idle, though not taking paines,
 Celestiall Lyricks finging to the Swaines,
 And often sitting in the silent shade,
 When his faire flock to rest themselues were layde,
 On his Lyre tuned such harmonious Layes,
 That the Birds pearcht vpon the tender sprays,
 Mad at his musick, straine themselues so much
 To imitate th'vnimitable tuch,
 Breaking their hearts, that they haue dropt to ground,
 And dy'd for grieve in malicing the sound.
 Sometimes a Stag he with his Sling would slay,
 Or with his Sheephooke kill a Boare at bay,
 Or runne a Roe so long (he was so fleet)
 Till it lay trembling, breathlesse, at his feet,
 Sometimes againe, he practised a fight,
 That from the Defart, should a Dragon light
 Vpon his Sheepe, the Serpent to assayle,

How by cleere skill through courage to prevaile.
 Then with a small stone throwne out of his Sling
 To hit a swallow on her height of wing,
 And home at night when they their Sheepe should drie,
 The sluggish Sheeppheards lastly to reuiue,
 He tooke his Harpe so excellently strung,
 In a broad Bauldrick at his back that hung,
 And on the same stroke such melodious straines,
 That from the Couerts as the neighboring Plaines,
 The Ecchoes wakt with sweetneffe of his notes,
 Which each to other diligently rotes ;
 And thus his time the Lords beloued past ;
 Till God to *Samuel* calling at the last ;

Samuel faith he, to *Bethlem* take thy way,
 To *Ishays* house, and to that old man say,
 Out of his loynes that I will chuse a King,
 And when his Sonnes before thee he shall bring,
 Chuse out that man that I shall thee appoint,
 With sacred Oyle and see thou him anoint,
 For of them all, he's knowne to me right well
 The fittest to guide my people *Israel*.

Samuel replies, my God, if *Saul* shall know
 Vpon what businesse I to *Bethlem* goe,
 Except my blood him nothing will suffice.
 Take thou a Heyfer, God againe replies,
 And giue it out thou purposely dost goe
 To sacrifice ; as God doth counsell, so
 The holy Prophet acts, and comming thither,
 The noblest of people get together,
 Doubting the Lord had angry with them bin,
 And had sent *Samuel* to reprove their sinne ;
 But peace to all the holy Prophet cries,
 And then preparing to the sacrifice.
 The Rites perform'd, he bids old *Ishay* bring
 His Sonnes before him whilst the offering
 Smoak'd on the Altars (and the Elders there
 Stood round about with reuerence and feare)

For

For in his household he a King must chuse.
Ifhay who might not Gods command refuse,
 Cals *Eliab* out for *Samuel* to see,
 Who at the first thought surely this was he,
 Till God to *Samuel* said, doe not deceiue
 Thy selfe (weake man) but thy election leaue,
 Thou canst not see the foule of man, as I
 Who search the heart, and euery thought can try.
 His second sonne *Abniadab* then came,
 But this not he that *Samuel* must name ;
 Then cals he *Shamma* his third sonne, but yet
 This was not he th'Almighties turne must fit,
 He cals for more till he had counted seauen,
 To none of these yet must the Oyle be giuen :
 Before the Prophet brother stood by brother,
 A tweluemonths growth one iust before another ;
 Like seauen braue blossom'd Plants, that in the spring
 Nature prepar'd forth goodly fruit to bring :
 So comely all, that none in them could read
 Which one of them should any one exceed,
 If he exceld for loueliness of face,
 Another for his person and his grace
 Match'd him in full, as nature meant to shew
 Her equall bounties how she could bestow.
 There he beholds one brother tall and straight,
 Another that was wanting of his height,
 For his complection and his curious shape,
 Well neare out went him, nature let not scape
 Ought she could doe, in them each limbe to fit
 To grace the other that was next to it.
 When *Samuel* askes if these were all he had,
Ifhay replies, onely his yongest Lad
 That in the Defart on his flocks doth tend,
Samuel commands away for him to send,
 For till he came he vow'd he would not fit,
 Out of the place nor would he stirre a whit.
 Before graue *Samuel David* soone is brought,

Vpon the Prophet which most strongly wrought
 When he beheld him beautifull and tall,
 Of goodly prefence, and well shap'd withall,
 His cheeke a mixture of fuch red and white,
 As well with wonder might attraçt the fight,
 A fprightfull afpeçt, and fo cleere an eye,
 As fhout a lightning at the ftanders by,
 His euery gefture feene it in to bring
 The maiefty that might befite a King ;
 All thofe rare parts that in his brothers were
 Epitomiz'd, at large in him appeare ;
 And (in his eare) God doth the Prophet tell,
 This *David* fhall be King of *Israel*.

Whom with the facred Oyle (inftead of *Saul*)
Samuel anointed there before them all :
 Which hauing done, to *Rama* takes his way,
 Left *Saul* for him the country fhould forelay :

When Kingly *David* of his owne accord,
 Though he were then th'anointed of the Lord,
 And though his Sheephooke might his Scepter be,
 This holy Youth fo humble is, that he
 Will back toth' fields his fathers flock to keepe,
 And make his fubieçts, (for a while) his Sheepe.

The powerfull fpirit of God, redoubled grew
 Dayly in *David*, and his fame now flew
 O'r all the Region, how he was belou'd
 Of Gods high Prophet, and by him approu'd ;
 Field, Towne, and City, with his name doe ring,
 The tender Virgins to their Timbrels fmg
 Dittys of him, and in their rurall playes,
 The homely Sheeheardes in their Roundelayes
 Record his açts, and build him fhady Bowers,
 The Maydens make him Anadems of flowers,
 And to what fport himfelfe he doth apply,
 Let's follow *David*, all the people cry.

An euill fpirit then fent by God poffeft
 Enraged *Saul*, fo greenuoufly oppreft

With

With melancholly, that it craz'd his wits,
 And falling then into outrageous fits,
 With cramps, with fitches and convulsions rackt,
 That in his pangs he oft was like to act
 His rage vpon himfelfe, fo rauing mad,
 And foone againe difconfolate and fad ;
 Then with the throbs of his impatient heart
 His eyes were like out of his head to start,
 Fomes at the mouth, and often in his paine
 O'r all his Court is heard to roare againe ;
 As the ftrong fpirit doth punifh or doth fpare,
 Euen fo his fits or great, or leffer are,
 That *Ifrael* now doth generally lament
 Vpon their King Gods greeuous punifhment.
 When fome which faw this fpirit poffeffing *Saul*,
 Amongft themfelues a counfell quickly call,
 To fearch if there might remedy be found
 For this poffeffion, each man doth propound
 His thought of curing, as by Phyfick fome,
 Each man fpeakes what into his minde doth come,
 But fome whose foules were rauifhed more hie,
 Whose compofition was all harmony,
 Of th'Angels nature and did more partake,
 By which as *Seers* prophetickly they fpake ;
 (With holy Magick for fome fpirits infpir'd
 Which by a cleere Diuinity are fier'd,
 And sharpned fo, each depth and hight to try,
 That from their reach and vifibility
 Nature no fecrets fhuts, and heauen reueales
 Thofe things which elfe from reafon it conceales)
 Thofe men conclude the fpirit that thus had harm'd
 Their foueraigne *Saul*, with Mufick must be charm'd.

And hauing heard of *Ifraels* deare delight,
 Beloued *David* the braue *Bethlemite*,
 What wondrous things by Mufick he had done,
 How he fierce Tigars to his hand had wonne,
 Had layd the Lion, and the Beare to fleepe,

And

And put fuch ſpirit into his ſilly ſheepe
 By his high ſtraines, as that they durſt oppoſe
 The Woolfe and Fox, their moſt inveterate foes :
 Of this Muſitian they informe the King,
 And all affure him, their was no ſuch thing
 For him as Muſick, and this man was he
 That his Phyſitian in this kinde muſt be.

When *Saul* diſpatcht his meſſengers away
 To aged *Iſhay*, that without delay,
 His yong'ſt ſonne *David* ſhould to Court be ſent :
 The ſpeedy Poſt relating the intent
 To the old man : which in his heart was glad,
 For at the firſt he great ſuſpition had,
 That angry *Saul* might elſe have bin acquainted,
 By *Samuels* hand his ſonne had bin anointed,
 And therefore cauſed *David* to be fought,
 As of his death he direly had forethought.

The good old man o'r ioy'd with this good newes,
 Cals home his darling from his teeming Ewes,
 And to the care of *Iſraels* God commends
 His loued boy, and kindly by him ſends
 Of Bread and Wine a preſent to the King.
 They him no ſooner to *Sauls* preſence bring,
 But *David's* beauty ſo extreemly tooke
 The doting King, that in each glance or looke,
 He thought he ſaw high valour mixt with truth,
 And neare his perſon takes the louely Youth,
 And who but *David* then with mighty *Saul*
 His onely fauorite is, his all in all ?

Not long it is e'r *Saul* the ſpirit doth feele
 To ſtirre within him, and begins to reele,
 And ſuddainly into a Trance he falls,
 And with his hands lyes graſping at the wals,
 When *David* takes his well-tun'd Harpe in hand,
 By which his ſpirit he meaneth to command ;
 His quauering fingers he doth now aduance
 About the trembling ſtrings, which gin to dance

At

At his most cleere tuch, and the winged sound
 About the spacious Roome began to bound,
 The Aers flew high, and euery dainty straine
 Betters the former, which doth so detaine,
 The ears of those stood by, that they heare not
Sauls sad complaints, and suddainly forgot
 To lift or stirre him, and the standers by,
 Were so intranfed with the melody,
 That to a holy madnesse some it brought,
 Others againe a Prophecy it wrought.
 The Wyery cords now shake so wondrous cleere,
 As one might thinke an Angels voyce to heare
 From euery quauer, or some spirit had pent
 It selfe of purpose in the Instrumēt ;
 The harmony of the vtuned't string
 Torments the spirit which so torments the King,
 Who as he faintly, or he strongly groanes,
 This braue Musitian altreth so his tones,
 With sounds so soft, as like themselues to smother,
 Then like lowd Ecchoes answering one the other :
 Then makes the spirit to shift from place to place,
 Still following him with a full Diapase :
 Thus day by day as th'euill spirit opprest
 Diseased *Saul*, *David* himselfe addrest,
 T'awayte the houres, before the King to play,
 Vntill he made th'vnruly fiend obay
 The force of Musick, more then that to feare
 But the least sound of *Davids* Harpe to heare.

When now the King by *Davids* cunning cur'd,
 Old *Ifhais* Sonne who thought he had indur'd
 Restraint too long, gets leaue of *Saul* to goe
 To *Bethlem* back (Gods holy will was so)
 He rather chose to view his well-thorne Sheepe,
 His yeaning Ewes, and late-falne Lambes to keepe,
 Then on a Bed of filke himselfe repose,
 And the delights of the fresh fields to lose.

C c

When

When now *Philistia* horribly enragd,
 With Gods owne people had it felfe engag'd,
 With a reuengefull deadly hand to fmite
 The still-preferu'd oft-troubled *Israelite*,
 Who had in Battaile many times before
 Vpon the earth spilt her vnhalloved gore.
 Grim-vifag'd warre, more sternely doth awake,
 Then it was wont, and furiously doth shake
 Her lightning fword, intruding with the force
 Of men of warre both skilfull foot and horfe.
 Two mighty nations are now vp in armes,
 And to both fides the Souldiers come in fwarmes :
 The fields with Ensignes, as t'were flowers are deckt
 Which their refulgence euery way reflect
 Vpon the Mountaines and the vallies nie
 And with their splendor seemes to court the skie.
 Two mighty Armyes on the playne appeare,
 These *Ifralites*, and those *Philiftians* were ;
 Their great Commanders, proued men of warre :
 Their long experience, who had fetcht them farre,
 To order fights as they occasion found
 T'offend the foe, by fitting with the ground,
 Which chofen *Israels* infantry doth call,
 In this defenfue warre to follow *Saul*.
 And aged *Isha* faithfully to show
 The loue of *Saul*, and *Israel* he doth owe,
 His eldeft three into the Army fent,
 That to the field, as well appointed went,
 As on their brauery they that bare them most,
 Nor was there, in the *Israelitish* hofte
 Three goodlier men, efpecially when they
 Were in their Armes, the most vnclouded day
 That euer shone, tooke not with fuch delight
 The glad beholders, as the wondring fight
 Of thefe braue Youths, ftill as they marched by.
 Now in the fields the mighty Armies lye
 On the wide champaine, each in others fight ;

But

But as the Trumpets showte them out to fight,
 From the Philiftians hofte a Gyant came,
 Whofe fplendrous Armes fhone like a mighty flame
 Againft the funne ; *Goliah* nam'd of *Gath* ;
 The onely Champion that *Philiftia* hath :
 This huge Coloffus, then fixe Cubits height
 More by a handfull : and his ponderous weight.
 Wherefoe're he made but any little ftay,
 Shew'd that his bredth, it answered euery way.
 Neuer fuch might in mortall man there was,
 From head to foot at all poynts arm'd with braffe,
 Fiue thoufand fheckles his prou'd Curats way'd,
 Vpon whose temper, wondrous coft was layd :
 His Shield and Harneffe well might load a Teame,
 His Lance as big as any Weauers beame ;
 Whofe very Pyle vpon the poyfe contain'd
 A hundred fheckles, he a leffe difdain'd :
 His Browes like two fteepe Penthoufes hung downe
 Ouer his eye-lids, and his angry frowne
 Was like a cloud, when it like Pitch appeares,
 And fome fterne tempeft in its bofome beares.
 His voyce was hoarfe, and hollows, yet fo ftrong,
 As when you heare the murmuring of a throng
 In fome vafte arched Hall, or like as when
 A Lordly Lyon angered in his den,
 Grumbles within the earth, fuch his refembled,
 That when he fpake, th' affrighted hearers trembled :
 His Squire before him marching to the field,
 Who for this Champion bare a fecond fhield.
 Vpon two eafie hils the Armies laye
 A valley 'twixt them in the middle way :
 Into the midft of which, *Goliah* came,
 And thus doth to the *Ifraelites* proclaime,
 If there be found in all your hoft quoth he,
 A man fo valiant, that dare fight with me,
 If I fhall fall vnder his mighty fword,
Ifrael fhall then be the *Philiftinas* Lord :
 But if I by my puiffance fhall preuaile

Ouer your Champion (that shall me affaile)
 Then as our slaues, of you we will dispose;
 And vse at pleasure, as our conquered foes,
 For he that's God of the *Philistians*, boasts
 Himselfe more powerfull then your Lord of hosts.
 Which challenge thus, not onely troubled *Saul*,
 But bred amazement through the host in all.
 For forty dayes thus vs'd he forth to goe,
 Offring by combate to decide it fo.

Old *Ishay* now desiring much to heare,
 Of his three Sonnes (in what estate they were)
 Doubting lest they some needfull things might want,
 As in the Army, victuals might grow scant;
 Wherefore he calls yong *David* from his sheepe,
 And to another giues his charge to keepe.
 My Boy quoth he, haste to the Campe and fee
 In what estate my Sonnes your Brothers be:
 Beare them parcht corne, and cakes, though homely food,
 Yet simple cates may doe poore Souldiers good:
 And to the Generall, ten fine Cheefes beare,
 Such in the Campe are not found euery where.
 And if for need t' haue pawn'd ought of esteeme,
 Take money with you, and their Pledge redeeme.
David, make haste, for I desire to know
 'Twixt the two puissant hosts, how businesse goe.

No maruaile *David* in his heart were glad,
 That he such cause to viewe the Armies had:
 From his braue thoughts, and to himselfe he told,
 The wondrous things that he should there behold.
 The rare Deuices by great Captaines worne,
 The fiae-fald Plumes their Helmets that adorne.
 Armour with stones, and curious studs enricht,
 And in what state they their Pavilions pitcht,
 There should he see their marshalling a warre,
 The iron-bound Chariot, and the armed Carre:
 As where consisted either armies force,
 Which had aduantage by their foot or horse:

The

The feuerall weapons either nation beare,
 The long Sword, Bow, the Polax and the Speare :
 There the *Philistian* gallantry, and then
 His *Israels* brauery anfwering them agen :
 And heare them tell th' aduentures had bin done,
 As what braue man had greateft honour wonne.

Dauid beftirres him prefently, and packes
 Vp his prouifion, puts it into fackes,
 And by his Seruant on his Mule doth laye,
 Then towards *Sauls* Army takes the ready way.
 And his no tedious iourney fo contriues,
 That in fhort time he at the Campe arriues :
 And at his comming, instantly beftowes
 His needfull prouant, to the charge of thofe
 That tend the Carriage, and of them doth learne
 (As neere as he could make them to difcerne
 By his defcription) *Iffas* Sonnes, who led,
 And in the Army where they quartered :
 By whose direktion he his Brothers fought,
 And told them what prouifion he had brought :
 And to all three, their Fathers pleafure fhew'd,
 And how the Cheefes he would haue beftow'd.
 As they were talking, fuddainly a noyfe
 Ran through the Army, and the generall voyce,
 Was the *Philiftian*, the *Philiftian* fee,
Goliah comes, ordain'd our fcouge to be.
 Who as his vfed manner was, defies
 The hoft of *Israel*, and thus loudly cries,
 Bring downe your Champion, that with me dares fight,
 And this our warre fhall be decided ftreight :
 But *Israels* God, for feare drawes backe his hand,
 Nor is there one againft me that dare ftand.

Which *Dauid* hearing, his yong bloud doth rife,
 And fire was feene to fparkle from his eyes :
 His fpirits begin to ftartle, and his rage
 Admits no reason that may it affwage :
 No nerue of his, but to it felfe doth take

A double strength, as though his arme could shake
 The Iron Lance that great *Goliah* beares :
 And beate his brazen Shield about his eares.
 His strugling thoughts now being set a worke,
 Awake that flame, which lately seem'd to lurke
 In his meeke breast, which into passion breakes,
 And to himselfe thus Princely *Dauid* speakes.

Despised nation, *Israel* quoth he,
 Where be those valiant men that liu'd in thee,
 What are our soules in lesser moulds now cast,
 Then at the first, with time or doe they waste ?
 What flaued people, but we can stand by,
 And heare this base *Philistian* Dogge defie
 God and his people, must he stand to boast
 His strength and valour, and in all the hoast
 No man dare vndertake him ; might I proue
 My Manhood on him, I should soone remoue
 The worlds opinion, and both hostes should know
 Hee's but a Dogge, on vs that railleth so :
 And to one standing neere him, thus he spake,
 Of this huge Beast, what wonder doe ye make :
 What shall be done to that one man that shall
 Fight with this Gyant, and before ye all,
 His pride and horrid blasphemies shall quell,
 And take this shame away from *Israel* ?
 When one that heard him, quickly thus replies,
 He by whose hand this huge *Goliah* dyes,
 For Wife to him, *Sauls* Daughter shall be giuen,
 One of the goodliest Creatures vnder heauen ;
 And yet this further, his reward shall be
 His Fathers house in *Israel* shall goe free.

With this yet *Dauid* closeth not his eare,
 But of some other likewise doth enquire
 For his reward, the Gyant that should slay,
 The formers words, which like a lesson say,
 None of them thinking, this yet scarcely man,
 Should strike to death the proud *Philistian*.

His

His Brother *Eliab*, now which ouer-heard,
 Young *Dauids* questions, and was much asfear'd
 His ouer-daring spirit might draw him on;
 To worke their shame, and his confusion :
 Thinkes with himfelfe, it greatly him behouoes,
 To checke his boldnesse, and him thus reprooues.
 Fond Boy, quoth he, why stand'st thou to enquire
 After these things, thy businesse lyes not here :
 I would not (sure) but you the Campe should view,
 A Sheepe-Coate Sir, would better sute with you :
 Who haue you left, after your Flocke to looke,
 Your Scrip (no question) or your shepheards Crooke.
 Sirra, my Father sent you not to vs,
 About the Army to lye loytering thus :
 I thinke 'tis time to get you on your way,
 Our Father thinks that we inforce your stay.

At *Eliabs* speeches, *David* somewhat mou'd
 To heare himfelfe thus scornefully reprou'd :
 Brother quoth he, few words might haue suffic'd,
 Had you but knowne how lightly they are priz'd
 Of me, these speeches you would haue forborne,
 Vpon some other and haue spent your scorne.
 I come to view the Campe, you say, 'tis so,
 And I will view it better ere I goe.
 Why may not I, as well as other men,
 I'll goe when I shall please, and not till then ?
 When time may me more liberty allow,
 I may beare Armes perhaps as you doe now :
 Looke to your warfare, and what is your owne,
 Good Brother *Eliab*, and let me alone :
 For of my selfe I know how to dispose,
 And thus away resolued *David* goes.
 And as he went, still as he heares the cry
 After *Goliath*, still more hie and hie,
 His spirit is mounted, and his oft demand,
 What his reward should be, whose valiant hand
 Should kill *Goliath*, through the Army went,

And

And was the common talke in euery Tent,
 (But in the most bred fundry doubts and feares,
 When as they way'd his tenderneffe of yeares)
 Vntill his Fame, by going, getting strength
 In *Sauls* Pauilion is cry'd vp at length :
 Who with much speed, sent out to haue him fought,
 And to his prefence caus'd him to be brought.
 Who with a constant and delightfull cheere,
 Comes to the King, and doth to him appeare
 With such a sprightfull, and maiesticke grace,
 As victory were written in his face :
 And being by *Saul*, demanded if 'twere he,
 That *Israels* Champion vndertooke to be ;
 He with a meeke smile, boldly doth reply,
 I am the man my Soueraigne, 'tis euen I :
 My Leege quoth he, be not at all difmaid,
 Nor let Gods chofen *Israel* be afraid.
 This mighty Monster in the peoples fight,
 So terrible, whose shape doth so affright
 The multitude, I doe no more esteeme,
 Then if a Dwarf, nor he to me doth seeme
 But such a thing, my onely enuy's this,
 That he is not much greater then he is.
 The more his strength, the more his fall will be,
 And *Israels* God more glorifi'd in me.

Quoth *Saul* againe, thou art of tender age,
 And in respect of him a very Page ;
 Beside, the other Armes that he doth beare,
 Thou art not able to lift halfe his Speare :
 If he strike at thee, and thy body misse,
 Yet on his side, there this aduantage is,
 The winde of his huge weapon hath the force
 To driue the breath out of thy slender Coarse :
 And this vaste man, beside his wondrous might,
 No man as he, so skilfull is in fight ;
 Expert in all, to Duels that belong,
 Train'd vp in Armes whilst yet he was but yong.

The

The better, answered *David*, if his skill
 Equall his strength, for what is it to kill
 A common man? a common thing it were,
 Which hapneth euery day, and euery where ;
 But for a Giant such a one as he,
 Vpon the Field to be subdu'd by me,
 This to all Nations shall be thought a thing
 Worthy of *Israels* God, and *Israels* King.
 I haue slaine a Lion and Beare, quoth he,
 And what is this vncircumcif'd to me
 More then a Beast. That onely God of might
 By whose great power I conquered these in fight,
 In spight of humane strength and greatnesse, can
 Giue to my hands this proud Philistian.

When *Saul* thus sees that there was in his foule
 That courage which no danger could controule,
 A valour so invincible and hie,
 As naturally enabled him to flye
 Aboue all thought of perill, and to beare
 Him quite away beyond the bounds of feare ;
 He caus'd an Armour for him to be brought,
 But first of all a garment richly wrought
 He puts vpon the braue youth and then bad
 That in those goodly Armes he should be clad
 Which put vpon him as to stirre he striues,
 He thinkes him selfe in Manacle, and Giues,
 Their ponderousnesse him to the earth doth presse
 These Armes doe make his Actiuenesse fare lesse
 For he before had not bin vf'd to these,
 Nor him at all their boistroufnesse can please,
 His Gorget gauld his Neck, his Chinne beneath,
 And most extreame hindred him to breath,
 His Curats sit too close vpon his side,
 He in no hand his Helmet can abide,
 It is so heauy, and his Temples wrings,
 His Pouldrons pinch him, and be cumbrous things,
 His Gaunlets clumfie, and doe wring his Wrists,

D d

And

And be so stiffe he cannot clutch his Fists ;
 His Guyfes they so strong and stubborne be,
 That for his life he cannot bend his knee ;
 He knew not how to beare his brazen Shield,
 Such weapons Sheepeheardes were not vs'd to weeld,
 Their weight and their vnwildinesse was such,
 And they restraind his nimblenesse so much,
 That he prayd *Saul* of these he might be freed,
 It is not Armour that must doe the deed,
 Let me alone, faith he, and Ile prouide
 My selfe of Armes, this quarrell to decide.

When forth he goes, shot for his Sling to looke,
 And neare the Campe he finds a perling Brooke,
 Whose shallow sides with Pebbles did abound,
 Where seeking such as massy were and round,
 He picks out fve, away with him to bring,
 Such as he knew would fit his trusty Sling,
 And in his Scrip them closely doth bestow,
 By which he vowes *Goliaths* ouerthrow.

When swift report throughout the Army runnes,
 That youthfull *David* one of *Ishaes* sonnes,
 A very stripling, and the yong'ft of eight,
 With the Philistian was that day to fight ;
 That great *Goliath* which so oft had brau'd
 Deiectd *Israel*, and the combat crau'd
 With any one she to the field could bring,
 Now for it was so pertinent a thing,
 As that their freedome or subiection lay
 On the successe of this vnequall Fray,
 Th'euent thereof struck euery one with feare,
 But his sad brethren most perplexed were,
 And to themfelues thus say they : O that we
 So long should draw our lothed breath, to see
 That by the pride of this accursed Boy,
 Despisd *Israel* should no more enioy
 Her ancient glories, but be made a slaue
 To proud *Philistia* ; and our fathers graue

Slandred

Slandred by him ; his Family and Name
 Branded by *David* with perpetuall shame.
 Curst be the time that he was hither sent,
 Curst be the time he came into our Tent.
 And now and then they purposed to fly,
 Nor would they stay to see their brother dye,
 But at the very point to take their way,
 Bethinke themselues, it better were to stay,
 To seeke his scattered limbes to peeces hew'd,
 And see them in some obscure earth bestow'd.

In this sad manner whilst they murm'ring were,
David is busied listning still to heare
 Of great *Goliath* : scarce can he refraine
 From calling for him ; now in euery vaine
 His blood is dancing, and a sprightly fire
 Takes vp his bosome, which doth him inspire
 Which more then humane courage, nor he can
 Conceiue a terror to proceed from man,
 His nerues and finewes to that vigor grow,
 As that his strength assures him he can throw
 Through thicker Armes, then mortall yet could weeld.
 Vpon the suddaine, when through all the field
 The word was heard, *Goliath* now appeares,
 Which *David's* heart in such strange manner cheeres,
 As that he feesles it caper in his breast.
 When soone that huge vncircumcised beast,
 As he was wont, betweene the hosts doth come,
 And with his harsh voyce, like an vnbrac'd Drum,
 Calls to the host of *Israel*, where's your man
 You cowardly Nation, where's your Champion
 To vndertake me, bring him to the field,
 Or to *Philistia* your subiection yeeld.
 It was full Summer, and the day so cleere,
 As not a little cloud did once appeare,
 In view of either Army, the free Sunne,
 That t'wards the noonsted halfe his course had runne,
 On the Philistian darting his cleere rayes,

D d 2

His

His bright refulgent *Armes* so fundry wayes
 Reflects the beames, as that he seemes to all
 Like that in painting we a Glory call,
 And from his Helmet sharpning like a Spyre,
 He lookt like to a Piramid on fire.

And now before yong *David* should come in,
 The host of *Israel* somewhat doth begin
 To rouse it selfe ; some climbe the nearest Tree,
 And some the tops of Tents, whence they might see
 How this vnarmed Youth himselfe would beare
 Against th'all-armed Giant (which they feare)
 Some get vp to the fronts of easie hills ;
 That by their motion a vast murmure fills
 The neighbouring Valleys, that th'enemy thought
 Something would by the *Israelites* be wrought
 They had not heard of, and they long'd to see
 What strange or warlike stratagem 't should be.

When soone they saw a goodly Youth descend
 Himselfe alone, none after to attend,
 That at his need with armes might him supply,
 As meere carelesse of his enemy.
 His head vncovered, and his locks of hayre
 As he came on being play'd with by the ayre
 Toft to and fro, did with such pleasure moue,
 As they had beene prouocatiues for loue :
 His sleeues stript vp about his elbowes were,
 And in his hand a stiffe short staffe did beare,
 Which by the leather to it, and the string,
 They easily might discern to be a Sling ;
 Suting to these he wore a Shepherds Scrip,
 Which from his side hung downe vpon his Hip.
 Those for a Champion that did him disdain,
 Cast with themselves what such a thing should meane,
 Some seeing him so wonderously faire,
 (As in their eyes he stood beyond compare)
 Their verdict gaue that they had sent him sure
 As a choice bayte their Champion to allure ;

Others

Others againe, of iudgement more precise,
 Said they had sent him for a sacrifice.
 And though he seem'd thus to be very yong,
 Yet was he well proportioned and strong,
 And with a comely and vndaunted grace,
 Holding a steady and most euen pace,
 This way, nor that way, neuer stood to gaze,
 But like a man that death could not amaze,
 Came clofe vp to *Goliah*, and so neare
 As he might easily reach him with his Speare.

Which when *Goliah* saw, why Boy quoth he,
 Thou desperate Youth, thou tak'st me sure to be
 Some Dog (I thinke) and vnder thy command,
 That thus art come to beat me with a wand :
 The Kites and Rauens are not farre away,
 Nor Beasts of rauin that shall make a prey
 Of a poore corpse, which they from me shall haue,
 And their foule bowels shall be all thy graue.

Vncircumcised slaue quoth *David* then,
 That for thy shape, the monster art of men :
 Thou thus in brasse com'st arm'd into the field,
 And thy huge Speare of brasse, of brasse thy Shield :
 I in the name of *Israels* God alone,
 That more then mighty, that eternall one,
 Am come to meet thee, who bids not to feare,
 Nor once respect the Armes that thou dost beare.
 Slaue, marke the earth whereon thou now dost stand,
 I'll make thy length to measure so much land,
 As thou lyest groueling, and within this houre
 The Birds and Beasts thy carcase shall deuoure.

In meane time *David* looking in his face,
 Betweene his temples, saw how large a space
 He was to hit, steps backe a yard or two,
 The Gyant wondring what the Youth would doe,
 Whose nimble hand, out of his Scrip doth bring
 A pebble stone, and puts it in his Sling,
 At which the Gyant openly doth ieere,

D d 3

And

And as in scorne, stands leaning on his Speare,
 Which giues yong *David* much content to see,
 And to himselfe thus secretly faith he.
 Stand but one minute still, stand but so fast,
 And haue at all *Philistia* at a cast.
 When with such slight the shot away he sent,
 That from his Sling as 't had beene Lightning went ;
 And him so full vpon the forehead smit,
 Which gaue a cracke, when his thicke scalpe it hit,
 As t' had bin throwne against some Rocke or Post,
 That the shrill clap was heard through either host.
 Staggering a while vpon his Speare he leant,
 Till on a fodaine, he began to faint ;
 When downe he came, like an old o'regrowne Oake,
 His huge Roote hewne vp by the Labourers stroke,
 That with his very weight, he shooke the ground,
 His brazen armour gaue a iarring sound
 Like a crackt Bell, or vessell chanc't to fall
 From some high place, which did like death apall
 The proud *Philistians*, (hopelesse that remaine)
 To see their Champion great *Goliah* slaine :
 When such a shout the host of *Israel* gaue,
 As cleft the clouds, and like to men that raue,
 (o'rcome with comfort) crye, the Boy, the Boy,
 O the braue *David*, *Israels* onely ioy :
 Gods chofen Champion, O most wondrous thing,
 The great *Goliah* slaine with a poore Sling :
 Themselues in compasse nor can they containe,
 Now are they silent, then they shoute againe.
 Of which no notice, *David* seemes to take,
 But towards the Body of the dead doth make ;
 With a faire comely gate, nor doth he runne,
 As though he gloried in what he had done.
 But treading on th' vncircumcised dead,
 With his foot, strikes the Helmet from his dead ;
 Which with the sword, ta'n from the Gyants side,
 He from the body quickly doth diuide.

Now

Now the *Philistians* at this fearefull sight,
 Leauing their Armes, betake themselues to flight,
 Quitting their Tents, nor dare a minute stay,
 Time wants to carry any thing away,
 Being strongly rowted with a generall feare ;
 Yet in pursute, *Sauls* Army strikes their Reare,
 To *Ekron* walles, and slew them as they fled,
 That *Sharams* plaines lay couered with the dead :
 And hauing put the *Philistines* to foyle,
 Backe to the Tents retire, and take the spoyle
 Of what they left, and ransacking they cry,
 A *David*, *David*, and the victory,

When straight waies *Saul*, his Generall *Abner* sent
 For valiant *David*, that incontinent
 He should repaire to Court, at whose command
 He comes along, and beareth in his hand
 The Gyants head, by th'long hayre of his crowne,
 Which by his actiue knee, hung dangling downe.
 And through the Army as he comes along,
 To gaze vpon him, the glad Souldiers throng :
 Some doe instile him *Israels* onely light,
 And other some the valiant *Bethlemite*.
 With Coniayes all salute him as he past,
 And vpon him their gracious glances cast.
 He was thought base of him that did not boast,
 Nothing but *David*, *David*, through the host.
 The Virgins to their Timbrels frame their layes,
 Of him : till *Saul* grew iealous of his praise :
 But for his meed doth to his Wife receiue
Sauls louely Daughter, where 'tis time I leaue.

FINIS.

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